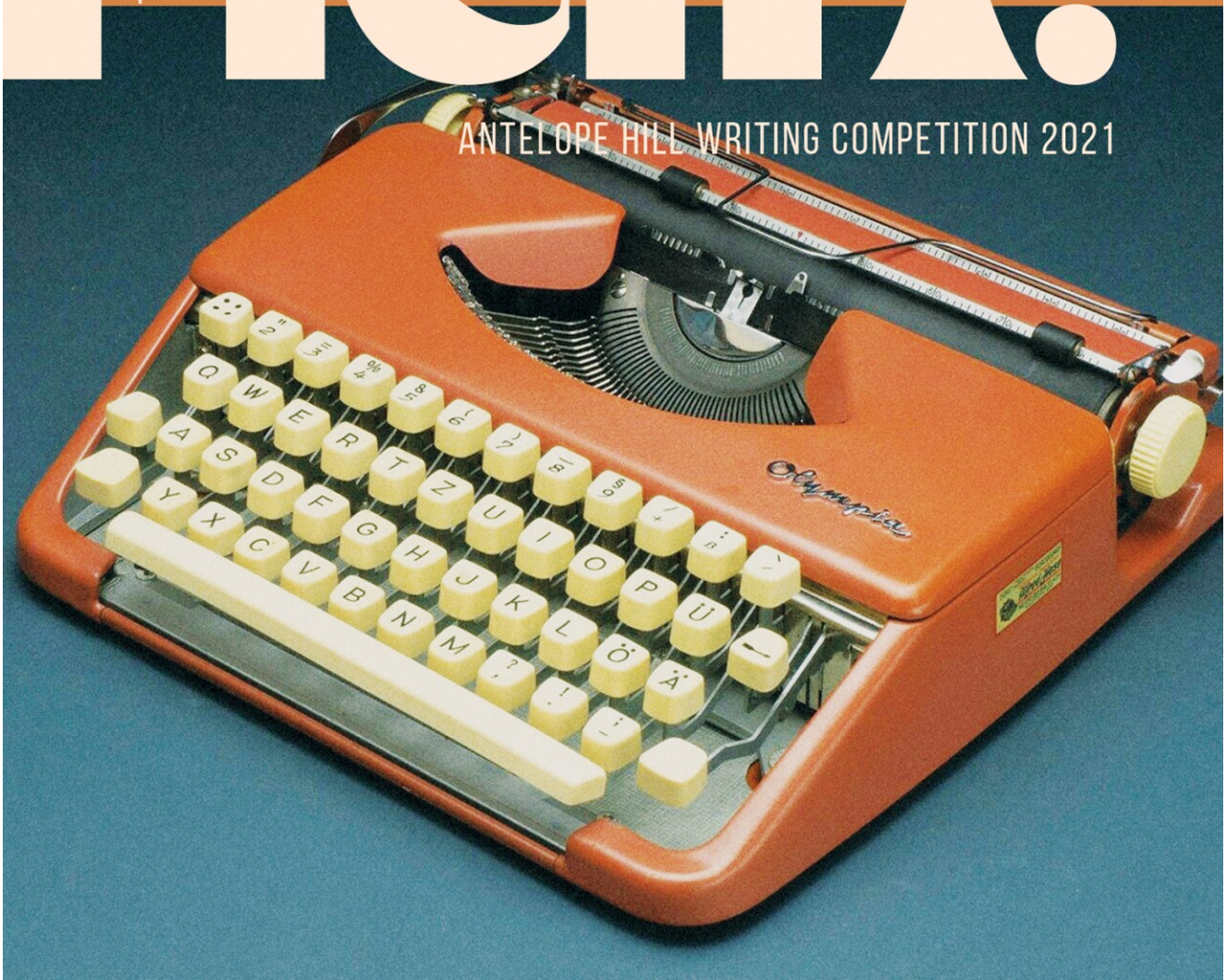
WHY WE FIGHT.

ANTELOPE HILL WRITING COMPETITION 2021



Antelope Hill Writing Competition 2021
Why We Fight

WHY WE FIGHT

FIRST ANNUAL

Antelope Hill Writing Competition

— 2021 —

Sponsored in part by
The White Art Collective

ANTELOPE HILL PUBLISHING

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Publisher's Foreword

Antelope Hill Publishing began with the intent of simply reprinting historical works that were inaccessible because of language, age, and political content. What it has become is something that its creators and staff are still amazed by. The incredible skill of the writers who began to submit their book ideas surpassed expectations dramatically. Once we had an indication of the talent and support that we had behind us, we knew a writing contest would be a success. Again, expectations were surpassed. The passion and creativity of the works contained in this volume is only the tip of a proverbial iceberg of potential.

We are truly humbled to receive such an outpouring of time and energy from the pro-White community for all of our projects. We want to thank all those who supported our contest, with special thanks to the White Art Collective for their sponsorship. Most of all we want to recognize and thank all those who participated by submitting their writing, whether we accepted your submission for publication or not. This project would be nothing without all of the talent and effort spent in producing the wonderful works we received. Many excellent writers entered our contest, and our editorial team thoroughly enjoyed reading and reviewing all submissions. After much deliberation, we arrived at a handful of official winners, though the entirety of this book is a testament to the intelligence and creativity of this community.

Our first ever theme for the project was, as the title shows, "Why We Fight." We felt this simple prompt would be sufficiently broad to encourage creativity as well as focus the pieces with passionate direction. In success or failure, triumph and sorrow, it is always necessary to remember the conditions for success and the animating drive. Our many exceptional authors took this to heart. They shared stories and eloquent prose as well as moving poetry. Some wrote with an academic fervor on the challenges we face, while others created beautiful images inspired by the struggle we have undertaken. All did justice to the theme and their people.

We hope you enjoy these unique works as much as we have, and we hope to read more from those who submitted in our first contest as well as

many new talents we know are out there. Again, congratulations to our winners, and thank you to every writer who submitted and shared your talents and heart with us. If you were not selected for this year, know that there were many excellent writings left on the cutting room floor. We greatly look forward to future iterations of this project, and we hope that you all keep an eye out for next year's theme.

Antelope Hill Publishing

POETRY

FIRST PLACE WINNER IN POETRY

&

BEST OVERALL

The Horatii

By Taerus Atellus

---

1. The Alban War

Long ago on Alban hills,
Words of war sat in the winds,
Carried forth from scheming tongues,
Taking flight on wretched wings.
But another foe was now in sight,
Lurking was Etruscan force,
Waiting there to join the fight,
And force Rome to this foul recourse.
But if in battle Legions bled,
And triumphed over Alban hordes,
Both Latins then would be exposed,
To ever-hungry Tuscan swords.

And to that end a pact was struck,
That called for rites in ancient ways,
When single combat was decreed,
As it had been in yonder days.
Champions would fight and toil,
For Roman fields and Alban soil,
And to he that holds his ground,
Goes glory, cities, and the spoils.
The victor then would hold the yoke,
The vanquished come to know the leash,
But with that the soldier's lives were spared;
The victor swore a rule in peace.

So champions were to be picked,
The bravest men from either side,
To bring their nations victory,
And have their families swell with pride.
Two sets of triplets, one from each,
A pair so surely omen-born,
Agreed that they would take the fight,
And so an oath would soon be sworn.

The Curiatii from the Alban lands,
The Horatii from the Seven Hills,
Swordsmen without parallel,
Equals in their strength and skill.
2. Oath of the Horatii

When the father of Horatii,
Heard of what had been proclaimed,
He at once felt both fear and joy,
Learning what the Gods ordained.
A vision filled his heart with dread,
Seeing his sons fall down dead,
Such petrifying horrors danced,
Relentless in his frightened head.
But another welled him up with pride,
For it would be for Rome they died,
And Roman soil would lightly rest,
Upon the earth in which they lie.
To die for cause of Sacred Rome,
Was worthy of the highest praise;
But no father wishes to outlive,
The sons he has so duly raised.

Their father's blood ran cold with fear,
But the triplets weren't so easily swayed,
Even if they were to die,
They would not give ground nor be dismayed.
Seeing they would not relent,
Their courage gave their father hope,
He raised up three sacred swords,
And each man began to swear his oath.

"I hereby swear upon mine life,
No matter bloodshed, toil, nor strife,
I shalt not desert mine home,
But give it all for holy Rome.

Upon my bones, upon my blood,
I'll fight and die as Romans should,
This land is all I've ever known,
And I'll give it all for holy Rome.
In defence of Fatherland,
May Father Mars now guide mine hand,
I swear on Jupiter's Stone,
I'll give it all for holy Rome."
With salutes and outstretched palms,
They swore upon their sacred arms,
Then took them from their father's hands,
And went to meet the Fate's demands.

3. The Lament of Camilla

But betwixt the two a maiden trapped,
By brother's blood and lover's oath,
And whoever won, she would lose,
As her heart dearly held them both.
Her promised hand would soon be wed,
To a man who may well soon be dead,
But if he did survive the strife,
He would have to take her brother's life.

"At once the Scylla of my love,
Whose open arms had lent embrace,
And strong hands that now hold swords,
Brought comfort to my tender face.
The other Charybdis of my blood,
Those sacred bonds of family ties,
That doth now march to meet their fate,
Deafened to their sister's cries.
I would commit some grievous sin,
To love the man who slays my kin,
Or cheer as brothers, blood my own,

Tread upon my lover's bones.
Were I to be Hersilia,
And place myself between their swords,
I would not meet her great success,
But join them as most loving corpse.
I might only cry against my fate,
Perhaps more than a maiden should,
Or I'd only spill what little's left,
Of my family's precious blood.
But now these men I'm caught between,
Shall battle for their city's sake,

But all that this shalt bring about,
Is ensuring that mine heart shalt break."

4. The Battle

Both sides went out to the site,
Flocked to watch the triplets fight,
Upon their shoulders they held hope,
And would decide the fates of cities both.
The clash of steel rang out in song,
As sword met shield and blood met bone,
The armies sat behind the lines,
As six brave men fought on alone.

The blades of bronze in sunlight gleamed,
As the first Horatii raised his shield,
The first Curiatii's strike was blocked,
Equal men, neither would yield.
The first Curiatii took but a scratch,
Horatii more than met his match,
His blood ran cold and face turned pale,
As his strength began to fail.
Feigning a blow from the right,

The first Curiatii prepared to strike,
And brought his blow down from the left,
Bringing with it certain death.

Rushing to his brother's aid,
The second Horatii dropped his guard,
The second Curiatii raised his sword,
And brought it down upon him hard.
His neck opened in horrid gash,
A weeping, agonising wound,
Bleeding at his brother's feet,
These Alban fields became his tomb.
Beneath the blade the brother fell,
Curiatii now had no remorse,
As Horatii gave last gasp of life,
And died upon his brother's corpse.
The third Horatii had fared the best,
And held his own unlike the rest,
Untouched as yet his brazen helm,
But soon he would be overwhelmed.
He had begun to turn the tide,
Against Curiatii third,
But to stand and fight against all three,
Defeat and death would be assured.
Retreating back towards his lines,
Despair took hold in Roman hearts,
Having seen their men brought low,
Their morale threatened to fall apart.
But it was not for cowardice he ran,
And fell back with distracting sound,
But rather he would spring his trap,
Draw his sword and hold his ground.

Scratched but otherwise unscathed,
The first Curiatii brought his blade,
Ready to send the third Horatii,

To join his brothers in the Shades.
But in his charge, but in his haste,
He'd not seen his brothers lag behind,
And now joined the battle all alone,
A grave mistake, he soon would find.
The third Horatii dodged his strike,
And countered with one of his own,
Soon a storm of steel descends,
And cleaves through bronze and flesh and bone.
Of all the swordsmen of Curiatii,
The first by far was most renowned,
And the cheering of the Alban hordes,
Went silent as he was put down.
And now the mood began to change,
As second Curiatii came,
But in his wounded, fragile form,

His end would soon come the same.
He raised his shield as best he could,
And swung his sword so hard and fast,
But soon collapsed into the mud,
Knowing that he couldn't last.
Feigning high then striking low,
The Curiatii took the blow,
And collapsed under his own weight,
Succumbing to his newfound fate.

Third Curiatii who had just escaped,
By the skin upon his teeth,
Saved by brothers, both now dead,
Could already taste defeat.
Upon his battered shoulders draped,
Was a cloak of scarlet red,
Made for him by bride-to-be,
"A token of her love," she said.
Camilla's crimson cloak was stained,

With scarlet blood one could not see,
A sign of their love cut short,
The Gods had deemed it not to be.

“The first amongst thy cursed kin,
I slew for brother slain by him,
Thy second brother got the same,
For opening mine brother’s veins.
Thy cursed blood has thinned mine own,
Left father with near-empty home,
But the last of thy wretched spawn,
I slay now for Holy Rome.”

And with that, the blade came down,
And sent him from his mortal coil,
As Curiatii’s Alban blood,
Soaked ever-thirsty Roman soil.

5. The Return

Lifted up by cheering men,
Carried on the shields of Rome,
His father welled with pride and pain;
His son returned, but came alone.
A mighty victory they had won,
But at what a grievous cost?
Left now with an only son,
Struck with grief by greatest loss.

But he stifled tears that filled his eyes,
He would not let them freely run,
Not on this day of greatest pride,
In celebration of his son.
The Romans now secured their rule,
By hand of the Horatii third,

And Alba Longa would submit,
Rome's destiny all-but assured.
He'd come so frighteningly close,
To their swords upon his throat,
But Alban arms and efforts failed,
And it was he who had prevailed.
Cheering folks then lined the streets,
In honour of triumphant Rome,
And showered Horatius with praise,
'Til he returned to family home.

6. The Death of Camilla

Those joyous crowds, Camilla heard,
Which could only mean one thing,
Horatius had won the day,
And he had grisly news to bring.
She had held on to most vain hope,
Prayed for peace with wasted breath,
But in her heart she knew full well,
They'd soon announce her lover's death.
She braced herself as best she could,
So that she wouldn't be overcome,
By grief and sorrow, guilt and loss,
To learn what had her brother done.

But when he strode through waiting door,
Upon his shoulders carried red,
The scarlet cloak her hands had wove,
Belonging to her lover dead.
Taken as the spoils of war,
Her lover's cloak her brother bore,
And seeing this, she broke and wept,
A disgrace he would not accept.

She wailed and sobbed and cried aloud,
Pulled at her lover's scarlet shroud,
Called out in pain to Gods above,
Why They had took away her love.
By now she had lost all control,
Gone the man who made her whole,
Her lover gone to Gods below,
Left her behind a broken soul.

With this, Horatius heard enough,
And could not stand to hear her cries,
Reduced to this pathetic mess,
Over a man she should despise.

"Thy brothers fought unto their end,
Upholding sacred oath they'd sworn,
Dying both by Alban hands,
But it is not for them thou mourns.
A victory they helped me win,
A Fatherland they did defend,
But of all the tears thou freely gives,
Not one hast thou wept for them.
And to honour their oath with mine own,
I swear upon my brothers' bones,
I shalt not allow our noble blood,
To mourn an enemy of Rome."

His fervour reached a fever pitch,
His fury now was held unchecked,
Her lover's blood still stained his sword,
As he brought it down upon her neck.
7. The Outcry

Horatius with bloodied hands,
Still engulfed in that red mist,

Held no guilt within his heart;
Honour had demanded this.
His triumph now by this deed stained,
Golden pride now marked with shame,
Professing not his innocence,
But this was justice, so he claimed.
His father seemed to share this stance,
Though as a father now bereft,
Of sons and daughter, he couldn't bear,
To see his last child put to death.

The crowds that cheered now silent, stunned,
Glory won so quickly lost,
Stood and watched in horror, numb
As he was dragged before the courts.

"If the Roman people wish it so,
Then to the gallows I shall go,
To offer up to them mine neck,
Just as thou took my brothers' bones.
By mine hand my sister bled,
By Jupiter I won't deny,
But for enemy of Rome,
I will not see a Roman woman cry.
So put thine blade upon mine neck,
And the last of three shall pay his debt,
I've sworn already, thou hast known;
I'll give it all for Holy Rome."

The crowd was silent, all still stunned,
Conflicted on what should be done;
Did he kill her in a fit of rage,
Or did honour call upon the blade?
It was now his father's turn to speak,
As he stepped up to address the crowd,

And called out in a booming voice,
To the Romans gathered round.

“Thou sees last of my three sons,
To whom thou owes thy liberty,
If he had sinned against my blood,
His punishment would pass to me.
If not for brothers, and for he,
The Albans would rule over thee,
So blame him not for sister’s death,
When she made of him an enemy.
I will not merely sit and watch,
As my last child is condemned.
My bloodline shall now be erased,
By hands of men they did defend.
They swore for Rome to fight ‘til death,
A promise held ‘til final breath,
And with their oaths in death fulfilled,
Has not enough of our blood spilled?”

And so the horror of the crowds,
Gave way to a temperance,
But the death of weeping Camilla,
Could not be without consequence.
And so every year, they did declare,
He should offer penance thus deemed fair,
It was decreed, the people spoke,
He should pass under the Sister’s Yoke.
The Horatii where thenceforth known,
As heroes loyal and steadfast,
And in those days still yet to come,
He certainly was not the last.

SECOND PLACE WINNER IN POETRY

Honor

By Firebrand Jay

Honor thy father and mother, they say,
To prosper in your land.
Our heart and soul, our truest love,
The roots from whom we stand

Thy heart, o man, seeks all its life
For something that it holds.
It seeks for that which, of itself,
Is greater far than gold:

The hearth, the homely fireplace,
Around which rest is found,
Where weary bones can fill with life
And brotherhood abounds.

Upon the mantle rests the cause
With all its simple grace:
Pictures of the elder kin
And of a child's face.

Up, we see a father's life.
Down, and there's the son,
And in his bright young steel-blue eyes
Our battles there are won.

We fight because we simply must
If we are to live on.
We claw our way through this dark night
To see the light of dawn.

And in the golden, burning glow
We will at last know peace,
For all of us shall know its warmth
From greatest down to least.

And wiser now than then we'll be

That, if the daylight fades,
We'll know to keep the watchmen out
And tend with care our flames.

As we draw breath, they have not died,
And, burning in our souls,
They shall live on because we fight.
Our will shall fuel the coals.

The fight will not be easy, though.
The path is rough, unknown.
We wanted bread in early life,
But we were given stones.

Yet we, undaunted, know our course
And will with vigor fight.
We'll fashion slings and take our stones
And set our world aright.

Although we're far astray for now
And fallen far from grace,
We honor those who stay the course,
The heroes of our race.

Honor the men who gave us life,
Though fools or wise they be
Because they are, in truth, ourselves
And our children we.

Honor thy father and mother, we say.
Let them look on and see
That given it was not in vain,
Their gift of life to thee.

Honor thy sons and daughters, we say.
Thus gain eternity.

For their sake, go and plant the trees
Whose shade you'll never see.

Honor thy brothers in blood, we say.
We strive to set them free
'Til kingdom come with battles won.
Honor, hail our victory!

Honorable Mention in Poetry

The Last Knight of the West
By George Gray

I
Here I stand, and at journey's threshold wait,
Called by eager heart, which within me fights,
For those grand old tales, crafted by men great;
Their peerless poesy reaching the lofty heights,
Which lie far beyond any moderns sights.
Could I but taste a drop of the favour,
The genius, granted them by the lights
Of those muses who guided their labour?
Such would I consider a fine draught to savour.

II
If a fool I am, such an endeavour,
To undertake, then a fool I shall be!
Better to try and die than live clever
Yet never attempt the spirit to free!
Look ye well my friend, and you too may see
The soul is made to ever be striving,
In hopes of reaching its highest degree,
When unabashed it may its true song sing,
But that which for to gain, only struggle can bring

III
But too long at this threshold I tarry
Parnassian Maids! Too long have you slept,
I have need of thee, my song to carry
Else on this journey I ne'er should have stepped
But to your verdant bower I have crept,
Even your most drowsily bestowed gift
Though it be beyond my place to accept,
I am but the fool's gold that first you sift,
Beyond me shall be found the true gold you shall lift.

IV
Anon, Fair maidens! Guide my unfit hand,
Our sorry state shall here be my subject,

For hero, I descry those that shall stand,
And the thumb of harsh oppressors reject,
My Allegory I hope you reflect,
To stir the heart is my one great desire,
The art of poesy shall serve that effect.
Rouse the dormant flame from where it retire
Breath upon weak flicker: Breath to life roaring fire!

V
A Gentle youth, of aspect fair and Strong
Though but modestly clad in farming dress,
Is the subject of our hea'en guided song
With oxen strength and sharp wit is he blest
And with the name of Arthur is yclept.
With first down of manhood upon his chin,
And adventurous heart within his chest,
Tired of meek life, anew to begin,
Yet held back by the fear that such is not for him.

VI
Though the weeds he wears now would little show,
His heritage is in truth a noble one,
For his father, before he was brought low,
Was a scion of the knightly aeon,
Sir George was he hight, t'was far his deeds shone.
King Pendragon did he honour and serve,
In 'membrance made him namesake of his son,
In neither duty nor joust did he swerve,
Godly Justice he did, His faith always preserved.

VII
A place he held at that far famed table,
At which sat the flowers of all knighthood,
At which were burnéd all deemed unable.
Many were the foes against which he stood,
Many were the heathens his sword made wood,

Divers Knights he'd saved from evil enchaunt,
And tracked the Holy Grail that caught God's blood.
The best knights of Gaul he taught not to taunt,
In battle was bravest, never seen to avaunt.

VIII
When foul discord arose and tore apart,
That company of braves, erstwhile friends,
Loyal Sir George took up his true King's part,
'Gainst treacherous Lancelot's evil ends,
Which against all propriety offends.
Even till the end when bastard Mordred
Toward Albion's throne thought to pretend
That Sir never felt e'en an ounce of dread,
But remained by his King, 'til his proud King lay dead.

IX
Only then, when the King buried did lie,
Did Sir George his arms and shield cast aside,
Likewise his armour white he set down by
A secret lake, where best he thought to hide,
Tokens of bygone time; in sadness sighed.
There was but little for him to do now
But find new employ, this change take in stride,
So he purchased up a farm, and some cow,
Turned his charger to draught, traded sword for the plough.

X
In such a way he led his humble life,
Labouring in the farmer's simple kind.
A worthy shepherdess he took as wife,
The type of woman that is hard to find,
And when she died a son she left behind.
With her ended the joy of George's days,
And cruel age his hardy strength undermined,
That which is worst of all nature's decays,

Obliging all someday to forfeit mortal maze.

XI
Thus upon cow's milk and knightly stories
Was young Arthur raised, wherefore in his heart
He longed to gain for himself those glories,
Which knights of old fame once took part,
And gladly would to new horizons chart,
Were it not for trembling hesitation
The like that hinders all great human art,
Stifling the urge for new creation,
Confining most to hold still in their own station.
XII
For brief escape from labour the lad took,
Himself down pleasant path which away led,
Through quiet vale to crystal tarn o'erlooked,
By stately pines whose handsome boughs high spread,
And mountains proud which hung high overhead,
There to find what little peace could be found
From life's hard toil of which only the dead,
Ever find release, when soul then unchained,
Considers itself blessed if glory it obtained.

XIII
His mind was troubled by unpleasant thoughts,
Of the state the realm was currently in,
For long had passed the days where justice brought
Peace unto this cherished land which had been
The jewel of all worthy Christendom's kin,
Where once each man called his neighbor brother,
Each woman close guarded herself from sin,
And thus each looked out for one another,
Until wicked Satan wished this light to smother.

XIV
So sending out a sinner cruel and bold,

One well versed in both guile and deceit,
Charged by any means this land take ahold,
Using any method that was found mete
The justly anointed king to unseat.
And so speaking with silver tongue of lies,
He gained the throne through methods left discreet,
With swift force pressed the loyal to comply,
Now is known throughout the land as King Mordecai.

XV
No love had he for native Christian Folk,
Rather Saracens and heathens preferred,
Though he kept the Christian secure in yoke,
Deeds of foreign men he left undisturbed,
To do what e'er they wished; though much perturbed
By this injustice were land's native brethren,
Nought could they do, though inwardly they burned,
To cast off the evil that dwelled within,
Once healthsome land now cursed with Hell-sent affliction.

XVI
Such concerns were the thoughts that raced within
The mind of young Arthur, who dreamed of how
He victory over tyrant would win,
And to achieve such quest would be his vow,
If God to him such a task should allow,
For there is no harder burden that's borne
Than by those that are by force made to bow,
To masters that their service treat with scorn,
For such servants as they are of all honor shorne.

XVII
But how could such attempt be brought about?
The days of daring bravery were gone,
Of willing men it seemed there was a drought,
Happier by far to scrape and to fawn,

Than risk their lives usher on new dawn,
So futile did it seem for one lone soul,
To lead solitary charge, one sword drawn,
Against that which is entire legion whole,
To face such bitter odds, was to ride straight to Sheol.

XVIII
Entangled within such rumination,
Arthur failed to spy from lake arising,
A sight of such dazzling sensation,
A maiden's fair form, her aspect shining,
Swift o'er the water came as though flying,
Fair was her skin, of purest silk her dress,
With Venus herself her features vying,
And even just one single golden tress,
Would send e'en an ascetic mad such to possess.

XIX
Her slender feet kissed wave tops as she stept
Not a ripple caused by their gentle touch,
When spying her, Arthur to his feet lept,
More amazed than fishers who in storm's clutch,
Had witnessed the savior performing such
An act which banished fear, e'en one stept out,
Thus amazed was he, his disbelief much,
Heretofore keen senses began to doubt,
But inward reasonings failed to quell truth without.

XX
Barely across the shoreline had she breached,
When still she stood and the boy soon addressed:
"Bold young man! Your every thought I have reached,
Dreams of acting savior to those oppressed,
By cruel tyranny which has them repressed,
Yet thy still refrain thyself from action,
Turned away by fear from that noble quest,

Dreading outcome of power's reaction,
Such care will ne'er bring your vision satisfaction!

XXI
"Will you continue to tremble like child,
That cowers at the thought of unseen ghost,
Or monster, phantoms only, that beguiled
Its mind's fancy, and its courage engrossed,
In such terms you fear the power Imposed.
Yet if bold you will be; the fight uptake,
Where one pathfinder goes, there trails a host!
You wait that another the first move make,
But if all men did such, no man's thirst should be slaked!"

XXII
The boy, thus admonished, still caught between
Fear and doubt of the image before him,
Unsure how his words he might best convene,
Before that beauty all his thoughts seemed dim,
"My lady, whether Nereid or nymph kin,
Whether heaven sent or mind's delusion,
Your words, their mark hit, have unstrung my limbs,
But despite my heart's inner effusion,
In strength and skill I'm unfit for its conclusion."
XXIII
At this a smile graces the lady's face,
For his humility, "It's well thou speak,
My duty is these hindrances displace,
Storgella am I called, since time antique,
Those that love me are not among the weak,
Great deeds have they performed for hearth and home,
If you have the will I gift what you seek,
Talent beyond your years to you make known,
Chivalric skill of old that once before far shone."

XXIV

For the first time Arthur gazed straight into
That lady's enchantingly sharp gray eyes,
"There's no greater goal that I care pursue,
Than whate'er one so beautiful advise,
Only tell me how I can gain such prize"
She says, "Only for me that love maintain,
Which for family love, the self denies."
Then stepping swift from sand, close to him came
Kissing his lips once, twice, and three times 'round again.

XXV
"Now, brave man, I've given to you great skill,
The task which remains is now in your hands.
All that's needed now is great strength of will,
And equipment against foes for to stand,
Such lies buried over in yonder sand,
In all truth it is thine inheritance,
Gain it, you'll find you've knowledge to command,
Swift wield it 'gainst enemy resistance,
My charge given! Secure thy people's existence!"

XXVI
The beauty, her words finished, again resigned
Herself to the cool water of the lake,
Leaving the man newly minted assigned
With task that thrilled his soul, shaken awake,
At once in the glory of old to partake,
Recalling the lady's words he looked towards,
The sand she at the last did indicate,
Quickly began to seek for what it hoards,
Not long had searched before it gave up its rewards.

XXVII
There he found, unrusted, beauteous gear
Armor pure white, and alike sword and shield,
Saw in gleaming helm his own face appear,

All forged of adamant in place concealed:
Merlin's workshop where those giants are sealed,
Crafted with all that old genius' skill,
To force weapons of lesser craft to yield,
Attempt to strike past that shield would fare ill,
Blade guaranteed, 'cept 'gainst other 'chaunt, blood to spill.

XXVIII
Upon that shield's visage he saw quite clear,
Familiar heraldry divide per pale
On the right a lion up in full rear,
The sinister an eagle flight detail,
Stern countenances friend or foe to hail,
Recognised as his father's escutcheon,
Providence proof against future travail,
And without solipsistic discussion,
Started home again to ask father's instruction.

XXIX
Thus weighed down by that glorious burden,
He trailed back through the verdant woodland glen,
Though used to work t'was no small exertion,
And so glad was he the cottage to ken,
For sinking sun had turned day to evenin',
But soon saw his blind father at the door,
Engaged with trio of dark-aspect men,
Even from afar heard heated discord,
His pace quickening more, the trouble to explore.

XXX
Within earshot he came, still afar out,
His father's rough voice heard, in anger raised,
"I hear you but your bold assertions doubt,
Claiming my land for yourselves, you're half crazed!
If you think I'll give it to thou depraved!"
"The king gives us the right," said one full stout,

“As recompense to those you once enslaved.”
“I’ve never slaven a man, you lout!”
“You raided my Saracen fathers, this you doubt?”

XXXI
Old George’s gray eyes seemed aflash with rage,
“Aye, I fought many brave heathen long hence,
And they themselves against me did engage,
But when we then fought, true honour was thence!
Must I mutual warfare recompense?”
Unmoved the men did then their staves display,
“If you won’t give freely then make defense!”
Stuck mad and free, the old man meant to slay,
Soon brought down in blood, like a statue toppled lay.

XXXII
To this hellish scene was Arthur witness,
Too distant yet to render any aid,
But the sight of his father’s last distress,
Full mad made him, his mind’s reason unmade,
Dropped the armour and swift unsheathed the blade,
Descended upon the murdering band,
And soon were his newly learned skill displayed,
Such a crazed flurry they could not withstand,
Though only sword’s flat he used, quick did they disband.

XXXIII
His rage faded, and he let them retreat,
For he saw his father still in great need,
Fouly wounded was he, upon step heaped,
To his side came, unsure how to proceed,
On each shallow breath, black death he could read,
Into his arms his father gently took,
That old and frail soul, was this just meed?
For one once so strong and noble of look,
Who had justly lived life, to such a fate forsook?

XXXIV
Through the pain elder's eyes the younger's met,
Pale and trembling as with tears softly wept,
With frail voice spoke:
"Son, I've but one regret,
That oath made to nation I have not kept,
While it to tyranny slaved, myself slept,
But e'en in blindness I can see decried,
A hope anew which lies within thy step,
With my blessing do thy duty, my pride!"
Then with a prayer to God, gave up the ghost and died.

XXXV
Upon father's corpse many tears were shed,
While in Arthur's breast the bitter rage grew,
Took his father up, laid him 'pon the bed,
Swore by God that before the grave he knew,
Avenged he'd be, the fell enemy slew,
Then bedecking hisself in armour bright,
Saddled the old charger which waxed anew,
Like colt neighed and cantered in great delight,
And out on new path rode, 'twas past the mid of night.

XXXVI
Bright was the sun ere to city they came,
A curious sight to those that him saw,
Who pondered his looks, his purpose or aim,
Some in mockery let out their guffaw,
Others in whispers exercised their jaw,
While stately he rode through the drawing crowd,
The hearts of some few roused up into awe,
Some declared he were with madness endowed,
Many in silence stayed, though inwardly they bowed.

XXXVII
He neither stopped nor stayed but onward sped,

For to reach the king’s stately pleasure dome,
An end to make of his reign or life’s thread,
But of his presence Mordecai was made known,
Who went to stay that Caesar’s march to Rome,
His facade kept calm though inwardly jarred,
For sign of knighthood he’d thought overthrown,
Gathered advisers and most loyal guard,
And met the unwelcome knight in palace courtyard.

XXXVIII
Arthur lifts his voice, is the first to speak,
As eager ears of court and crowd listen,
“Mordecai, you are the one that I seek,
I fear you won’t care for my commission,
To remove you now from your position,
Your acts offensive to God and man are,
Having reduced his people’s condition,
Awhile doting on those from lands afar,
E’ev now to take our land, and gift to strange barbars.

XXXIX
“Even by such hands was my father slain,
Therefore do you see me in this array,
That his blood might not have been spilled in vain,
For his life and more do I ride this day,
To challenge you to enter into fray,
Or forthright forbear your high claimed station,
These are the choices, each carefully weigh,
I give you fair time for preparation,
But mark well my resolve, for I fight for nation.”

XL
The Ill-countenanced King clenched hard his teeth,
For then to respond were to justify,
But for now kept that sharp tongue in its sheath.
A flippant courtier was first to reply,

“He must be a fool, our liege to defy!
Naive as a pup that has just been whelped,
Like a child in costume’s attention cry,
I fear his condition can not be helped,
As for all his big talk, he’s small beneath the belt!”

XLI
Another chimed in, of a wiser sort,
Who gleaned well the danger which had appeared,
“Such treasonous speech we must quick abort,
Lest to the people he become endeared,
To be made a rebel heathen revered,
We cannot tolerate such violence,
All men that preach this nonsense should be feared,
With crafty lies the masses they incense,
We may not tolerate their foul intolerance.”

XLII
To these words unaffected Arthur was,
Merely sneered at their jesting and complaints,
To him little more than an insects buzz,
“The truth that I speak abides not restraints,
Already within many a-heart waits,
Until it comes time to shake off its sleep,
So enough of these, your silly witless prates,
By those creatures which on my shield I keep,
Does the lion care for the opinions of sheep?”

XLIII
The king then resolved a quick end to make,
That before all his sentiments be snuff’d,
So sent out his guard the young man to take,
But none approached that was not soon rebuff’d
With ease Arthur aside their attacks brush’d,

Wielding a tree's limb in place of a lance,
As on the king looked with cheeks blood red flush'd,
For the people watched as though in a trance,
Knight's part began to take, e'en cheered on his advance.

XLIV
This new urging on he had to belay,
The challenger he resolved to confront,
And so called back his men from their essay,
Addressed himself with a guttural grunt,
"Now I see that thou art no lying runt.
In combat I will then defend my claim,
You'll quick learn I'm no easy prey to hunt,
And as sure as Mordecai is my name,
This challenge you shall regret—I'll make you eat shame!"

XLV
Then with quick prayer to his father below,
In dark mist was enveloped, hid from view,
Up lept hellish imps, black armour in tow,
In this sulphurous gear dressed him anew,
Likewise brought weapons before they withdrew,
His spear dipped in stygian poison perverse,
Which from the rock of first landing did spew,
Last came a twisted horse black as a curse
Out from the ground it grew, Amphiaraus reverse.

XLVI
Thusly equipped, each the other did face,
Steeling their resolve for the coming fray,
As the beasts beneath them stamped in their place,
At last with a charge of such fierce display,
Bout was begun without further delay,
But in this first test neither did succeed,
For each shield the others lance did dismay,
Once more to opposing sides did recede,

As the sun neared its zenith, heating man and steed.

XLVII
The second charge's result were the same,
Struck against shields with but a hollow blast,
Neither able 'pon the other to gain,
A third time they forward their horses dashed,
This time on meeting their lances stuck fast,
The spears burst into a splintery flood,
Violent from horses were the riders cast,
Hard down upon dirt, trodden into mud,
Yet quick did they arise, 'twas seen that both poured blood

XLVIII
But Arthur when upon his feet faltered,
His wound burned with pain worse than bite of steel,
The wicked king smiled to see him altered,
"I warned you should regret your foul ideal,
But I'm not cruel, you still have time to kneel,
Consider now the truth that I shall tell,
Those knights of old, they were the true evil,
In violence did all other men excel,
'Gainst compassion and humanity did rebel."

XLIX
"Renounce now your people's barbaric past,
Then be free to go in humility."
Yet Arthur looked out at faces aghast,
Found therein his resolve's tranquility,
"I do not care for my mortality,
Not for my own success did I proceed,
But their hope brings to actuality,
Already this end have I guaranteed,

For I may be killed, but now they have seen you bleed.”

L
The people cheer as his sword he displays,
Careless of pain to battle turn again,
Yet as his strength grows—Ah! the poet’s fades.
I have sung of that power’s vicious reign,
Ay, even against it made a campaign.
Faded is the rest from my feeble view,
But God let not my weak voice be in vain,
May it find home in the hearts of a few.
As for how the tale ends—my friends, that’s up to you.

SELECTED POEMS

Bend the Knee

By Nullus Abnormocracy

An amalgamation of wandering ethnicity,
Arriving on the shores of your beloved native soil,
Covetous aliens demand prompt inclusivity,
As the element of your essence begins to recoil.

Caricatures of extraordinary chronicles,
Bizarre concoctions created to replace your decay,
Pretentious conceits designed to change every particle,
On day zero, the aura of your past is wiped away.

Stolen images replaced with vulgar imitations,
Standing in shock while your sons and daughters applaud and cheer,
Their very presence always testing your limitations,
Frenzied crowds of interlopers scream: “We were always here!”

Contrived assumptions that register false reality,
Illusions created by a deconstructive merchant,
You and all your kindred are expected to bend the knee,
Zealously demanding that you bow before the serpent.

Crowds kneel before a malevolent humiliation,
These savages take your spirit while gloating in your face,
The serpent won't rest until it has your full submission,
Traitorous zealots seeking to eradicate your grace.

An amalgamation of wandering ethnicity,
Threatens the existence of your family and your clan,

Covetous aliens demand prompt inclusivity,
Resolute righteous convictions will kneel before no man.

Bloodstream

By J.C. Adams

Birthrite bring the babe, to kiss the garden, and bless the crown
Set sails in wonder, to secret futures, of our renown

Antiquity sings, their dreams through mothers, into child's gaze
Passed as tradition, is blown from embers, to leader's blaze

O'er the vicious world, where young teeth are cut, and heroes rise
Where crests are burnished, and wise men are learned, beyond the guise

Brethren bound by blood, through time and conquest, stake our just claim
The soil we sweat on, to birth and bury, to make our name

At the battle cry, pity not my life, but let me fight
We carry the wars, that won us our world, lose not this sight

Neither death nor trial, fade my fighting spine, only will shame
If I don't stand true, before the unborn, free from their blame

The tales of elders, told at fireside, this be our guide
Cherish the shade trees, ponder noble men, become their pride

The Day

By Edward Altura

Should I not see your face again, remember:

I walked alongside you through every hardship.
I bore witness to every struggle, and every grace, and every silence.
I saw you learn to walk in time, and each step you took I was by your side.

This is not the first you've stumbled, and it won't be the last.
I've laid myself bare to fight for you and generations past.

For the weight I carry isn't just that of those who came before,
But of those who are yet to come.
Don't shed tears for me, or the setting of the Sun.

For Morning will shine again, Night will fade away.
In time we'll meet each other, in the brand new Day.

Advent

By Altair Anderson

One does not glimpse the lighthouse beacon,
Exhausting each mote of fog, inspected;
Nor blindly groping, sans direction,
Toward land and sea, intersected.

But bind your eyes your mind's horizon,
And marshal all your sense attention;
Sentries keen of what's beyond them,
And light you'll find, all else rejected.

Why We Fight

By Arminius

Stuck in the midst of this vast abyss,
I find my way through the crowd.
Men sleeping or sitting there, listless,
Their silence bafflingly loud.

I feel terrified, alone, and lost,
But I know that I must press on,
No matter the cost,
Towards the dawn.

In truth, I do not know why.
Why do I crave that great light?
Why don't I lay down and die?
Why do I press on and fight?
What is this that holds my eye?

It is some vision of what lies beyond,
Some ideal that has branded me with fire,
A brand which pulls others to respond,
With either brotherhood or with ire.

As our numbers grow, so shrinks the abyss.
I find my way with the crowd,
Men staring, standing there, fearless,
Their voices wondrously loud.

Together we march on, bringing light where we go,
Waking those who sleep, and uniting those who know,
Those who know of the future we must bring,

So that our people may live, and our children may sing.

Why We Fight

By Taerus Atellus

Did bow and shield and sabre break,
Upon a merciless advance,
Just to see our flame lay snuffed,
Choked of life, deprived of chance?
Did the thunder of their marching feet,
That filled our mothers' hearts with dread,
Drive our fathers' knees to bend,
Or bid they take up arms instead?

Within the heat of battle's throng,
The spirit of your race was born,
Now darkness wakes and conflict looms,
Bellona blows Her sacred horn!
Will you be like those men of war,
Whose eyes watched as our blood began,
Or like those wretched wastes of life,
Who turned their backs on us and ran?

Where once stood the bravest men,
Upon their lofty fortress walls,
Now is left an empty place,
That beckons you to heed their call.
For the drum of battle doth now beat,
And atop the hills the war-cry's voiced,
And that is why we all must fight,
For us there is no other choice.

For You

By Koch Borler

In his cage rattled chaos
With the finest red silk torn
Made gnashing discordant cries
The call of he yet reborn

A demon was certain
Yet without one form nor feature
So he sought out a sage
To shape and lighten the creature

When all answers escaped him
Into the eyeless rotten
Did one stare back sincerely
Giving knowledge forgotten

“Appalling heresy!”
The retort of he who hasn’t seen
“Such bitterness and hate!”
Left indifferent to the man’s fate

As firefly memories
Danced in his head
Distinct was the brightest one
Burning his bed

Countless were the wicked nights
More a battle than a rest
Until revelation struck

Like a swift blow to his chest

When the sun met him sober
In his spirits renewed
Did he cast away old lies
His heuristics improved
With determined vigor
A hammer and bolt in each step
He searched for the wise man
To confide in what his heart wept

He soon found the elder
His instincts did not fail
Though fearing displeasure
With his story, he regaled

But the wise man would listen
His whole face beamed a smile
Now aware that his efforts
Were not in vain but worthwhile
There with the closure
Of his ailed grimful past
The future looks bleak
As dire new threats amassed

Humbled by the wise man
Of his unique bravery
He asked, “Why do you fight
And what fight is there for me?”

“My blood is your blood
When I saw you bleed
Your aching heart labored
Mine a faithful steed.

“Damnation and curses

Upon my ears your noise fell
But I held back my tongue
Since your words were mine as well.
“Through resistance, through fright
Even ironic respite
I waited with patience
For I too carried such plight.
“You may hoist me up high
Like your marbled king on his throne
But my shoulders hurt still
From when I paraded my own.
“The reason for fighting
Such a fight that we share
One that will sharpen minds
Hearts to open and bear.

“Hold this to be the reason
As our Lord sees it true…”
He last whispered supremely,
“Because I was once you.”

Untitled

By Caligula

I sit and muse the past of our kind,
Whose fervor's called by all ancients divine;
That, from within Earth, goes great many lore,
Or from above as angels, to mentor

Archaic peoples, came our fathers. They
Would discover other kinds, and stay
Near to show them how to optimize,
And brought ease to their base and troubled lives.

Of how to raise a crop, they'd not a clue.
"Harvest" was naught, and they had never slew
A creature bred alone to grace the plate;
They'd little use for tools in their state.

So for a reason we may never know
Our fathers longed to see all people grow,
And voyaged 'cross Earth's oceans and her seas
Undaunted by their might and mysteries.

They met all other peoples with a smile,
And taught them to domesticate the wild
Beasts whose labor they were all surprised
Could be harnessed and quickly utilized.

And lo! Did China burst onto the scene,
And Sumer, and great India, serene!
In every realm grand pyramids were raised,
And mark what places Aryans have stayed.

Yet, from our grandeur did we ever wane

And nearly have we let ourselves be slain.
Of stress and struggle, we ‘came so deprived
That we forgot we’ve enemies alive

And jealous that God’s kingdom is hand-made
By our noble folk; and so they’ve preyed,
Ravenous wolves adorned in hoof and wool
Upon our flock, unable to be full.

And whence they come, it matters not at all;
Just that we ever rise, and that They fall.
Yet at this time, it warrants all our might
To resume our birthright; so, let us fight!

And why! You know the answer in your heart;
From that old notion we can never part.
We’re here to disperse love across all lands;
To impart knowledge, for we understand

That Truth to Goodness is the holy mother.
We owe it to ourselves, and to each other
To therefor vanquish Children of the Lie
At last; and let ourselves be calcified

That we’ll not flinch at any evil words,
But meet them with the edges of our swords.
We are the keepers of all just and right,
So dutifully must exorcise our might!

No lie can poison one’s heart who has known
That diligence and courage, once they’re shown
Mobilizes many folk around, who
Moved by your own words may soon astound you!

We struggle to persist because we want to,

So when you hear that little voice that haunts you
Make it known It hasn't any sway
O'er anything you think, or do, or say.

Protest when It begs capitulation,
And understand our peoples' situation
Was not chosen by us, but imposed
Upon us—whom from Gods of old arose!

So if you cannot understand the hour
Is nigh to show the world our ancient power,
You're forgiven, brother! I implore to
Remain pure—and I will fight Them for you!

For when you're weak, I shall be your protector,
And vanquish every source of our defectors
Who live to make you feel alone—a goner!
Your brothers shall rebuke with strength and honor!

The Man with One Eye

By George Carroway

The man with one eye came into our town on foot.
He didn't listen when the doorman invited him into the hotel,
He looked for welcome freely given.

The man with one eye did not stop to buy a device.
He did not want the world's knowledge in his pocket,
He knew the weight of knowledge.

The man with one eye did not stop at the glass towers.
He remembered men who hunted together like young wolves,
Not these timid creatures.

The man with one eye saw the pretty, single girls,
The Lord of Magic recognized the spells they wove,
But he also knew their price.

The man with one eye passed through our town.
He thought of the gnarled and ugly strands woven into our fates,
He did not want to watch when they were cut.

Ring the Bell

By Mr. Cat

Ring the bell, they poisoned the well…again?!
So few of us,
Truly live, or grow,
Empty echoes in their soul,
Made to chase and reap,
But never sow,
Minds and hearts,
Infected by the parasites,
With greed and gluttony.

What have you all done?
Cowards in the place of God?!
What is honor, what is strength?
When the coffers have no end!

What empire is that?
Which can be torn by a whisper,
What strength it has?
When it puts brother against sister?

But I swear on my last drop of blood,
I will be there like a wolf upon the herd,
No shooting stars…even the moon will hide,
No hope for you, no guiding light,
Cowering behind thy wall,
Of endless cries oh my, such woes,
We'll scrape the marrow from your bones,

The place that I belong to,
Doesn’t yet exist,
And there is an army,
Dormant in your midst,
And by God I will carve it…
From the heart of this country.
They told us to accept the distribution of power,
For one will abuse…authority,
And we shook the hand that sank us into poverty,
But now we know,
That 1 million grains of sand,
Have no strength,
Unless held strongly by a firm hand.

The Modern White Man's Burden: Why We Fight

By T.H. Corday

The modern White man's burden,
To him alone it's said
"Withdraw and be sterile,
And wish your brothers dead"
In youth, his education
Fans the flames of guilt
His fathers to repudiate
In schools his fathers built
From all state-sanctioned voices
Comes an unending assault
For ancient and imagined cruelties
He is held at fault
He's expected to be passive
And to express his mirth
As his nation, race, and culture
Are abolished from the earth

In such circumstances,
Many cower, shrink, and hide
Try to escape into hedon
And remain there 'til they die
But some refuse to submit
They refuse the slavish state
With resilience and with courage
And a heart for any fate
They will be shot and bludgeoned,
To all cruelties exposed

Yet their heads remain unbowed
They still walk the path they chose
To preserve the memory
Of those who, without acclaim,
Laid their lives upon the altar
To keep alive the flame

Those who came before
Preferred death to disgrace
From Marathon to Stalingrad
They fought to preserve the race
Thus, the modern White man's burden
Of you, it's asked again
To suffer and to struggle
Lest it all have been in vain
To, through hardship, be faithful,
Be committed, and be true
The hope of all the generations
Now lives only in you
So, go forth and be fruitful
That you may pass the torch alight
And, looking upon your child,
Understand well why we fight

Why We Fight

By Ian Craig

For the high glory of a shining day,
Under whose bolts of energising light
The heroes of a thousand tales in clay,
In potter's hand, or by the sculptor's sight,
The holy vision of a greater man
Emerged from out the wilds of mystic time;
That we may be reforged in tribe and clan,
With each the ancient's lives again to rhyme:
This is why we fight.

For the cold "must" which spurs against the will,
Corrupt in wealth, made fat with easy tears;
That we should once again take up the skill
Of pen, of brush, and stone; in woods and weirs;
The work of hand, of mind, or instrument,
Compelling from the soul of Western soil,
The genius not so guaranteed as lent
To us, on sweat-dewed back and mental toil.
This is why we fight.

For the best way that calls on loyal heirs
To cast from comfort's arms that smaller "I,"
Whose monuments in glass and steel make snares
To prisons for the falsely free; the cry
That echoes through the mountain crag and peak,
Returns the petty "why?" of all the lost
With battle yells and shouts of "Us!" You Greek!
You Angle! Celt, and Nord! Accept the cost:

This, yes this, is how we fight.

For the swift freedom of the fruitful Earth,
Whose petrichor, the flower of falling rain,
To take the storms of strife in vigorous mirth,
Its fragrance full of life, our lungs did train;
And for her gift of sunlight, beaming clear,
That bursts on fertile crop and golden field,
Whose boon made many masters of the sphere,
Of Europe and its scope, by labour's yield:
That she may be healed of blight.

For the dread oaths of bonded fealty,
Firm law of honour's elder quest:
To lay before the nation bended knee,
Muscle, and faith, our sacred first and best,
That justice may prevail throughout the realm,
At home, and in the marketplace; not shy
For Death, man's certain due, but swift to helm
And quickly to our arms, as guardians, fly.
Thus our urge to strength, to might.

For the bright, precious heaven enclosed
In such a comely guise that even those
Who dwell beyond the dawn, yet unexposed
To us, imagined was the pigment chose
By gods made manifest; appearing fair,
And fairer still than morning's cryptic glow;
In rugged beard and softer, gentlest hair,
On steppe and summit, as the breezes blow.

This, a people made of light.

For the stern, stoic eyes of them that stand
In replica, some long, some recent gone;
Kings of a verdant, ever-shimmering land,
Whose soaring pennant-flags now lately don
The plunging silver hue of night and age,
Vexed shadows cast upon the evening watch.
Yet still, in darkness of their dwindling stage,
They guard the past: each zenith, and each blotch.
They that held their ground, all fear despite–

But most of all, for those to come: the form
Of them that passed the piercing gaze by which
Our race is known, a flash of glory's warm
Countenance, crown, and power, such rich
And ever richer blood, as years abound;
Those little faces, innocent to all
But nature's prejudice to hear the sound
Of father, mother, and their brother's call.
They, for all they were and yet shall be, are why
We FIGHT.

The Thoroughbred

By John David

At my post, I will stand,
While ash and heat sweep the land.
In faith is my honour kept,
Its call awakened me and ne'er slept.

At my post, I will stand,
Through grey day with spear in hand.
Dust befalls and conceals my fate,
But I shall not leave while the hour is late.

At my post, I will stand,
Until beating is heard from my brothers of the band,
And distant bugle echoes my call,
To honour my brothers until I fall.

Before my knee succumbs and my back buckles.
In ash and heat on knee and knuckle.
But aloft my spear is a part of me,
A soldier ne'er to be relieved.

At my post, I shall keep,
Long in remembered sleep.
Here forever I will lie,
To be whatever it means to die.

For Yukio

By John David

Speak to me in tales of remembered death and mindless violence,
Of glory and inglory.

Speak to me of a life destined for distant lands,
In a journey you chose, to a place you could not escape.

Being, in the cause of nobility or ignobility,
In search of drama or obscurity.

To show that in death we may all twist the arm of time,
We may all shake the hand of fate.

Bolt

By John David

Our kind are made in moments like this,
We flashes of light clouds saw fit to exist.

Moments in time, trapped in a blink,
But thunder rolls on, and on when you think.

For the ghosts of the past, have voices the same,
Louder are those, you recall by name.

Time’s weariness will not trouble us,

Out of the pat-patting crowds.

Lost in the multitudes,
Of darkness and clouds.

We bolts of white, who conquered that rain,
Whose thunder rolls on, whose ghosts lead us again.

The Patriot

By Ambrose W. Eveningshade

Once upon a cloudy morning, as I listened, ignoring warning,
Among a crowd of cross compatriots voiceless here until,
As I watched, cheering madly, suddenly it all went sadly,
When our President said he'd gladly, gladly lead us in goodwill.
"I'll be with you," he said flatly, "Onwards hence, up the Hill."
Bravery did his words instill.

Ah, distinctly how I recall it was in the frozen fall;
And attached my face I wore a shawl, its thin lace a poor wall,
Against the winds of the National Mall. Still I did march on here chanting,
Chanting until I was panting, panting for this dream fulfill'd,
For all the world to see what could only be the scream of Bunker Hill,
To rise up, and not lie still.

Thousands of feet striking streets. "Stop the steal!" they did repeat,
Yet were ignored by the elite. The shoes of heroes the people filled when
Transforming here until, they went storming there uphill, that rare
morning
Legends forming as they rushed past, pushed past palisades into the
Capitol.
Over broken glass and through empty tills, these few patriots had quite a
thrill,
Forevermore, remembered still.

Cowering Congress called a recess; legislating then did digress,
Running in fear from the awesome sight of freedom undistilled;
Boldly they did flee like rats, plainly scared of red hats,
Through tunnels and caves filled of bats, screaming until they were shrill,
"Attack on our democracy!" a hypocrisy that makes me sick and ill.
Many Advils are needed still.

Coursing in the Capitol crashing, past police with whom they were clashing,
Betrayed, backing the blue no longer tasted a sweet sugary pill;
Years of support, now felt quite extort, as shots rang out with report,
To lethal force, the police did resort, never thinking of the blood that would spill,

For the loathsome swine who fired his nine, cared not who he'd kill.
The screams come to me, even still.

I stood there staring my eyes gone wide, stunned tears fell as I cried,
Watching helplessly as this pale woman died beneath a sill.
Someone tried to stop the bleeding; "Please stay with us!" they kept pleading;
But, despite all their besteading, they were clearly not succeeding; A chill
Passed down through my spine as a sinless soul, a faultless fille
Took one last breath, then was still.
Ashli Babbitt was her name, an innocent young woman of no fame,
The patriot whose soul was returned to her creator not of freewill.
She gave her life not in vain, as with her blood the halls were stained;
A martyr's sacrifice as her heart did drain, never again did her essence refill.
The sun was darkened and the sky was saddened, for her loss on Capitol Hill.
Her body lies forever still.

The Patriot served her country fourteen years without ever feeling fear
Of her duty and going boldly where others would have not the will,
A bravery quite extraordinary, as she proved that day in January;
A rare and rosy quality of perfect polished morality; her full potential she fulfill'd
When she went charging there uphill, a brave and pure white daffodil,
Her soul is crying, even still.

Fiendish snakes like Mike and Mitch were far too eager to enrich
Themselves and so they then became evil shameful sinful shills;
Benedict Arnold and Judas Priest could not compete with their deceit,
Of Americans like Dominic out of right to fair play in politic; God wills
Us to revive their spirit, not to fear it like that day inside the Capitol;
It's our duty, even still.

Smoke and gas filled the room, and all I heard was cracks and booms,
Weapons pointed at my face, I saw them spraying mace with skill;
"Please," said the sow, "please disperse right here and now. I order you to dissipate;
Leave this place or meet your fate." Would we stay? Stay and maybe let them kill?

I turned to people next to me, together we said unenthusiastically in mournful trill:
"Even still."

At twelve past two this all started, and at two 'till ten we all departed,
Seven hours and forty six minutes of glory, gladness and sweet sadness fill'd,
A great and glorious revolution, a popular uprising to save our Constitution,
As our people suffer in persecution, don't forget what they had willed;
A second coming to Bunker Hill, a second chime of freedom billed,
Forever hailed, even still.

Remember, Remember Ashli Babbitt, a greater patriot, we never had it,
She fought for our republic then, we must again continue still;
To fight for what we know is right, to fight the dark and not the light,
Persevere with pride our worthy plight, remember Ashli who was kill'd.
Our fight is an eternal one, and our final battle is yet not won still,
Hope remains, even still.
Rise up and defend our way of life, contend these words when there is strife;

A banner of freedom is not given, it is risen with the blood we spill.
Hidden deep inside a closet, I escaped that day to make this sonnet;
Even though I am now quite wanted, I will keep on fighting still.
The Patriot is always with me, and I know she's lordly up on highest hill,
Forever remembered, even still.

Embrace Struggle

By Jack Fell

Embrace struggle.

Struggle reveals truth.

Struggle reveals what you're made of.

Struggle is opportunity.

Struggle is growth.

Struggle makes all good things possible.

Struggle is the key to all locked doors.

Embrace struggle.

And struggle will embrace you.

March of the Damned

By Jack Fell

The skies they shan't fall on us
For so long as we endure

As shouts they fade to silence
Ripples echoing in the pond

Minutes mature to hours
And collapse in death as days

The damned they do march forward
The damned they shall remain

As the sun turns to rust
And dissolves in the ink of night

Tender as a faded embrace
Slipping through the fingers of time

Bellis Perennis

By Fraxinus

I'm looking down upon a common daisy.
White petals standing radiant against its
Solar core in a cold light of day I can't ignore.
I'm reminded of the everlasting beauty in simplicity,
The familiarity of the tried and true.

Do you remember? The sight of golden white,
Washed across a sea of green every spring?
The herald of warm days in the sun and warmer
Evenings of family and fun? How can it be, that something
So beautiful has stood the test of time?

Traditions persist, words spoken through a mesh,
Time becomes the natural filter of all things.
Without this persistence our existence is collateral matter,
Torn asunder by those who would see us drown under
An ocean of banality or worse, degeneracy.

We're paying the price, apathy and avarice the salesmen,
Their wares draped across the Western world
For all to see and none to care.
The few that dare to challenge is rare,
For they are aware of the consequences they will bear.

The daisy now with its face to the sun,
Feels the relief of the winter come. It's made it through
The burning summer, autumn dusk and bolts of thunder.
A hardy species that will never die,
It has long known the value of its battle cry.

Weeds now creep to constrict the daisy's growth,
Most lay down their arms and concede but few
Remain staunch and determined to succeed. They push on
Through the thistles and mud, the nettles and brambles
And begin to bud.

These white lights from ground level up,
Defeat the odds and rise up. An everlasting war
With no end in sight, we carry on, push forward,
For this is our plight. The daisy and I once knew a world much better,
And soon again will be unfettered.

The sun begins to rise again, its energy confers upon us
Something arcane. We understand, the daisy and me, that we
Must drive on to see our children free. To live in a world
With rampant growth, a return to tradition,
This is our oath.

Why fight?

By FrithAndFamily

By countless “men” the question’s raised,
In this time of soul’s decay,
“Why fight the seeming endless power
Of men who sit in iv’ry towers?”
“It’s a hopeless fight which none could win.”
“Just join in
And enjoy the fall.”

In this time when all sacred things
Are spat upon,
When tyrants reign over a people most base,
The lowest slaves who celebrate their ever-growing freedom,
When merchants and money reign absolutely supreme
And to even muse at displeasure may see your life destroyed,
Why fight?
Why struggle ‘gainst such invincible power?
Why even harbor hope of a better tomorrow?

But these “men,” I say, are blind or deaf.
They do not see all that’s left.
I look into my woman’s eyes
And see our beautiful children’s lives.
I hear her lilting voice’s tune
And lay with her beneath the moon.
I could not conceive of love more pure
Or boundless beauty embodied more.
I see our children yet unborn,
They’re laughing, playing, spinning, stomping.

A joy so innocent and free,
How could it but inspire me?

Can any man truly rest his gaze
Upon these sights which me amaze
And not swear then and there,
No matter who he may fear,
No matter what seemingly invincible foes

He must bring low,
No matter the blood which he must shed,
Regardless that he may end up dead,
Could a man really look upon such beauty
And see all of our future's bounty,
Could he view all that's at stake
Should his will or body break
And not do all that's in his pow'r
To shield his Love and posterity
From the enemy's vile enmity?

These parodies of men may ask,
Who wear men's bones and are but masks,
"Why fight to stop your kin's decline?"
But I roar back this answer mine:

You who will not fight his hardest,
Struggle even like 'gainst Ev'rest,
Are worse than even our enemies;
You've sold us out, the demons to appease.
You are the lowest, basest cur,
Traitors to your forefathers.

You who will not stand and bear
Your duty to our race so fair,
Who will not with your life's last breath
Contend against your nation's death.
You've lost all vestiges of honor
You have failed Europa's daughters.

In the end, your cowardice will not pay off;
You may be allowed to die with wheezing cough,
Laying in your retirement bed,
Shitting yourself streaks of red,
But dead you'll be, all the same,
And no one will celebrate your name.
While I may suffer for my convictions,
And I may suffer crucifixion,
No one can impugn my honor,
For I shall neither fail nor falter.

I look upon my children's faces
And rest my head in love's embraces,
Living life an honest man,
Unbowed, unbroken in the face of Satan.

So why fight this epic war,
Why not sell ourselves as mewling whores?

We fight for all that we hold dear.
We shall preserve the nations which our spirit reared.
We fight for that unmatched beauty
Of Europe's female progeny,
For a just society,
And to set our people free.

We fight for love of race and nation,

To defy their mutilation.
We fight for mother, wife, and daughter.
We fight to preserve our families' honor.
We fight for all our unborn children,
To make a world which they may thrive in.
We, all sons of Europe true,
Fight 'gainst the eternal Jew.

We fight to rescue from the slaughter
All of Europe's sons and daughters.
We fight to preserve our people's beauty.
We fight to fulfill our sacred duty.
We fight to keep all that we're worth.
We fight to keep our blood and earth.

We fight to see forefathers' grin
When we meet them in Heaven
That in this time of decline
We preserved their honor and their line.

For our golden city on the hill,
So our children may live on still,
For the beauty fathomless
And for the eternal bliss
Of union with our chosen woman.

Because, of course, that might is right,
And no people can live but through strength of arms,
Even if not a man among us escapes harm,

We fight.

We fight for kin, for family.
We fight to keep our nations free.
So that we shall not go into that goodnight,
For all this and more we fight.

We fight.

Worth Fighting For

By Earnest Goodman

We fight for the past and the truth we know from it,
Our ancestors' wisdom to keep at the summit,
As civilization itself starts to plummet,
Together, resolve to rebuild!

We fight for our heritage, ours through the ages,
A legacy strengthened anew on these pages,
Where words are the weapons as war truly rages,
Though no more than ink may be spilled!

We fight for our people, our sisters and brothers,
As thick is the blood of our fathers and mothers,
Our kindred must honor our own before others,
Till values we share are instilled!

We fight for our land against ceaseless invasion,
Eroding our folkways through tribal abrasion;
Reverse now our grim demographic equation,
Which foes near and far try to gild!

We fight for a future of great moral sinew;
Our children forever shall proudly continue
The will for the vision awoken within you:
Our destiny one day fulfilled!

Imperative

By Earnest Goodman

For values men may once again revere,
Dissent from wrong; hold fast to what is right,
That truth from ashes may soon reappear.

Preserve the thoughts and works of yesteryear;
Adopt their wisdom as a guiding light
For values men may once again revere.

Through trials hard and long, with faith sincere,
Endure! Resist the adversary's blight,
That truth from ashes may soon reappear.

Escape from modern mandates' weak veneer;
Prepare, in mind and body, strength and might
For values men may once again revere.

Transcendent morals we must now endear
To children, dreamers, allies in the fight,
That truth from ashes may soon reappear.

For they will blaze a way, a new frontier,
A balm from this foul age's psychic plight,
For values men may once again revere,
That truth from ashes may soon reappear.

War Rages Yet

By Earnest Goodman

The battle continues to rage with the jackals
Intent on enslaving men's minds within shackles
Till schemes of destruction no more raise men's hackles,
And your honor compels you to fight.

Displays of your heritage no more than speckles
Seen faint on the face of the Earth as mere freckles,
The enemy here and afar madly heckles
And seeks ever to shroud your proud spoors.

Thus, even as freshly shed blood your skin prickles
And into the land of your forefathers trickles,
Hold fast in the face of their hammers and sickles
And protect what is rightfully yours.

Yea, if your own son yet complacently truckles
And oft at the teat of indulgence still suckles,
Then wrest him from thralldom with blistered white knuckles
And entreat him to do what is right.

An Comhrac Bán

By Cool Hoolan

The ideal man is woven together by Spirit.
His struggle to attain a glimpse of the orbit of Truth, of Godliness,
Rides upon discipline, work, and pain.
Faced with destruction,
He may thrash to depths that invert unto Heaven.

A man weeping has opened his eyes to scan the land of his forefathers.
From the watchtower to the grain silo.
The meaning of the mourning.
When the last hands building ancestral horizons collapse,
Who will cry then?

The boy shirks an image of power between the row housing.
Father rescued sacred stones from the foothills.
Mother kept them buried ‘neath loam in the boneyard.
He assembles in secret,
A tabernacle of pain with his brethren.

A boy weeping opens his eyes before the rabbit-punch of the future.
From the water tower to the forest floor.
The bleeding into morning.
When the air broadcast drums’ thunder-feat from the past,
Who will die then?

Gloria

By E.W. Howard

Must kingdoms fall despite us,
Like lilacs in the rain?
And do our branches rooted remain thus,
Will our blossoms bloom again?

Must beauty dull and tarnish,
As our bark cracks and scars?
Is it that which compels us to varnish,
And serve crowns as polished Tars?

Weathered, noble, poised, and placed,
Like venerable trunks firm.
We Stand braced before the fierce frosts we've faced,
Bright buds gifted for our turn.

Glory must be fleeting, for it to fill and light our souls
By ever-grace and steadied face, we may quell its tolls.

The Oak

By Earthly Intercession

A spindly sapling yearning to the sky
Cried out, “Oh, what a glory tis to be
An oak!” Harkening to its lineage
Of immense and sturdy trees,
Proud of whence it came, in who
It was, and the future oaks to come.

“How shameful to take pride
In achievements not your own,”
A termite replied.

The Raven

By Earthly Intercession

Before the raven I heard the wind stir,
I saw the pine bough bend beneath its weight.
Then, a dark mass unfurled into flight
Blue
Cold as waters on a moonless night
Slowly flowed into the woods.

And just when
I thought, *Ah ha! You are not a myth!*
The raven spoke in its echoing cluck,
“I am.” Ready was I to leap and follow on air
Yet the raven flew where I could not go.

As I plodded along the forest floor

The raven followed, calling from so near
Calling from so near
Perfect in every way

Enter the Church

By Earthly Intercession

Prelude

Off in the distance, seated on the cusp
Of the horizon, stood a black church—
No pigment shone from within its stark silhouette,
A black box with a sharp black steeple,
Oddly proportioned in itself, but staggering
To the mind when you realized how large it seemed
Even from this immensely great distance.

And there we were, milling around on a sunny day
Out in the amber countryside. We clambered
Into an open railcar and clickety-clack, onward
Toward the church. We breathed in the warm air
And were also warmed in the cheeks,
For we moved not so fast so as to be chilled
With the briskness of our progress. We rolled
Alongside hills sloping toward a river
Before steadily rising over a bend, the dark church
Seemingly unmoving and unchanging in the distance.
Someone laughed gaily at the beauty of the day.

From our seats we looked to the side
At the landscape sliding past. We gained speed
Rolling down the slope into a gentle ravine
Passed into foothills through an orchard of trees—
The trees were mesmerizing, as they were lobed,
Like giant succulents.

Suddenly, the church was so near
That we could not see the whole of it. It was above us,
It was to the side of us. No longer cast in its own shadow,
We saw the church's looming walls were not black

But gray; in that light we saw boulders of inestimable size
Roughly dressed. We moved closer still, and the facing wall
Of the church rose so precipitously we seemed to shrink
And sink in each moment until we reached the church
And passed beneath the outer wall and into darkness.

I. The Hall of False Images

Red gore of an open, mortal wound filled
Our vision no matter where we looked. Below us,
We even stood atop this horror. Someone leapt up
And we all stamped and trembled into a cluster—
It must have been the hollow sound of our feet
Clomping which first brought us back from terror
For almost immediately we began to uncrouch
And look about. Someone cried out.

There was one image, a large, square close-up
Of what looked like an animal burst open.
It was everywhere, in all directions, plastered
Upon walls, platforms, and ramparts. Each surface
Was of the same dimension of the square image
Making all contours and dimension ambiguous
Under the image of this gory wound. Eventually,
My eyes adjusted to the scene, the two-dimensional
Shapelessness of the wound became familiar
And the physical shapes of the walls, platforms
And ramparts became more clear. I pointed out
A way forward, but to where, we could not tell.

We started off: as we moved, our shifting perspective
Brought greater dimension to the room. The walkway
We were on canted down at a slight angle
And then came to a stop. We would need to either leap across
To a steeply angled platform, or otherwise drop down
A short distance and walk over. I sat down,
Dangling my feet off the edge
And surveyed the short drop before pushing off.

Muffled screams rang out above me. I looked up
And the others were occluded behind an opaque screen
The inverse shape of the dreadful wound
Evident in the darkening gray. I jumped
And struck at the barrier and still the others screamed out
And banged on the platform that had closed me off
From them. Everything grew muted and dim.

II. The Hall of Gold

I landed with a thud
Hands slapping blindly to seek purchase
Against a cold, steepening slope
Yet my bare palms against the clammy surface
Were insufficient to forestall my descent.
I sensed there was a light somewhere
—I could scarcely register the tip of my nose.

Which way was up, I did not know
But I certainly knew which way was down.
I picked up speed, bouncing into the cold air
Before skidding once more along the slope.
A soft glow registered faintly below and soon
An oddly warm light brought shape to my limbs.
Unknown contours eluded my recognition
Other than to reference the terrifying speed of my fall.

The opposing wall was not so far—dully shining,
I knew it was gold, and then I could see
I was in some drooping chute with the light
Growing ever brighter until I was lofted into the air,
Freely falling, falling toward a dazzling terror, wind
Whipping my tear-streamed eyes
I stared into the blinding gleaming gold
Growing brighter—

III. The Hall of Fortune

You could never notice my passing, so swift it was
—A bodiless particle coursing overhead
From one end to the other, through the chandelier
Slamming into the grout of finely-masoned stone.
Yet, from my view, I passed slowly. Weightlessly

I floated in, right up against the ceiling, looking down
A great hall outlining the periphery of my vision
In the muted glow of candelabrum.
I strained my eyes forward to take in
The immense feast laid out upon the long table
—The finest cuts of fattened calves glistened

In dishes clustered amongst towering arrangements
Of delicately displayed morsels both beautiful
And unrecognizable save for tasting,
All moving out of sight with my steady, inescapable
Progression forward. Ladies, dressed in royal couture
—With powdered wigs, rouged lips
And gusseted bosoms—couched their interest
As they looked upon the feast and approached

Their seats, upholstered in white and blue silk brocade.
As I passed amidst the flames of the chandelier
The damnably bright light blinded them from sight.
By the time I passed through I could only wish to go back
To see once more. Oh, what I would give
To join in that feast! *Stay this forward motion!*
I screamed soundlessly, yet all I could see was the approaching wall.

Into the wall I passed, entering what seemed to be a small box
And, upon striking the other side, into an even smaller box
And again and again growing more entrapped. *Let me back in!*
I screamed out silently. *Let me look upon that feast once more!*
But there was nothing but the rapidly diminishing confinement,
Made smaller and smaller
And smaller.

IV. The Hall of Nations

In the shadows
Passes a vile face with fear,
Distrust. Retreat scuttling. A blind
Hand reaches out, a damp stone wall
If you were
Here, alone, shadow to shadow,
Forever hissing at every creature
Rock in your hand? An opening
In the distance. Run. Run. Run.

An open vastness, illumined crisply,
Reaching in all directions above and below
To the corners of an arena of untold dimension.
With my toes at the edge of a dark crevasse
I looked upon battles unfolding
In an ecosystem of warfare. There, clustered
In the center, beastly creatures driving horn,

Tooth, nail and fire against each other
Black eyes steeled against extinction.
In the middle of the fray a dragon stood above
Belaying lesser foes with fire, yet beleaguered
By doubtful alliances with scheming opportunists
As likely to turn against as to fight alongside.

Spritely beings flew between leaving in their wake
Trails of luxuriantly colored poisons, enticing
For their short-lived benefits that might turn the tide
Of any given battle but otherwise would instrument
One inexorably to enervated defeat. I took flight

Leaping into the arena, into the heart of the fire
I flew like an arrow to the greatest creature of all
And there I saw it was not made of scale and tooth
But of men, uniformed, all of one color, unified
In purpose, working like fingers of the same hand,
Faces filled with devotion and eyes filled with truth.

And there, yet suspended in the air just above,
I delivered to them a message of their triumph.

V. The Garden Within

A green field under a gray and white sky
A towering stone face, your own face. You
Can see the lines where the dark stones fit
Together. There is something within the facade
Which you wish to share. It is your soul.

Fissures could open here and there,
Opening into elaborate mazes, delightful
For any who entered and perhaps they could

Even be deceived into thinking they had gained
Entry into your interior.

But this will not do. Blast wide avenues through
From every direction, carving away the stone
And leaving a garden with all paths leading
To the center. Go there, pass by the sentinels
Stationed at every pillar.

At the center, a pool of living water shimmers
Like sunlight upon silver—yet the light does not burn.
The transfigured Christ stands above, a sunrise
In the desert, glowing brass and brilliantly white.

Put one foot into the pool and a cool salve washes over.
What would it be to jump in? Or better yet, to walk
To Christ? Again, you put out your foot, step upon
The living water, and in that moment of faith
As the water takes the weight of your step
You are within Christ's sacred heart.

A Poem to Europa's Son

By Australis Invictus

Our enemies rest upon their laurels,
On our future they ate their fill.
In this world devoid all morals,
Can there be a triumph of the will?

Our past forgotten, our present maimed,
Strangers in our homeland.
Will we stay cowed our future chained,
Or redeem ourselves with bloody hand?

Heavy is this crown of duty,
That we were born to wear.
Will you stand in defence of beauty,
Or leave it for your Brothers to bear?

Draw your sword Europa's Son,
Shine her light on another day.
May in your heart be a blazing Sun,
And love for her people guide your way.

English Rose

By Ned Ludlam

Nowt fairer on earth than the English Rose,
In native bed spreads her roots and thrives,
And with lush bloom does delicate compose,
The next generation of English lives.
Yours is the toil that lifts up our people,
You crafted the hands that crafted St. Paul's,
Each stanza, each victory, each steeple,
Began in the shade of your watchful gaze.
An eye on the plough an eye on our land,
A joy to witness from cradle to tomb,
Exquisite in nature's opening hand,
Each spring to witness the English Rose bloom.

Yearly she wilts, watered by shame and guilt,
To believe her spring a destructive thing
And supplant her needs for alien weeds;
Who litter, crowd, feast and breed.
Now nursery trained on frames of Hollywood,
By perfidious propagators lure,
To see savage as noble, foreign good,
And mix her seed at the twist of a whore,
Till the once fair petal plucked itself good,
So all that came before adds to the mire,
Self-stripped from the earth trod in the mud,
She grows no more to grace in bed nor briar.

Vengeful inch plant you wander no more,
The ripe ferment of decomposition,
Feast off her forefathers' toil and gore,
You take and take with no hesitation.

Laden with the spiderwort we deserve,

Who thrives on the lowland slag of our sins,
With an insatiable want to subvert,
To maim, to kill all-natural things.
We will rip you out, shallow root and all
From our exhausted soil and poisoned souls,
Pile your cadavers ten feet tall,
To burn as a beacon that ushers in dawn.

Your maddening games shall come undone
In the cleansing light of the ascending sun.

The Western Spirit

By Lycomedes

In marble halls, forest glades, and skies azure,
The Westman shines bright and strong;
On mountain peaks, lunar plains, and waters pure,
The Western Spirit moves along.

In many ways does the Soul of Westernkind express,
From the Dawn of our Spirit to the full midday Sun;
Vivid light over vast fields and every gilded tress,
Yet our Promethean story has only just begun.

We are the decided Promethean ranks,
Living for ascension of sacred ideal;
To the unbroken line of heroes we give thanks,
And Westmen unite with Promethean zeal.

The new Sunrise is coming soon, we know,
For our champions have a perfect will;
Our children shall reap the harvest we sow,
For we voice our Spirit with unmatched skill.

All the monuments of Westernkind across our lands,
Manifold reflections of our inner drive;
Once more we shall hold our destiny in our hands,
And countless Western generations shall thrive.

For the brilliant light is coming, the day we will win,
Cast off the yoke, break the spell of poisoned words;
We shall be Westernkind pristine, a worldwide kin,

Forever kept safe by our Promethean swords.

The Plains of Every Man

By Edward Martel

The plains of every man can never be the plains of a native land,
For it took blood, work, and honor, to carve out by tired hand.
What vapid libertine so bold could build what we have built as Sons?
What vacuous-minded avant-garde would sacrifice it all as we have done?

The plains of every man can never belong to a native child;
His brave ancestors began working to carve out the ancient wild.
From dawn to dusk and dawn again the strong pioneers came marching in.
When our ancient land that gave us its bounty belongs to all, what then?

We fought upon the plains of our kith and kin, so dearly bought,
With ancient blood running in our veins we gallantly fought.
For the eyes of those we love gaze upon us with a stirring heart.
Our children who shall one day rise to battle and take our part.

For our Enemy is strong and eternally subtle, he would destroy them too,
Enter their mind with lies and muddle all the great thoughts they once knew.
Fathers rise! Rise to defend our families in this war against fake guilt.
Look out upon our plains with awe upon the great world we have built.

The plains of every man can never know the countryman.
For whether craftsman, soldier, leader, builder or yeoman,
If his plains belong to all the onrushing world then they belong to none.
For it takes a People not a document nor a plain for everyone.

Bells Across the Occident

By Edward Martel

A distant ringing fills the night air,
So faint at first, could it be there?
Is it in my mind a subtle trick,
That ghostly ring that fades so quick?

But like a symphony, now Baroque,
The rings clang out and music they spoke.
What began as a dream to a distant heart,
Now beckons us all, listen, take part.

This blackish dream in which we've dwelt
Melts away at sweet sounds we haven't felt,
Perhaps since ages now long past.
Hark! Their call, pray tell, shall it last?

The memories of who we were never left;
From deepest ocean to rocky cleft,
From Männerbund to church spire,
Reclaim what our souls desire.

The warrior's barrow starts to shake.
Will the spirit of Europa awake?
Methinks perhaps even they can hear,
The bells resound, resound so clear.

In silent grief have they walked our land?
Whilst we've lived quiet in a house built on sand.
Like a house of cards it could all come down.
Equality? "Die"versity? Give me Country, Give me Crown!

Do not move a muscle the puppets tell us!

Pay your interest, open borders, do not fuss!
They wish us dead, to break the bells and spirit,
But we'll make them deaf, 'til all Europa can hear it.

And yet the ancient bells clang through the noise,
Through lies, through greed, through fear with poise.
Knowing they've known better days, and better days ahead,
Through rubble they've rang, through bombs and lead.

The bells called us all to holy day and crusade.
St. George with his lance, Arthur his blade,
Roland his horn, Siegfried his shield,
Like men of old, WE SHALL NEVER YIELD.

No guilt I feel when the old bells chime,
For I know they mark the proper time.
These cowards in glass, these liars and louses,
Would throw away heaven and sit in counting houses.

Their interest lies in taking interest,
It is the dream of Babel's Tower they love best.
Their fraternity will crash and destroy the whole,
When We, Europe's children, hear those bells toll.

High in the bell tower beyond all fear,
That clang and clash tell us what grows near.
For many days we've waited and nights we've spent,
Waiting for the bells, bells across the Occident.

Glorious

By Jack McKraken

Glorious!
You'd shout at the park or in the street
We'd scurry and play
And live our youth
Amidst a city's beat

Glorious!
You'd say as we grew older and watched with glossy eyes
As we learned from others
On a fuzzy TV screen
Big Bird spout his master's lies

Glorious!
You'd scream with a belly full of gin
Our smiles were false
Our adoration spoiled
As you raised a house of sin

Glorious!
You said when we left those urban sprawls
Seeking meaning in a land
That had none of its own
Taking refuge in homogeny behind its ivory walls

Glorious!
You shouted when you finally made your leave
You brought us chaos
Heartache, pain and torture
Or so I had believed

Glorious!
Were those years we spent without direction, aim, or guide
Weaving in and out this world
Sleeping in our youth
Wondering when this nation died?
Glorious!
I stand, the final product of your work
I've learned to live a modest life
Amidst the ruins
Your duties they were shirked

But now that I look back and ponder
All the rage that was inside you,
Back then it made no sense to me
But now? Of you I'm fonder.

Just like me, you lived amidst the ruins.
Its savagery abounding
The muck of this modern land
Would slay much lesser humans

So how do I honor a man I couldn't see?
Blinded by the influence
Of rogues, and crooks
Which plague both you and me?

I'll make it so men like you never have to worry
Where a man can quit
His drink and vice
And his families spared the fury

I'll fight until the day I die
Their tendrils I will grab
And mar their future for our people
With envy they do eye

I'll toil, battle, and sharpen steel
And measure every pike
Until the day that peace has come to us
And I can finally stop and say for certain

Glorious.

Conquering Heroes

By Jill McKraken

We feel them.
We feel their touch.
Deep in marrow and sinew:
Our race, our kin, our folk reach out to take our hands.
But the enemy's grip tightens and cuts—
Cutting off air, cutting off connection,
Cutting off the lifeblood of our People.
The murderous grasp of every degeneracy, every lie, every betrayal,
Every precious life our oppressors have taken without remorse.

White man, awake!

We hear them.
We hear them calling.
Deep in space and time:
Our ancestors beckon us heavenward to eternal peace.
The enemy's grip suffocates further still—
It would be so easy to let go, to give in,
Exhale our last breath and surrender the fight,
To concede defeat against tyrants and evil men who want us dead,
Lay down arms and dishonor our forefathers with wasted deaths.

White woman, awake!

We see them.
We see our People.
Deep in hearts and minds:
Our brothers and sisters stand proudly together in endless ranks.
We fight against the death grip of our enemies—
Prying loose vermin-like claws, naming them loudly,
The flame of bravery and defiance in our eyes.

We break free and join the noble horde of our glorious race,
Marching and singing with one voice, one magnificent battle cry.

White son, awake!

We smell them.
We smell their fear.
Deep in body and soul:
Our children will watch our movement embrace a new dawn.
Justice will come swiftly to our enemies—
They will scatter and hide, fleeing into the darkness,
As we shine forth the light of truth and beauty.
No longer will we be enslaved and destroyed by a Godless system,
We will exalt the honor of our race and the strength of our People.

White daughter, awake!

We taste them.
We taste their sweetness.
Deep in fields and forests:
Our homelands restored to their righteous splendor and abundance.
We have taken back what is ours—
Connecting ourselves with our Creator, with natural order,
In harmony with a land ready to yield its harvest.
We have reclaimed our birthright from our vanquished enemies,
To be passed securely on through the generations of our triumphant race.

White brother, Awake!
White sister, Awake!

You know why we fight:
For God and Truth.
For Strength and Honor.
For Family and Folk.
For Hearth and Homeland.

For Freedom and Heritage.
For Glory and Victory.

White race, Awake!
Awake!
And we will win.

Olympia

By Hana Moore

The pursuit, the chase, the thrill
Is ever forward and yielding promise
Like the rising and setting of the sun
Each tomorrow present in our minds
The future yet to be determined
Yet so often fought for
Offers her sweetest rewards
To those who determine to win the race
Who take the blows where others bow in defeat
Who give no opportunity to the conqueror
And who fight with stubborn will
Until they are crowned with the laurels of tomorrow
Until the fruits of victory
Drip like gold from their hands

When Wiglaf Last Beheld His Broken King

By Thomas Nyquist

The Serpent spills Obscenity ablaze.
Each artful, wondrous Thing its Hoard assumes;
No Tower high enough to ward off Doom;
No perfect Words can stay its Lust for Rape.

Unseated, ev'ry Stone my Fathers laid;
Uprooted, ev'ry Tree that bears good Fruit,
Their Treasures bled to fill a Cup, consumed,
With Poison grafted into what remains.

I have no dauntless Shield, nor magic Sword
To wield, nor Strength to lift them if I did,
For what is left to sate my weary Soul?
Defeat is promised Prophecy; unborn
A reasoned Hope that more than Mem'ry live
Beyond the final Sunset my Eyes know.

I close them now and rush to War in Faith
That one remaining Fortune yet eludes
The Foe, Elixir sweet I did not form
By my Design, but blessed with him
Who bleeding lies before me: Blood yet flows.

Childish Things

By Thomas Nyquist

In the beginning was the Word,
And my ears could hear.
It was drowned in sounds
Like words but weightless.

In the beginning was Light,
And my eyes could see.
It was clouded by crowds
Of neon pulse.

And the sounds were sold
As the perfection of the ages,
All I could desire
(All I was allowed to desire).

The neon passions
To titillate and satisfy
All the dark urges
Unseen by the sun.

What my grandfathers knew,
And I knew as a child,
Was lost for a time
In the spectacular maze,

But the Word was thunder,

The sounds but a mumble.
The neon dulled the senses,
But the Light set the mind afire.

And with the Word and the Light
They are shown for a lie,
For their ecstatic promises
Come with a price.

I will not trade my birthright
For a hovel and ash;
I will not abandon beauty
For the thrill of a moment.

My home is where I stand;
My home is in the stars,
The dirt on my hands,
The Light forever far.

My soul is in my blood;
My soul is in our art,
Son of a thousand sons,
The Word in our hearts.

The Great Replacement

By Mark Papilio

Our maps are wrong—
Displaced wool's guests are hosts.

Our grave-welled spores are sparse;
Our salve-dealt horde, a hearse.

Their crumbled pits fill spit-chance seas
With bum-mold mitts' militancy.

Our naval force, a farce;
Their navels board, half-burst.

Our saps are throngs;
Our racialists are ghosts.

Untitled

By DrPythagorasPHD

Awakened from his restless sleep,
The old beast rises to his feet,
Rattling inside the dirty pen,
To break his cage and bound to leap.

Though chained by acts of wicked men,
The bull is soon set free again,
To run the streets, inspiring fear,
Rumbling in the beast of burden.

Sparking the stone streets to then spear
The barrier, towards the crowd to steer,
Goring the fools, a cold end
To all the celebrations here.

Once to run, now condemned,
His death one cannot comprehend,
His soul had dreamt a somber coda,
Zeus to carry kind Europa.

Why We Fight

By Robert Robinson

For we know not what to do beside,
To fight to live, to toil to strive,
For blood for soil, to struggle to thrive,
To resist, to exist, two clenched fists hold fast the line.

By Norns stretched taut,
From Creation unto naught,
Lineage—hard won, hard fought,
Not by craven lenders' tricks bought,
But taken by the builder's fist,
Shaped from barren wilderness—wrought
'Pon scapes where ruddy giants trod in age forgot.

For we know not how else to abide,
By dogged drive, by stoic pride,
By will heroic: endure, survive,
Steadfast to the last, for victory we ride!
'Til victory betide.

O'er our ordeal: fraught,
Straits beset, strife besot
Heritage—Gordion knot,
Surmount travails our worldly lot,
Transcend th' earthly, mortal surety,
To be found worthy Hist'ry's plot,
Gauntlet thrown—by combat's trial Triumph begot,
Immortality aforethought.

We acknowledge no surrender,
Permit us no retreat,
Embrace death but spurn dishonor,
We shall ne'er accept defeat,
Leave pacifists to compromise,
'Tis laurel wreaths we seek,
To the dust bin with the equals,
Into legend the elite,
So heed ye now the war drum's beat!

For we know not how to stand aside
Where fate's defied Glory shines bright,
Fain stand astride the Great Divide,
Athwart the tide, revolt 'gainst Time,
Deign not decline arcane birthright,
Wage Cosmic Battle its own prize,
Take Armageddon's strafe in stride
Then wonder not if might makes right.
When under graves the slain reside,
Raise now war cries, Kinsmen arise!
And ask no more why still we fight,
For we know not what to do beside.

The Day He Fell

By E. G. Rutger

The day he fell was warm and calm, just as any day before—
Besides the darkened countryside, which was rotting from the war.
When news had broken throughout the front, as well as from the rear,
The sun still streamed from heaven, and the skies were crystal clear.
While nature was unperturbed by the terrifying report,
We who knew better lamented, and broke of our stern comport.

We understood it was folly to show our emotions then,
But we were caged by circumstance—livestock who knew of their pen.
On the day he fell we withdrew; our number being less by one,
And having no more confidence there were days left to be won.

The world is a harsh tormenter, and gives men no breath of hope
That the call of duty shall be honored, or any mercy shown
By neither Fate nor foe alike, this being our unhappy stead—
To war for earth and water—or then to kill for loaves of bread.

The man who fell had spoken to us as someone who did see
The pallid squalor of our lot, and our pitted misery;
He stood tall among our masses, his boots on level with ours,
And spoke with the accent we were wont, in homes and streets and bars:
“Our culture is spoilt with pestilence, our lands are all on loan;
Our children are taught self-loathing is a virtue all its own.
How long have we scraped our fathers’ fields and helped our people
grow?
It is our pride and natural right to reap what we have sowed.
Though these sly, subversive deceivers spread their moral decay,
I swear no ‘Chosen’ charlatans will rise to carry the day!”

The words had rung a roaring chord whose sound none could then restrain.
The world then seemed to us a beast whose cruelty might be tamed.
We marched ahead with courage, and our families waved us on,
But by the end of our defensive, most of our lot was gone.

In fields, where our soldiers had marched and rallied with fierce resolve,
The enemy walked unhindered, unfettered and unresolved.
In the air, where our airmen had soared, as guardians above,
The bombers unleashed their fury—our efforts lay all undone.

He gave his final instructions, and they were simple and sure:
"Though We have lost the battle, We still have yet to lose the war,
For war is not waged by only steel, but by Our hearts and souls,
And those of Us who shall survive can each play their crucial role.
Never relent the simple truth that can bring Us to unite:
It is Our great pride and privilege to carry on Our fight."

After him came men who claimed to fill those boots that he had worn,
But all are wolves dressed in fine sheepskin—in whom we have been warned.
Though the days have marched without him, and the world is much the same,
There is power in our history—strategy to this game.
The world will ill-remember the bitter day that he did fall,
Yet, on that day arose an idea that still could save us all.

Where We Must Choose

By Branka Ryan

I stand
At the edge
Of the new age
Or I stand at the edge of every age

It is my choice

I am a stone in our cathedral that reaches to the sky
I am a road through our mountains
I am a ship in our oceans
I am a window into our conquered galaxies

I am my ancestors
My people
Every one of them rests in the furls of my fingerprint
They gave me my hands

My irises reflect what theirs have, the open void waiting to be filled
They gave me my eyes

Each vein pulses under skin, and does not remember a time it slept
They gave me my blood

My blood that was born to conquer
I am its steward
Must keep it hot

Ready to take
To build

To save

My blood calls me to a distant unknown shore
And whispers to me
"Take it, it will be yours."
Who am I to deny it?
Deny the blood that has been passed down, kept, through so many before me?

But
There is a snake draped around our necks,
The snake that slips up to our ears
"Who are you, even? You can only stay here."

I am no one if I do not silence it, and let my blood grow cold and stagnant
I am everyone if I let it burn, and burn the snake away

I stand
At the edge
Of the new age
Or I stand at the edge of every age

It is not my choice

So I take the snake
Grab it by its soft, frail neck
How has this worm held us captive so long?
"Because you have let me…"

It is right—How could such a frail thing hold me, us, like a vice?
I crush it in my grasp,
My ancestor's hands crush the ribcage.
It has no blood to bleed when I throw it down into the dirt

It was not a choice

Because there is nothing without my people

With the Grace of the One Who Hath Carried My Seed through the Night

C. Sasso

The wildest I witness'd,
Waves of the ocean,
Steeply were standing,
Striking furiously,
As rain was whipping,
Ragged sails;
But the valiant floater
Victoriously withstood.

Our kinsmen once carried
Crosses and rifles,
Fighting for freedom,
Fighting till death.
Cowardly spirits
Carried they never,
Though the thunder of battle
Threaten'd their lives.

Now thou dost shudder,
Naked, and asking:
Where are the warriors,
Where have they gone?
When times are the hardest,
The truth must be spoken:
The blood which once burned,

Brother, was thine!

When swords were shining,
And shacks were burning,
When men were falling,
And mothers weeping;
A baby was cradled
By the breast of a woman;
Hope she did hight him,
Holding him close.

Through sombre nights,
Our seed was carried,
Our people prevail'd,
Through pain and death.
Through strife and struggle
Let *us* strive for glory;
Have faith my friend,
The flame still burns!

For the Forest Brothers

By Laima Sedula

A poetic triptych in honour of the Forest Brothers, who fought the Bolshevik plague from 1940 to 1963

No Snow nor Rain Will Cool Our Hearts

No snow nor rain will cool our hearts,
No frost will freeze our spines.
We keep our rifles in our hands,
We're standing proud in line.

We're forest brothers, one and all,
We're kings of wood and plain.
Our songs, they reach the ears of God,
Our bullets reach their aim.

For our kith and our kin
We live and fight and toil,
And we will not give up an inch
Of our beloved soil.

Our land of giants and of kings
She sings a marching tune.
Ours are the forests and the streams,
Ours is the Sun and Moon.

No snow nor rain will cool our hearts,
No frost will freeze our souls.
We keep our rifles in our hands,
We're brothers one and all.

You Said You Would Return to Me

You said you would return to me
When orchards were in bloom.
I counted seconds, hours, days
From April until June.

I watched the soldiers marching past,
I heard the sound of guns
And when they carried out the dead,
I prayed you weren't one.

The apple blossoms fell to earth,
And summer rains did fall.
I saw the tanks come rolling by—
A deadly iron wall.

The woods turned yellow, red, and brown,
The swallows flew away.
They hanged our brothers in the square
And let the bodies sway.

When autumn storms froze into sleet,
The sound of battle stilled.
And with new year I dared to hope
That you had not been killed.

Spring comes, the orchards bloom again,
Black swallows cut the sky.
I wait for you beside the gate—
I'll wait until I die.

A Lullaby for You, My Child

A lullaby for you, my child,
Sweet as an apple red,
Fresh as the windy scent of pine,
Bright as the tears I've shed.

Your father's rifle's by the bed,
His uniform hangs proud.
One day, perhaps, you'll wear it too
As war drums beat so loud.

One day, God willing, you will march
Amongst our finest sons.
I know you will not hesitate

To do what must be done.

You'll plant our flag forevermore
Upon the highest hill.
A future bright, a future free
From those who wish us ill.

So sleep, my darling one, and dream
Of voices raised in song
Of saddled steeds and falcons fast,
And oak trees broad and strong.

Le Prix

By William Semper

Our final charge in a future earned

The now resplendent crocus blooms

The weak-willed many soon overturned

Our final charge in a future earned

Peaceful lives by malice upturned

House of lies their own hand dooms

Our final charge in a future earned

The now resplendent crocus blooms

Forestalled

By Sila

The battle, the burden, the question, the Foe
Tribulations and trials
We shall come to know
It was left for us, this great Campaign
By the likes of which,
Our world may never see again

Those before could not foresee
This occupation, this Enemy
Their bulwarks broken, their towers unmanned
The Blood of their sons, spilt on foreign sand
Their countries looted, their cities burned
Birthrights stolen, and honor spurned
Legacies lost, and the future forestalled
Shadows dancing in hallowed halls
The Light burns low on their torches lit
To guide the way,
To shape the world, as we saw fit

Yet light still burns,
The campaign carries on
Our father's fires still smolder
An unjust burden, cast upon
We bear with somber purpose
In duty the torch was passed
In remembrance is our service

Unbroken lines
To the stewards of old
Souls afire, and hearts so bold

The flame of their Blood
Burns within our veins
The Blood of those who traversed the Earth
And saw it as theirs to tame
From such hearts, and souls alight
Granted are we the mantle,
With which to fight

Their Blood burns,
In a world left colder
Yet as we stoke the flames
We are called to be bolder
There is nowhere left
To explore. To build.
It was built for us.
It was never ours to yield

They left for us a great Destiny
A Destiny forestalled by the Enemy
They left for us an unseen war
A fight not just today,
But perhaps evermore

For our children,
Our children's children
For our fathers, the future, for Love

For those who came before
We take up the mantle,
We shall wage this war
We shall fight till we prevail,
We shall settle the score

For those before,
Who could not foresee
This is our horizon,

This is our Destiny
Over the edge of the Earth
We will drive, we will plunge
Fighting
Bearing Light against darkness
Till the Enemy is expunged

Why We Fight

By J. Smith

Why we fight
Consider a cathedral
Sprawling, sublime, awe inspiring
Beginning its existence as a thought in a man's mind
Abstract as design is developed, measurements recorded,
architectural physics pondered
Never to be seen by its creator
He only hopes through faith perhaps his grandchildren will sit
in its splendor
To pray in its hypothetical pews
He knows he will never see his creation
Yet he persists
Knowing this future will only happen if he puts ink to
parchment
Spade to earth
Brick upon brick
Until, his progeny laboring to continue his work,
The final keystone placed
A hundred and score years hence
Now stands an eternal monument to the glory of the divine
Why do we fight?
To build the future we know we will never see

Consider the mountain
Awesome, eternal, colossal
An immovable object weathering unstoppable forces
Towering into the heavens, peak beyond sight of man
With thinning atmosphere and deadly cold
And yet man looks to it to conquer
Miles into the heavens, yet a mound beneath his feet

Through toil and harrowing struggle, to climb one step after the next
Each bringing him that bit closer to the peak
A journey to heaven step by step
Until, at long last, nowhere higher to be
And men have surveyed from this pinnacle the vast and unyielding terrain
And have said, “I have conquered
Through persistence and grit, only I remain atop the world, surveyor of all I have conquered.”
And when he descends, and his lessor asks why he risked it all just to climb up and down he says,
“Because it was there.”
Why do we fight?
Because we are here, and we must always be.

Consider the wildfire
Unyielding, ravaging, terrifying
Tearing through the land like a hot knife slicing easily through warm fat
Destroying all in its path, violently consuming, a force of nature unseen for years
Raging fires started with the tiniest spark
A blink in time, existent for but a second
Touching off a flame
Building to a roar, unyielding, unstoppable
Until it is a raging inferno, incinerating all before it, disintegrating the rot
And in its stead, sowing the seeds of new life
Fresh greenery sprouting anew, a world cleansed of the old and rotten and dead and forgotten
Creating life from destruction, set off by a single spark, a moment in time so brief as to have almost never existed
And changing the face of the earth before it.
Why so we fight?
To be the spark

Sons of Europa

By Walther von Stolzing

Sprung from Thule's frozen cradle of old,
That noble race who of boundless vision,
Won for its sons a treasure more than gold,
Now greeted in their lands with derision.

Though from this birthright separated now,
Twilight is not yet come for our dear kin.
We true heirs of those heroes of yore vow,
That we will fight and we will surely win.

The time has come to rouse those who slumber,
For the foe's vast armies are at the gate.
Remain undeterred despite their number,
Truth is our ally and will seal our fate.

So rise ye now sons of Europa all,
In the face of those who would see our doom.
Not for ourselves do we answer the call,
But that a thousand generations bloom.

Die for This

By Vlad Vandal

The western world was saved at Tours in 732,
When Prince Martel The Hammer smashed Ghafiqi and his crew.
Europa's stalwart spears forestalled the Umayyad designs,
To secure her children's future and drive back the Muslim tide.
But would her men have held the line against the Arab horde,
To see their children one day turn their backs upon the Lord?
To see their people crushed beneath a godless commie fist?
Oh, they did not die for this my sons, they would not die for this.
Your forefathers would not have died beneath a rainbow flag,
They did not die for the freedoms of degenerates and fags,
They did not want their sacred lands erupt in shopping malls,
Nor to be subsumed by the deracinated thralls.

The Holy League set sail for war in 1571,
To defend Europa from the swarthy Ottoman.
Your ancestors did fight that day through iron, blood, and pain,
That victory meant their sacrifices would not go in vain.
What would the gallant rowers at Lepanto have to say,
To see what has become of Europe in the present day?
To plunge Christendom into the blasphemous abyss?
Oh, they did not die for this, my sons, they would not die for this.
Your forefathers would not have died to further tranny rights,
They did not die to cede their racial homelands to the kikes,
Nor to see their nation ruled by infertile Stasi bitches,
Or to see their sons chug Soylent and play Nintendo Switches.

We drove the Saracens from Austria back in 1683,
When Christendom united so that Europa would be free,
For the future of their progeny, they sacrificed that day,
So do not let the memory of these heroes fade away.
But would these men have died upon Vienna's bloody gates,
For a country run by feminists and filthy reprobates?
For their children to be brainwashed with obscene Semitic lies?
Oh, for this they did not die, my sons, for this they did not die.
These heroes did not die defending drunk licentious thots,
For the end of folk and family these men would not have fought.
Become worthy of their bloodshed and their noble sacrifice,
And bear the flame of Europe, guarding it at any price.

Sturmjäger

By R.W.W.

And *what for*, this struggle?
For fate is wrote in stone.
Escape proven impossible,
The end already known.

Once Entropy sentence the heavens,
And sounds, voices, lost.
When stillness replaces motion,
And kingdoms succumb to frost.

Earthly flame extinguished,
Supplanted by the cold.
Absence itself insisting,
Vindication of wisdom old.

Life is not but battle.
Relentless, raging war.
So Past may meet with Future,
Need ancestors secure their door.

All of life triumphant,
Descend from that which fought.
Defiance, intrinsic to being,
Regardless of conscious thought.

The insatiable urge toward *upward,*
Prevailing primordial spark.
Birthed Life's basal branches,
Split eternal seas of dark.

The turbulence not coincidental,
But a result of position born.
On her furthest, most distal appendage,
Facing Nothing's scorn.

To defy that destruction is heroic,
The most authentic expression of life.
Yet was there ever higher glory,
When for his brother, he took the knife?

Abdication of the self,
For coronation of the whole,
For propagation, a bit further,
This vanguard's collective soul.

And why not this selfless spark too,
Go on to fracture dark seas?
Its light sowing in the nothingness,
Proliferation of higher leaves.

That common denominator, defiance,
Ubiquitous wherever we look.
Particularly expressed in, *you,* dear reader,
From a special tree you were shook.

As if Life selected a vessel,
That would yearn the coming storms,
For the heat of those collisions.
For this, it was we are born.

Hero Play

By Clarion Wakefield

“Smile!”
Two teeth missing, holding up a box of new crayons
A first
Once again

“Just like Mama, my darling.”

Here, you will sit on a colorful rug
At the feet of a smiling lady
She will tell you of brave pilgrims
Who crossed a stormy sea
To carve a wilderness just for you

She will give you paper grocery sacks
And teach you to make stiff pilgrim hats
Today, you will play our heroes of yesterday
To become the hero of our tomorrow

“How was school, my darling girl?”

“Not as you said.”

We took the paper grocery sacks, but cut them into strips
We glued them into paper chains
He pushed them on my wrist
He told me I deserved it
He made me apologize

“Mama, pilgrims were not good and brave.”

They
Murdered
Lied
Colonized

I
The evil doer
The white devil
The bringers of the slaves

“Mama, I am not good. I am not brave.”

“Darling, do not worry about this place.
It has changed.
We will go to someplace else.”

Today, you will play our heroes of yesterday
To become the hero of our tomorrow

Together in the playground grass
I will show you how to make a crown of dandelions
To wrap each stem around the next
Just as I once did.

Place it in your gleaming hair
Pretend you are Guinevere
Find a boy to play King Arthur
And he will slay these dragons.

Hear their thunder coming
Black clouds spread across basketball court

Run
Shelter

Half-finished golden crown withering in the grass.

“Darling, do not worry about this place.
It has changed.
We will go to someplace else.”

Today, you will play our heroes of yesterday
To become the hero of our tomorrow

Take your pail and fill with sand
Pat the tower with little hand
And make the castles our children know to make
Because our men built them first of stone.

You play them today
Copper hair shining down alabaster back
Laughing at ocean’s edge

Until
We hear it

Thunder across the dunes
Clap upon clap of too loud words we do not understand
Storm from another land

Run
Shelter

Half-finished castle
Left to be trampled
Under brown feet of strangers

“Darling, do not worry about this place.
It has changed.
We will go to someone else.”

“Papa, where will we go?”

My daughter,
I will go.
Today
To slay these dragons

You will tell your children how you once made stiff pilgrim
  hats of grocery sacks
Dandelion crowns of queens
And sat on golden beaches
Making true the Ancients’ dreams

  Darling,
  Do not worry about this place.
  No matter it has changed.
  For I, too, once played the heroes of yesterday
  To become the hero of your tomorrow
  And tomorrow
  Has become today.

Now and Then

By Anonymous

If “living the dream” is a few steps below “pretty good”
Then I guess we squarely find ourselves at “can’t complain.”

After all,
We aren’t all divorced, atomized, addicted to heroin, selling our bodies, blackmailed, or dead at 24.
That’s just the neighborhood we grew up in.

That neighborhood won’t get a golden casket, show trials, millions in reparations, and a prolonged campaign of political terror by the powerful against normal people.

But when we win,
It’ll all be worth it to hear the perpetrators of that campaign say, “just happy to be here.”

Why We Fight

By Anonymous

There's a greater world to be shared by all,
One cast in the memories of God's light,
One best recalled before the fall,
A world to restore, for which we fight.

For all of those that the world has wronged,
The middlemen who work and toil,
For a heritage proud, we will stand strong,
Shoulder to shoulder, for blood and soil.

For all the children yet unborn,
Whose futures have been bought and sold,
For the family fabric that's been torn,
In exchange for pleasure and for gold.

For the rights we hold to be self-evident,
Endowed by our creator,
To avenge all those whose lives were spent,
In the political theater.

For a world that burns for men to lead,
And for mothers who shall nurture,
To see the forest for the trees,
And to forge a brighter future

For the memories buried under history's lies,
Through propaganda and deceit,
And from the ashes, logos shall rise,
For the truth shall never know defeat.

For a world to restore, no, a world to build,
With hands both strong and true,
Where the dreams of the young shall be fulfilled,
In a future both old and new.

1985

By Anonymous

1985
1985

I can’t sleep again
It’s quiet here
For a few hours
So I will tell you

In our world
Outside in 1985
There was winter sunshine
And we were friends

Our dads were gone
Yes, five and playing out
Alone
So much freedom
So many sights to see

Like grot mags flapping
In the wind a pile of burgers
Celery crunch of mother’s noses
In council bunkers
The machine sprays the crop
Identical brutalist memories

Between mirrored gray avenues
There is a strip of green
Lit by fiberglass modern streetlamps
A pile of damp transformer boxes

And three iron swings

A child-sized man
In the dark of day
Watching a black and white telly

Looping helicopter footage
Of a seething black morass

Thatcher is in the background
Hundred rusted pier beams groaning
Groping probing taking
Milk from a child's hands

And we stopped going to playgroup
And we watched telly alone
And we played computer games
And we drifted apart

And in a darkened classroom
We watched looping footage
Of skinny dead jews
And naked people
Playing badminton

And I dropped out of school

At the pet food factory
They lined us up
And we cleared the floor
For the robot arms
And killed baby mice

And I saw you sometimes
You were smiling weakly
A new father

A new father

And I saw mine
In the street
And he didn't know me
And I drank alone
There are no programs
We never existed
Mr. Bean moonwalks to
Iron Maiden
As the cattle pyres burn

I cannot give blood now
Because they fed cow's brains
To other cows
When I was 10

I listen to the pinworm
And giardia network
Because I'm lonely
And I drink alone

Maybe things would be different
If there was no world war
No broken men raising
Broken men

I will write it again anyway
And heal the world

In our world
Outside in 1985
There was winter sunshine
And we were friends

Our fathers were gone

But just for the day
They worked for their country
And were raised by strong men

Yes, five and playing out
With the others
All ages together
And we love our land

And the health of the people
Is important to the leader
And we live in real homes
And they are different

And banners sway in the wind
And there is a field of green
Lit by a hundred torches
And a beacon

The leader provides for
The children
And we watch him
Greet them warmly

A plain girl hands him
A gift
And he receives it
As if it were a jewel

And in the classroom
We learn about our people
And I see you sometimes
A new father

And I don’t drink alone
I drink with my brothers

And we sing together
While the beacon burns brightly

PROSE

F IRST P LACE W INNER IN P ROSE

The White Walled Room

By Turn_Coat

One hour, four minutes, and some unknown collection of seconds. That is how long I spent staring at the corner of my white walled room. At the conclusion of that time, I knew by heart every crease of the carpet, every mote of chipped paint, and every slightly discolored contour of that corner. When I did finally place the virtual headset back upon my crown, it beeped and showed me the elapsed time I had spent offline. Of course my mind had been a great distance from there, day dreaming I could say, a past time now often forgotten or ignored.

My small white walled room had, once, seemed to be a place away from the sprawling hive of city that extended in all directions. The throngs of humanity that pressed along the sterile walkways moving hither thither remained each ingrained in their own personal world. Each of us connected to path mapping applications that prevented congestion. Each of us connected to media of whatever form we liked, books, videos, commentary. Each of us, crammed together into the same physical space, while inhabiting social reserves more distant than continents.

My world, my social community, had been predominantly digital sportsmanship. I participated in games through virtual reality, but mostly I watched. My team was the Phoenix Gaming Collective. I knew each of the players, their preferred strategies, and had contact with a thousand or so other followers around the world who made up my circle. Theories, and strategies, all of us shared in a big happy family it felt like. Well, a big happy family that could be experienced only through crunchy virtual graphics. When I slept, ate, and stood, I did so surrounded still by my white walled room.

Conversations across cultural reservations were often stilted. Each of us being so engrossed in our own algorithmically fed world that linguistic drift occurred between subcultures to the point that communication could become difficult. While there was still a universally recognized form of English, much more than general communication required a degree of socialization sufficient to prevent most from expending the effort. There was a linguist who once tried to discuss the topic with me, but I found myself only able to understand a rather general idea based on what he was saying. I’m certain I could have understood more if we’d shared a proper subculture of one type or another to bridge our vastly different tongues.

It could be lonely, but I always had my digital friends and various communities. Had. Seven weeks prior, half of my community was banned from the games network. I didn't know why, but feared asking questions lest I be banned as well. I hadn't gone "offline" for years and the fear of a ban was more than sufficient to ensure my silence. Around twelve years old my parents provided me with a virtual headset, and after taking a few weeks to get used to it, I rarely took it off. Most work could be done from home, so I rarely left. Food could be ordered, friendship could be had virtually, education took place virtually. Why go outside when I could experience all the vistas I wished through digital mockups? It was easy. Everyone thought it was easy, everyone did it.

I don't actually remember moving out of my parents' apartment. Most of my schooling and life was already digital, so it felt no different to have my own white walled room separate from theirs. It was by happenstance, I think, that the blackout coincided with the banning. I had just logged out from my digital community, and tried to entertain myself with other things. Easier to wait for the heat to cool before returning and potentially getting kicked myself. I think someone used a taboo word, though I haven't the slightest idea which one. A racial slur against non-white-people, or maybe someone tried to discuss why females weren't seen as often as males in strategy sports games, or maybe just said something innocuous and offense was taken. Regardless, I was scared and thus extricated myself from the chat lest I be banned as well. The politeness enforcement algorithms tend to pretty broadly enforce the rules, and you don't want to be online when their attention is drawn. I tried to find something else to do for a while.

Then the blackout occurred, and my small white room went dark. The windows were all digital screens, thus they went dark as well. The entire system shut down for the first time in my life. Half my friends having vanished, likely forever, into the innumerable throngs of the network, I was left wondering what was going on, and why. I had never experienced a blackout before and had never really considered the possibility. It felt like some cyclopean god had simply switched off reality. It was as if the door to my apartment had been, by happenstance, swung open from the outside by something that I had no ability to understand. For the first time I had no idea what I was supposed to do, or say, or think.

What if the lights didn't come back on? What then? What were my friends if they could be so casually ejected from my life in a moment by some thoughtless artificial system? What was my apartment, really, but a place for me to consume digital wares? What was I? Who made things this way? Strange questions I had never asked before.

Up until then, I had been satisfied with this small white room. A bed, a food tray, a door, a table, two chairs. Water, food, and virtual amenities to satisfy any other need, sexual or otherwise. During the blackout, all of that was gone. I didn't even know the layout of my room by memory as the majority of my life had been spent in a virtual representation rather than experiencing physical existence. I rented server time from the building manager to create virtual worlds, rented all the physical amenities I required, and rented vehicular access to other parts of this vast sanitized city.

At that moment, sitting within the space that was purportedly my own, I tried to imagine what the world looked like outside my white walled room. I couldn't, there was nothing there. I tried desperately to remember something. Slowly, distant memories reached out to me from across a gulf of time. I remember the sound of running water, not some sound file running on a loop, but actual water with distinct acoustic variations. I remember green, and blue, wheat fields and stalks of corn. Were my parents hikers? I couldn't tell, I barely knew anything of my childhood to be honest. I was twenty eight years old, how could I remember so little of my life as a child? I remembered the smell of pine forests, and dirt, and a space between hills or maybe mountains.

Then the power came back on and I was momentarily blinded. I was again sitting in the white light of my room. I hadn't moved since the power had gone out and now it returned. I felt no rush to resume a virtual environment. I felt cheated by the sudden white luminescence of the ceiling lights. In the darkness, in the recesses of my own mind, I had, for a moment, seen something that I could not now unsee. I'd just lost friends, but also realized I'd never really had them in the first place. My access to the network was also not mine and could simply be switched off. The power, the heat…

Everything that I actually owned could fit in my pockets.

I'd thought I was satisfied with my white walled room, every convenience and amenity I needed had been afforded. The lingering dissatisfaction was dealt with through the application of therapy and chemical additives offered freely by the city health network. I wondered what I was doing for the first time in a long time. It was as if a window to something distant and strange and unknowable had been opened and I wanted, more than anything, to find it again. In the following days I tried virtual environments, and that scratched the itch for a while. I joined new communities and met new people over the subsequent month. I played new games, I expanded my experience. Even the language barrier slowly lessened, though remained present as an inevitable reminder of my past.

I delved deeper into the network, learning new tools in a quest to discover something real, videos, audio, anything. Eventually I found several subcultures dedicated to cataloguing the past and imaging the realm outside the hive cities. I hadn't really thought about a realm "outside" before, but there it was.

Pictures taken illegally by drone, or illicit satellite feeds of wilderness punctuated only by the occasional mansion.

Those opulent buildings belonged to the aristocratically wealthy while the rest of us lived in pod apartments kept satisfied by the virtual and digital. It was after one of these finds, and gaining access to an encrypted chat buried deep in the network, that I made contact, for the first time, with a people that I could finally consider mine. My people. They had the same questions I did. Each of us, independently, had gone questing into the distended bowels of the network for answers.

In those chats was shared taboo literature about the ancestry of our people, the struggle to reach the infinite that seemed a part of our blood. Long ago, we crossed oceans to free ourselves from kings. Fought wars of independence. Crafted great works. Developed high technology. I'd never read a history book, or seen a video, that hadn't painted inventors and malcontents as destructive villains. They, we, weren't evil, we were explosively ambitious and willing to cast aside reason to reach for the unreachable. A people that if left unchecked, could conquer the stars.

Those who wish to be kings, unassailable in distant imperial manors, detested the destabilization that our people had, for so long, forcibly crafted. It seemed that through our own creations, they had finally built

something unassailable. The realm beyond the cities was theirs, the cities were theirs, our lives, were theirs. Not the hidden places in the network though; that dim ember of a distant fire still smoldered.

Seeing ourselves as the children of builders, creators, was… new. There was no guilt, or shame, or feeling of quiet emptiness. There was just the eternal struggle to survive and better ourselves and our future. A Darwinian perspective. I read essays and books about how our own inventions and high technology had been so easily converted into the suppression of that free spirit. The children of inventors reaching out for the stars were now no more than ill-fitting cogs in a gigantic machine of algorithmic efficiency. We were a danger to those who wished to rule us, and always would be. But we were likewise required for the elite to sit atop their wild land mansions filled with uncounted amenities. Hence the pods, the virtual environments, the superficial satisfaction of false equality and artificial society to match. They used the psychological wellness experts as pawns acting happily as the opening salvo of an eternal conflict we were only just learning existed.

Deep in the uncharted tangle of encrypted communication, those people, my people, we, began to dream dangerous antediluvian dreams. I could almost taste it, a future where we progressed beyond the bounds of our gravity well, unhindered by social malfeasance. A never ending frontier where millions or billions of us could each be a king of his own land, creating without limit and building a civilization of cosmic scale. I saw rainbows and wheat fields nestled into enormous cylindrical vessels. Crews of small bands, bound by connections of kith and clan, sailing into the stars and manifesting our own futures.

Those visions still dancing before me, I would look up from the digital conversation and see nothing but those white walls. That prison created by the meaningless sating of base desires. It was then that, for the first time in a long time, I chose to remove the virtual reality set. That piece of exquisite technology had kept me from creating a new generation of dreamers. It had kept me from being a dreamer until fate had led me to dangerous questions.

Something from beyond the walls of this room had kicked open a door to infinity and allowed me to see myself. My people, we are more than economic instruments. We are not interchangeable cogs in a machine of production. I wondered if that vision of the future was still possible to

reach. Perhaps it had been lost forever by the generation of my parents or grandparents. Perhaps not.

* * *

In the following months I made contact with an individual by the handle of @Dr.Brugle; his ideas were instrumental as we committed to self-discovery. My small encrypted cadre deep in the network belly made contact with a number of others whose minds had been similarly sharpened. Each of us had a story, some personal, some more like mine. We had been forced to see the cage that we lived in. We shared information, uploaded documents, exchanged ideas on how to seek that future denied.

The tools used to suppress us *could* be turned against their wielders. Industrial chemicals, electronics, information. We spent months playing cat and mouse with the larger network; in that time I maintained a facade of normalcy but spent free time working, writing, developing. I didn't even know how many of these people in the deep network I could trust. All? Some? Maybe just myself. It didn't matter. We had to do something, I had to do something. That future of galactic conquest had been stolen from us, and, while it might not be within our power to take it back, we could hurt those that had done the stealing. Waking other people was a near impossibility, at least for me. The difficulty partially lay in the linguistic barrier and partially in the fact that the shallow lives they led were so easy to slip back into.

We lost some. A few returned to their lives in the pods, deciding it was safer and easier to simply cover their eyes until old age took them, a meaningless life lived for a meaningless system. Some vanished without a trace. Some newcomers came and joined us. I was particularly skilled where it counted, having run industrial chemistry machines from home for a long time. I decided to begin physically showing up to work at the plant, and in so doing gained access to all sorts of interesting equipment. There was a space between delivery and system inventory that I learned how to slip various canisters and objects through. We didn't know if we could truly have an effect; the vast efficiency-oriented superorganism of man and machine had created an engine of production out of our planet. It didn't matter though, what mattered was doing *something*.

For me, it was thirty one months from that first blackout to action. I had prepared with plenty of chemical reagents and some purchases through various corporate machine shops. I knew that if anything truly went amiss, the system would find me shortly thereafter. There would be no returning to an ordinary life. For those thirty one months I had to dodge personal wellness checks and psychological evaluations. I had far strayed beyond the bounds of what the system deemed a "healthy mental state" and a psychological wellness professional would doubtless be dispatched were I to actually take, and inevitably fail, such a test. My psychological profile had doubtless shifted to one deemed "dangerous." I wanted a family, I wanted to explore, I wanted a life that *meant* something. All dangerous ideas in a machine predicated on isolation and shallow satisfaction.

I utilized private networks and encryption software to conceal, as best I could, my actions from the proto-intelligences overseeing our individual selves. Such code was even legal, as few among the population had any desire to hide their thoughts from those algorithmic overlords. I ate better, exercised more, read more. I began acquiring actual property, tools, equipment that I would need, and of course an illicit chemical store. I wanted out of a system with no exit. I didn't know what I might find, but the wall of this utopian city was breachable.

I sometimes wondered *why*. Why those humans standing atop this planet like god-kings with artificial intelligence to see to their needs and total control over public media and perception would want this world? Imagine having all the resources that the greatest emperors in human history could have dreamt of and doing with it… nothing. Merely maintaining a status quo with yourself at the top and a hive of faceless workers below. Who would wish that? Who would want that? None of my people, that's for sure. With those resources, we could remap the stars.

It didn't matter in the long run what they wanted, or why. If I acted against them, my life was forfeit, and I knew it. One way or another the system would seek vengeance were it to be injured, and seeking that injury was a path I would not be dissuaded from. I warned my distant encrypted kinsmen, told them the date and time. Those others intending to act agreed to match their actions with mine. We would work in concert, dozens of pinpricks from different source, all from different angles, all with different targets.

On the appointed day, I left my white walled room. I rented a vehicle as far as it would take me to the outer edge of the city, toward that run-down wall punctuated by arches over crumbling roads. There was no graffiti, and there were no footprints in the dust. Just cracked concrete a mile from where I had been dropped off. The edge of the hive was so abandoned because none of the bugs within ever decided to leave. It was inconvenient, and in a world of convenience, that was tantamount to egregious injury.

As I was nearing the wall I felt a distant rumble. I checked an antique mechanical timepiece I had purchased several weeks earlier. That wasn't mine; that must have been someone else. Some other anonymous actor far away. A few moments later, the lights in the city began blinking out, section by section. I was too far from the city proper to see any people, but I imagined them, confused and bewildered. Looking at each other without the benefit of augmented reality for the first time in their lives. I wondered what terrors might be running through their minds, just as had mine during that blackout over two years ago.

I kept walking.

Then there was a light, brilliant, and multi-colored. I turned to look and several moments later a pressure wave struck me. I felt like my skin was buzzing and my eyes were pressed into my skull, my ears rang. Then it passed, and I saw brilliant lights from beyond the darkened cityscape horizon. *That* one was mine. The chemical plant. I could see more flashing lights. I wondered how many people had died, more than a few I surmised. I wondered if those blindly following orders and adhering to the path of least resistance actually counted as people. It didn't matter, I was leaving.

I think that I was aided by the sudden existential crisis within the system. No psychological health unit was dispatched to ask why someone had gone so far from the city center. There were no alarms about one wayward human walking beneath the archway of that weathered concrete wall. I had been alone, truly alone for nearly thirty minutes, and the feeling was exhilarating.

In our own quiet enclaves, I knew that there was cheering. I had done something, we had done *something:* we had hurt the system that had stolen our birthright. Maybe not a lot, probably very little to be honest, but we had done something. I wondered why the previous generations hadn't fought. How was it they had been seduced by such a hollow life? After passing beneath the wall, I looked up into the black, the true black of the night, and

saw the stars unadulterated by city lights for the first time in my memory. I wondered what tempted my parents to give that up in exchange for a city that deserves to burn, populated by herds of animalistic humans following the path of least resistance. My ancestors should have fought for better.

This, I knew, was the end of my life in that city; there was no way to go back. I had trudged across the imperceptible barrier between the industrial world and the wild beyond. I had prepared, acquired property and knowledge. I had a tent and as much old survival equipment as I could carry. For the next few hours, no one would be watching, and no algorithm was logging my movements as I slipped out. For the first time since childhood I left that antiseptic cleanliness and felt soft earth beneath my boots. I didn't really know what I was doing, I didn't know how long it would be until the city noticed my absence, I didn't know if I could even survive out there on my own.

Maybe I would find others out there. I had posted the coordinates I would be aiming for. There was an old town that had been long ago abandoned by its occupants, now consisting of brick and concrete ruins. It was three hundred kilometers through rough terrain and overgrown roads. I might not make it, but trying, well, that was probably the second thing I'd done in my life that actually meant something.

I was terrified as I trudged forward, into the dark with strange dancing chemical flames highlighting the sky behind me. My heart beat the blood of the thousand pioneers that had come before me. I had a hatchet, I had the will to survive, and maybe even friends who would join me. I'd be okay. Maybe this isn't equal to those visions of galactic conquest, but it was going to be better than living as the pet of a digital algorithm, governed by an artificial mind, commanded by distant kings of a broken world. I could be better, my people *should* have been better.

SECOND PLACE WINNER IN PROSE

Aspirational Negritude: What Non-Whites Have Taught Me About America

By Shawn Bell

C was one of those elementary school friends whom I'd always expected to reconnect with at some point in the future. We'd diverged in adolescence, as is so often the case, but as boys we had been so close. I had always been sure that someday we would get around to being close again. Certainly, it had never crossed my mind that one day I'd be seated in his living room, sipping coffee with his street-wise cousins and making small talk with his parents, the cordiality of the occasion an immaculately preserved facade to mask the grief that loomed over us all on the morning after his death.

C and I had spent our years together in elementary school running around as part of a multicolored band of American boys, hyphenated-Americans with nothing but America to bridge the oceans between Honduras, Nigeria, and the Philippines. I was the only one of our little group who lost his hyphen, an American with no further explanation needed. I imagine that, to C's parents, seeing their youngest son in such a context had felt like their dream's realization. They deeply desired for their son, or barring that, for *his* son, to partake in the same unhyphenated Americanness as me. As such, they had always been particularly kind to me and keen to be on good terms with my family. Our fathers had coached our sixth grade basketball team together, our mothers had traded childcare when one or the other had an errand to run, and we'd made a tradition of getting together for Labor Day barbecues. They truly wanted to assimilate, bless their hearts, and they embraced whatever was American in their son, foreign though it often was to their working class, Catholic, Central American sensibilities.

The Slipknot t-shirts C wore over hip-hop jeans, his wild unkempt curls, and the way he'd said "nigga" with such confidence that the blacks didn't mind it (though he was the kind of kid who'd throw a hard "r" on the end, just to rile them up, confident that his winning smile would get him out of any difficulties). All this was America, and thus, in their minds, to be celebrated. In their ignorance, C's parents had believed in the propaganda, believed in the American Dream, and as a result, their boy had found his way into that most quintessentially American situation: two cars full of mystery-meat, brown-skinned ethnics hollering back and forth about drugs or a girl or God knows what, all harmless, macho posturing until the gun had made its appearance and cut him down. All hail the rainbow nation.

I need you to understand that regardless of the racially-conscious dissident I've become, there is still an ache that arises when I think back on that sweet, wild, charismatic Honduran kid I used to know, who was gunned down like a dog at 19 on the streets of my city.

I remember marveling at his parents' composure that afternoon. They would have gotten the call but a few hours before I arrived to pay my respects. It was with no little dignity that they had poured out coffee and made small talk about the rock band I'd been playing in, the different majors I was considering at the community college. It was as though they were well accustomed to burying their sons. Perhaps it was a cultural norm they'd brought with them from the old country. Perhaps it was the constant flow of guests which held them together, simply because the injunction to exchange pleasantries and pour coffee acted as a sort of distraction. I can't imagine my parents reacting in this fashion, had it been I who was lost.

I probably sat there for about fifteen painful minutes before making my exit. I walked across the bridge, back to the east side of the river, where the neighborhood was white and growing more so with every passing year, though when I'd been a boy it had been the location of a cusp of sorts. At that moment, C's body was stiffening and cooling on a slab somewhere—the first of the gang to die (a song he had liked, for the record; he had a bit of a penchant for emotional white boy music). The more time passes, the more solidly ensconced I become in my own identity, and the more evident it seems to me that C himself was a walking identity crisis, an emo-punk-skater-hippie-gangster whose menagerie of subcultural identifications had swooped in to fill the gap that was left in him by his parents' choice to sacrifice Honduras in favor of the anti-culture of America.

C and I went to different high schools, and his crowd during those years was rougher and browner. Thus, we didn't see too much of each other. I'll never know what happened in the years between our divergence and his death. Had he loved? Had he dreamed? Had there been anything on his mind but the next ruckus, the next party, the next blunt? For such questions, there are no answers. All I have are memories to piece together: the Boy Scout troop, the baseball field, the gymnasium where the parish events were held, the alleys we ran down in packs as adolescent boys. One memory I dwell on quite a bit is the last time I saw him alive, three years or so before he died, at the vacant lot across the street from my childhood home. A team

of my schoolmates and I had faced off with some public school kids from the neighborhood in a brutal game of tackle football that had gone badly awry, devolving into a brawl between adolescent boys old enough to do serious damage to each other.

My last memory of C, who'd always been a gentle, goofy, class clown type, is of his uncharacteristically rage-constricted face spewing spittle as he squared off with E, one of the neighborhood Arabs, their faces inches apart, snarling, and their dialogue that of hood blacks: "'Da fuck you lookin' at, nigga?" "Yo, fuck you, punk-ass mothafuckin' nigga." It has taken me some fifteen years to realize it, but there was a much deeper significance to this yapping than one might initially suppose. What they called each other, and what they called themselves, was what they were: niggers. These two sons of immigrants, despite their disparate backgrounds, had been thoroughly assimilated, brought down into the mire of equality. However diverse they may originally have been, they had become aspirational niggers who listened to nigger music, dressed in nigger garb, and dreamed nigger dreams.

I'd known the Arabs since I was quite young as well; they lived down the street, and we had often found ourselves in the vacant lot together, playing pickup football, baseball, or just engaging in the sort of recreational violence that is so important for male development. Though I have no distinct memory of meeting them, it would have been one of those chance meetings between strangers that occur so naturally among children. More than likely, they'd simply seen my brothers and me tossing a ball around and casually walked over to see if they could play too.

It was clear from the first that they weren't what anyone would call "nice" kids. The older brother, Y, was short, stout, and cruel, a powerful force at running back and willing to throw fists at the slightest provocation. The younger, the aforementioned E, was more friendly, but in a sneaky and backhanded way—I quickly found that he would steal anything I didn't keep a careful eye on, which was a constant concern, as my brothers and I became known as the kids with "stuff," which meant that baseball would be played with my bat, street hockey with my family's sticks, and basketball on my family's hoop. Not only did I have "stuff," but I was also soft, sheltered. I was athletic enough, but having been raised in a household where the mildest profanity was forbidden, let alone fistfights, I found

myself at a distinct disadvantage in conflict situations. Thus, they saw me as an easy mark, and the vacant lot became a place to be tested. Only once I'd proven that I wasn't the type to run home crying, that when hit I'd hit back, and that I was no slouch on the football field, did I win a measure of respect first from the Arab brothers and their various relatives and co-ethnics, and later from the various other kids who hung around the vacant lot: Mexicans, Filipinos, a few blacks, and a certain number of lower-class whites from broken homes. I was born in an era where my type of white kids, the children of intact professional families, were thoroughly domesticated. Kids like me didn't usually play unsupervised.

It's not clear, looking back, if my parents ever explicitly forbade or discouraged me to invite the neighborhood kids into the house. They would, of course, have been justified in doing so, but it also seems unlike something my progressive, yuppie parents would do. Perhaps I had my own sense that, fun as they were to rough-house with, they were not the sort of people I wished to hang around with. For whatever reason, the neighborhood kids always remained at arm's length, acquaintances who might knock on my door on a summer afternoon when they had an odd number of players for whatever game was ongoing, but who were never truly friends. The only one who ever entered my house was E, the youngest of the Arabs, who, despite his negative qualities, was by far the nicest of the neighborhood band, as well as the closest to me in age. I'd invited him in one day for a closely-supervised glass of water after a long afternoon spent playing an improvised game he'd dubbed "jack-ass hockey," which was essentially a game of keep-away played on roller blades, with a tennis ball and hockey sticks (though the real fun of it had been occasionally slamming each other into parked cars). Somehow or other we'd ended up sitting on the couch for a while, shooting the breeze and waiting for the streetlights to come on and summon him home.

That's when he told me about Palestine. With a wistful tone, he told me about Ain ash-Shams, the village where his grandfather still lived. How he and the pack of village kids, most of them relatives in one way or another, would spend their days pelting through the rocky hills at a mad dash, freer by far than we were in the prison of concrete that was our neighborhood. How they ate what they grew on his granddad's farm. How Y, the older brother, had been judged old enough to slaughter his first goat, and how,

despite the seemingly boundless cruelty he demonstrated at the vacant lot, he had been too soft for it, hurting but not killing the animal. How E had a girlfriend there, a first cousin, whom it was more or less understood he would marry someday. When he told me that the fruit was sweeter, the water purer, and the landscape more heavenly in Palestine than anywhere else in the world, the statement was devoid of the usual pugnacious supremacism of the Arab Muslim. His love of home seemed pure to me, and his narrative carried me away with him to a land of olive oil and date palms, which, as he told me, had been ripped away from him by the Jews.

C never, to my knowledge, spoke to me about Honduras, but I remember that he used to visit in the summers when we were growing up. I imagine that his voice would take on a similarly rapturous quality, were he alive to tell me about it today.

* * *

It would be a further ten years until I walked the rocky hills of Palestine myself. On my first trip there, still enthralled by the normative progressivism of my upbringing, I was scarcely able to see the country itself; so dwarfed was it by the shadow of my towering, self-stroked virtue. By the time of my second trip, however, I had come to my senses, and was therefore capable of a much more unflinching and nonjudgmental appraisal of an alien manner of being. My awakening to racial consciousness afforded me the ability to accept human difference, and thus to see Palestine and its people for what they are in a manner which is relatively undistorted by the hegemonic liberalism of our day and age.

I freely admit to a visceral distaste for various aspects of their nature. From the dogmatic religiosity, to the tendency to remorselessly, Semitically scheme and cheat, to the penchant for animal cruelty, to the utterly unabashed lust for rape which proliferates even at relatively sophisticated levels of their society, I have no wish to live among Arabs, though I've enjoyed my visits to their world. However, the particular appreciation of diversity which is the exclusive purview of the dissident rightist has also made me capable of appreciating their openhandedness, their unbreakable bonds of family, clan, and tribe, their uncompromising self-confidence in their culture and religion, and the glorious and impractical romanticism that

spurs them to lash out at their Jewish oppressor in futile gestures, all the more beautiful for their futility. They're brave and cruel, generous and untrustworthy, the descendants of camel-back conquerors and merchant schemers, Bedouin and Fellahin.

My appreciation of the diversity of humanity is the reason I find it tragic that the fire of Palestine will one day be extinguished, suffocated by the relentlessly metastasizing cancer of Zionism. Only after you've seen the hills of Palestine through awakened eyes will you truly understand the tragedy of what became of those Arab boys I played with, the degeneration that led to E's descent into negritude, the selfsame negritude that consumed C. How authentic, in comparison to the aspirational negritude of Brown America, is the organically developed Weltanschauung of the Arab in his habitat, the holistic and all-encompassing expression of his being, foreign and indeed repulsive as it is to me in many regards! For the promise of material welfare, these boys' parents sacrificed their children's cultural patrimony and consigned their offspring to membership in an undifferentiated Brown Sludge which barks in unreasoning aggression, whinges for the cameras in the hopes of extracting payouts from the white man, and spends its weekends in a THC-haze watching Netflix as the hip-hop blares in the background.

I think about what this means for me, an American so long unhyphenated that the Something that my ancestors once were has been lost to living memory. This is what the non-whites taught me: I have lost something, and not just my country, but indeed my very Somethingness, for to be an American is to belong to the same entity as Alan Dershowitz, Ilhan Omar, Tariq Nasheed, and Desmond is Amazing. It is to be nothing at all.

Being a white American is of course a more meaningful identification than the creedless, colorless, anti-culture which is now signified by the unmodified "American." But whiteness too is a mark of degeneracy. My people were neither Yankees nor Southrons, though they had long since settled the lands of the Northwest Territory by the time of the Civil War. Still less was their story reminiscent of those "poor and huddled masses," who arrived in the nation's cities with nothing, imported to inflate the numbers (and lower the wages) of the industrial proletariat. My people were Germans, humble Hunsrücker farmers who arrived with their pockets full of the modest proceeds of generations of hardscrabble tightwaddery. They

came neither out of desperation, as the "poor and huddled masses" did, nor out of the ideological fanaticism of the Puritans. My people came to own land and be left alone to work it. They came as Germans, and Germans they remained for generations in the foothills of Appalachia. Only after the first of the two great Brother Wars did the Great Satan come for them, grinding them down and producing "whites," a group which I cannot help but be a proud and self-identifying member of, but a group whose very existence is a symbol of the loss my people incurred when we took the Devil's bargain and arrived upon these accursed shores. I too, like C, like E, am a member of a degenerate sludge. I, like the tragically negrified non-white friends and acquaintances of my youth, am an American.

Yes, to be an American, to be a "white," is tantamount to being a degenerate. The fact that this statement may rustle certain jimmies is an effect of imprecise language. Whereas the modern dissident rightist tends to make synonyms of degeneracy and decadence, the German term for degeneracy, Entartung, better preserves the sense of the term. "Art" is the German word for type, and the prefix "Ent-" is a negation, roughly similar to the English "un-" or "de-." Thus, Entartung can be very literally translated as de-type-ing or detypifying. The loss of one's type, nature, or genus (de*generat*ion) is the definition of degeneracy (as opposed to moral degradation, which is better termed decadence), and such is the very essence of the American melting pot. Perhaps before my time the myth was true that the newly arrived European agreed to undergo a process of degeneration in order to be regenerated into a new sort of American man. Whether or not this was once the case is beside the point, for it is certainly no longer true. For as long as I have walked the Earth, the only definition of "Americanness" is that it has no definition.

To answer the question of why we fight, I will paraphrase the famous words of the French revolutionary Emmanuel Joseph Sieyès:

> *What is the white man to America? Everything.*
> *What has he been hitherto in the political order? Nothing.*
> *What does he desire to become? Something.*

Our task is as vague as it is enormous: to regenerate what remains of our people, to enact a new ethnogenesis, and to do so before occupied America

has dragged the entirety of European civilization into a state of irreparable decay. Make no mistake, the substitution of tacos, hip-hop, and sodomy for culture has created a void, and this affords us an opportunity to form ourselves into something magnificent. Should we fail in this task, it is certain that we shall vanish from the earth. What we shall become is, of course, in part given by our underlying biological nature. To reference an old meme, we are bound to become what we are, but what we *are,* what any race *is*, is a range of possibilities. Thus, our task is to delineate an identity for ourselves from within the range that nature has allotted us. We must do this with stories and art and philosophy and history before we are able to effect durable, radical political change; as greater men than I have repeatedly emphasized, our labor must be metapolitical. Only once we become Something with a coherent sense of itself and its place in the world will we have the strength to resist the corruption which is endemic in this age of protracted decline. Without thorough and compelling metapolitical work, all our efforts will be coopted and warped by the house of mirrors that is our enemies' ideology.

This is why I fight: for the honor of playing a minuscule part in defining the nature of the American nation, in carving out Something for us to become, an identity for us to inhabit. The risks are great, and the odds are not in our favor, but by God I am grateful for the enormity of our task, for the momentous and righteous nature of our struggle. There is no more worthwhile labor that I can conceive of participating in.

Honorable Mention in Prose

The Daily Struggle

By Johnny Darko

The alarm sounds on James' phone. He always struggled to get out of bed at 3:30 in the morning, but it was the only way to fit everything he needed to do into one day. He knew his body needed more rest, but there just wasn't enough time. Nothing a little coffee and pre-workout wouldn't fix. He trips over the dog on the way to the bathroom. The dog doesn't even bother to lift his head, just closes his eyes and goes back to sleep. James turns on the bathroom light, takes a piss, then washes his face. He stares at himself in the mirror. Starting to show his age, he could see the weariness in his eyes, the gray in his hair, the tiredness in his face.

James heads down to the kitchen. He grabs some hot coffee from the pot on the counter and some water from the refrigerator, and he heads out to the garage to get his workout in. After a warm-up and some heavy lifting, he decides to get a little cardio in before heading back inside. He noticed he was getting a little soft in the midsection and figured a little cardio wouldn't kill him. After getting a quick shower and getting dressed, he leans down to kiss his wife, Anne, goodbye. He peeks in the kids' rooms on his way out, but doesn't wake them in fear of the wife's wrath. He didn't want to start her day earlier than necessary. Heading out the door, he gives the dog a treat and tells him to watch the place.

On a good day the ride into work was an hour, today was a little slower than usual. James usually listens to an audiobook or a podcast, but today he just had on news radio. More stories of the "pandemic" and the vaccine lead the news. Along with whatever the spineless politicians are blabbing about today, more globalist propaganda, bombing of other countries we have no business in, and another celebrity getting "canceled" for their criticisms supposedly hitting a little too close to home for some of the chosen ones.

James shut the news off, he had heard enough already. As he sat in the traffic, he looked out of the window of his truck at the drivers' faces around him. The road was littered with miserable looks. At this time of the morning, it was the norm. Just a bunch of people who wanted to get their day started so they can get it over with. Wage slaving so that they could consume whatever useless trinkets the TV or Internet told them they needed. The car in front of him had a plethora of leftist stickers on it: Bernie 2020, Hillary 2016, BLM fists, and miscellaneous rainbow propaganda. He laughed and wondered what that person inside was listening to. Probably some soft spoken NPR soy-brain talking about printing "meat" from larvae

vomit, how some teenage girl was going to save the planet from climate change, or how “White supremacy” is the nation’s biggest terror threat. Of course no mention of how the “mostly peaceful” protests that burned cities actually terrorized citizens.

He pulled into the parking lot at the shop, grabbed his lunch and headed in. As he put his boots on in the break room, he was already hearing about what had gone wrong during the night shift. The new night shift supervisor was a diversity hire. James had put in for the position, and with his skills and experience he should have been a shoe-in, but someone in human resources felt they needed a little color around the place. So Deiondre got the job. As usual the nightly fuck-ups were dumped on James to fix. This always aggravated him, but he did his job anyway. He knew all too well that any complaints would been seen as a racially motivated attack on Deiondre and would not be taken lightly by human resources. Recently a guy from night shift was “laid off” after speaking up about mistakes made by his supervisor. So, James just kept his mouth shut and went about his job.

James’ supervisor, Bill, always left him alone to get the problems fixed. Bill knew he was more than capable and didn’t need to be micromanaged. Bill also felt the same way James did about the situation and knew he should have gotten that promotion. Bill had repeatedly pushed for James to get it but was shot down every time. “We need some new ways of thinking around here, we need to be more progressive,” was the response he always got from human resources. It pissed him off, but he knew arguing was a losing battle.

It took James most of the day to fix the screw ups from the last shift, which meant that the normal jobs he needed to do that day weren’t getting done. So, night shift would have to do them, and he would then have to redo those the following day. He just laughed and shook his head. It was all he could do. He looked at the clock and saw that his shift was just about over. At least it was Friday and he wouldn’t have to worry about the next mess until Monday.

After clocking out and starting the commute home, James didn’t put the news back on. He already knew what it was about. Instead he put on a podcast. One that he had recently just found again after they were censored

and removed from the platform they used. They were up and running again, but he wondered how long it would last before it disappeared again.

The traffic on the way home was not the same as the morning. The faces weren't the same, they weren't like his. He almost couldn't hear his podcast over the thumping bass of the car next to him and watched as the driver to the front threw a Popeyes bag out the window. James hated this part of town, but it was the quickest way home for him. The neighborhood used to be nice. What were once large ornate houses, meticulously cared for, with children playing in the yards, were now boarded up, covered in graffiti and sitting next to empty lots full of trash and used needles. Closed up businesses lined the streets, and one gas station had their cashier behind two inches of glass. It left a sinking feeling in his stomach every time he passed through the area. He always tensed up driving through there and knew to never let his guard down. There was always a sense of relief when those streets were behind him.

James turned into the grocery store parking lot. Anne had texted him earlier about picking up a few things on his way home. He parked the truck and went into the store. He grabbed some milk and juice, then figured he would grab some ice cream for the kids before going to checkout. He noticed they only had one register open. The self-checkout lines were open of course, but he wasn't going to use those unless the store gave him a paycheck or an employee discount. He got in the only open line behind a woman with 5 kids and a cart overflowing with Kool-Aid, flaming Cheetos, and a bunch of other junk. The kids were running around screaming and climbing all over everything. The woman didn't pay any attention to them and was already getting loud with the cashier. She was yelling about her card not working the day before and how it better work this time or she was "gonna beat some ass." So after ten minutes of scanning and bagging all the groceries, the woman swiped her card and was denied. The woman yelled something unintelligible, grabbed her cell phone and started yelling at whoever answered. She said something about Lashauntay telling her the card was good and how she was going to rip her weave out when she got home. The woman kept screaming into the phone as the cashier was trying to figure out what to do. The manager came over and had the young cashier open another register to ring the rest of the customers out while he dealt

with the situation. The girl working the register apologized as she rang James out. He told her it was okay and hoped she had a better night.

As James was walking out of the store he overheard the manager tell the woman about how he had already warned her before about doing this and that she wasn't going to be allowed in the store anymore. The woman replied by screaming more unintelligible words and knocking her groceries all over the floor. Her kids followed suit by pulling over the candy rack and grabbing up a bunch of stuff as they ran past James and out the door. James just shook his head for what felt like the hundredth time today as he walked to his truck. Of course when he got to it there was a shopping cart pushed up against his bumper. He put his groceries in the truck and returned the cart to the cart stall just as the police arrived to talk to the manager.

When James finally pulled up to his house, he just sat there and raged in his head about the events of the day. It was all so tiresome. As he placed his hand on the door to get out, he looked through the windshield into his back yard. His beautiful wife was watering the garden while his son and daughter played on the swing set, the dog watching over them vigilantly. The rage in James' head disappeared and turned into a smile. It always went away when he saw his family. His son noticed the truck first and ran to the fence yelling "Daddy's home!" followed by his daughter. James got out of the truck and went to them in the yard. He picked them both up, hugged them and walked over to kiss his wife. They played in the yard for a while before going inside for dinner.

After the kids went to bed, he sat with his wife Anne for a while. Not bothering her about the day he had. They just talked about how her day went with the kids. She homeschooled them. They decided long ago not to send their children to public school. The schools filled the children's heads with propaganda and lies. It taught them they were not allowed to have pride in who they are or where they come from. They would not receive a proper education from these indoctrination mills. So, homeschooling was their best option. Anne's day was long and difficult sometimes, but she did it with a smile knowing they were doing the right thing for their children.

James told her he had some work to do and headed out to his office in the garage. He turned on his computer and pulled up his blog page. He didn't have a ton of subscribers, especially after his last page was shut down and he had to start over again, but he just wanted to do his part for his

people. It was nothing ground breaking, but if his words helped someone to see the truth, it was worth the effort.

On the screen, James typed the title of the piece, “Why We Fight.” He thought about his wife and kids in the yard tonight, it made him smile as he began to type. He finished his article and logged off. He didn’t want to spend too much time online tonight. He had to prepare for tomorrow. He packed up his backpack for the hike he had in the morning. He had found a group of like-minded people online. Some lived close by, others had to travel a bit to meet up, but they always made it. They met up for drinks, or went on hikes, sometimes they helped each other with projects around their houses. A few of them had been to some rallies and protests together, some of which even got pretty sketchy, and he was glad to have these men around him. As for tomorrow, they were hiking and discussing their plans for the next food drive they would be organizing. The group put together care packages for families in need in their communities. They rotated through each person’s community, and it was his town next. He knew of many struggling families that were like his and especially hurting due to the “pandemic.” He always felt a sense of pride in being able to help his people, his community.

James sat back at his desk and picked up the book he had just ordered. He had been so busy lately he didn’t even have time to open it. The book was about the Battle of Teutoburg Forest and the loss Rome suffered at the hands of the Germanic people. He thought about the ferocity people can fight with when they are protecting their own people and land. He hoped to see that ferocity within his own people again. He read for a while longer, then headed back into the house. He was tired. It had been a long day, and he was ready for some sleep.

As he walked through the house turning off lights and picking up some toys, he thought about his day. Sometimes days like today can wear you down and make you question the struggle, but as he peeked into his kids’ rooms and saw their sleeping faces, he remembered what it was all about. They always remind him of why he fights and what the struggle is about. Hopefully, the harder he fights the less they will have to.

That’s what it is all about.

HONORABLE MENTION IN PROSE

Do Not Turn Your Head: An Essay on Why We Fight

By A. Krause

It is not uncommon in times of duress for man to gaze introspectively into the fortress of his soul, be it for guidance, comfort, or stoking of the will. It is the personal treasured memory that serves as the fiber of the muscle, each closely guarded flame of tradition that serves as the confident marching standard of the heart, and our spiritual connection to the blood and soil of our history that serve as the weathered and calloused hands placed upon the boulder of existence, to be rolled uphill and eternal.

For European man, individually and collectively, we accept the challenges of our respective generations and we place our hands on the boulder.

For the European men of the past ages, their challenge reached far beyond the gulf of common survival. They were men of innovation, exploration, conquest, and determination. Through Leif Eriksson, we walked the soil of Vinland, hundreds of years before Europeans would return to temper and tame the North American lands. Through the young Alexander the Great, we drank from the deepest well of conquest. Through Leonardo da Vinci, we stoked the bonfires of innovation for centuries to come. Through Galileo Galilei, we gazed upon the satellites of Jupiter and peered far beyond the vault of the sky. Through hundreds of other great men of the past, we have hammered on the anvil of destiny, and it rang with a thunderclap that resonated across the lands, into the seas, and beyond the terrestrial grasp of the planet. Ours is a history that cannot and will not be matched.

Nature had not blessed us with mercy. Still, we prospered.

The achievements of our ancestors answer only to time now.

Modern European man, collectively, generationally, must answer the question that his ancestors once faced. What will you do to leave your mark? What deeds will you do for future generations to hold in reverence?

To the question, we have simply turned our heads.

It is only denial that holds the masses back from acknowledging their loss of control over European and North American metros, lost under the locust blanket of foreign strangers. Our children abducted, our women clawed and molested, our men told to stand aside and make room for those “less fortunate.” They arrive by boat, in the backs of trucks, on foot, aided by those who despise us and those who would feel no shame for their treason.

To these invaders—these men who have no roots in our soil—we have simply turned our heads.

From Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, and Wagner, we have become young, hypersexualized, pop music starlets singing songs written by grown men, over backing tracks that are created with the simple push of a button. From Johannes Vermeer's *Girl with the Pearl Earring* and Leonardo da Vinci's *The Last Supper*, we have become googly-eyed cartoon girls and the screeching, genderless egoist who smears their bodily indecencies onto a canvas in the name of "expression." From *War and Peace* and *The Divine Comedy*, we have become cheap sex novels and tales of broom-riding adolescent wizards. From the Pantheon and Brandenburg Gate, we have become an endless plain of felt paper and plywood houses and seas of meaningless towering eyesores.

To the cheapening of our culture, we have simply turned our heads.

We have seen our brothers kill one another for unjust and deceitful causes. We have seen the sprawl of corpses across Verdun, the tides of blood that lapped at the shores of Normandy, and the engulfing conflagration at Dresden. We have seen untold millions lost to the Holodomor, with no accountability and no concern, and we have seen these events shoved into the dustbin of history, accompanied with a disapprovingly wagging finger held in front of our faces. We have seen our men fight for their nations, and we have seen these nations pay these men for their sacrifices by offering them feasts from garbage dumpsters and the finest slabs of pavement to rest their heads on.

To the brother made to kill his own, to the countless lives used as nothing other than cheap coins at the gambling tables of geopolitics, we have simply turned our heads.

Emboldened by measures of success brought through their deceit, our enemies have even taken directly to our women and children. Beamed to every screen in the country are constant images of interracial or homosexual couples that come equipped with an army of advertisers, marketers, and even politicians, to lobby for their continual public display. We have our watched our young women reduce themselves to nothing but cheap meat, convinced that "liberation" is somehow exclusively sexual in nature and that nothing is easier than flashing your breasts on a website and getting paid by strangers to do so. We have seen politicians convince women to

enter our armed forces, an institution that deals in nothing other than violence, savagery, and slaughter. Rather than guard what is the wellspring of our entire existence and protect the grace and beauty of European woman and her femininity, we have "allowed" her to step into the theater of war where rape, torture, and merciless cruelty are commonplace.

Our offspring and our future generations suffer in equal measure. In America, abortion has become so tolerated that more than 600,000 terminated pregnancies in 2020 alone are barely worth reporting on. To make the situation more sour, pro-life groups will celebrate these figures, as it shows an improvement in statistics. We have dehumanized our youngest and most vulnerable. They are not lives, they are simply numbers that contribute to lines on a graph.

We have seen our children raised in a morally blighted society where homosexuality and transgenderism are protected by law, encouraged by politicians, and backed by their own wealthy marketing teams. We hand our children over to government institutions that refuse to educate and choose, deliberately, to indoctrinate, utilizing concepts such as social equity and critical race theory not to teach, but to victimize. We have allowed our most impressionable to be molded by union-backed activist teachers who are nothing but total strangers to these children. We have shamed boys for their masculinity, we have allowed defective male rejects to pervade the field of female athletics, and we say nothing to the progressive/Munchausen Syndrome by Proxy-parents who force their youngest to engage with degeneracy such as "drag queen story hours" and sodomite pride parades. We have given some of the highest federal medical positions to perverted individuals that advocate for genital mutilation and hormone manipulation.

Collectively, we have become so detached from our own youthful spirits that we have no qualms with exposing our most innocent to ripe degeneracy.

To the welfare of the fortress that is the nuclear family, we have simply turned our heads.

Who is to blame? What unclean spirit shall we cast into a herd of pigs so that we may drive them from the heights of a great cliff that we may then wash our hands of these sins and sink back into ignorance?

Are we to cast the blame on our politicians, our elected officials? These castrated and weak men that—we are supposed to believe—rule over us?

These globalist and corporatist sluts that reach their claws into our coffers and, with a smile, take and take until there is little left? Men who, generation after generation, have turned their backs on the White working class? These men turn their noses up at us. They surround themselves with walls and guns while denying you any such ability to do the same. They impose lockdowns under pain of imprisonment and fine, tell you to cover your faces, and outlaw your ability to gather. Are we to blame these men?

No.

Are we to cast blame on the corporations? The globalist financial oligarchy that whispers in the ears of those in power and lobbies their interests in the name of profit above all else? They hawk materialistic nonsense at us and compel us to spend and consume entirely useless products. They take the money you spend and hand it off to leftist groups and politicians so that they may continue their war against your heritage and people. Even with the noose tightly around the neck of the free market and a boot planted firmly between the shoulders of innovation, we continue to spend—without thought—and consume like obedient animals, hungry for that insincere rush of endorphins. Are we to blame these corporations?

No.

Are we to blame all the social agitators? The vultures in federal law enforcement? Men who celebrated and posed for photos atop the cinders and ashes of dozens of murdered children in Waco? The men at Ruby Ridge who, like cowards, gunned down young Samuel Weaver, gunned down Vicki Weaver as she held her 10-month-old baby, and even gunned down Striker, the family's dog? Shall we blame the leftist anti-white groups who are free to riot and loot like feral animals while compromised prosecutors simply let them back out on the streets to do it again, with our elected officials and corporations holding open their purses to pay their bails and fines? Shall we blame the compromised central banking system and their grimy moneychangers? Shall we blame the activist-occupied media system? Shall we blame the state and federal government's constant perversion of executive branch powers?

No.

How can you cast blame on such small, worthless men?

We are not blind, nor are we slack in thinking. We know well the behavior of the snake. We know Aesop's fable *The Farmer and The Viper*,

and we know the lesson that showing kindness to evil will only conclude in treachery and betrayal. Still, we have opened the door to these snakes. We have shown kindness to evil, and in payment, the serpent whipped and lashed at us. Each drop of venom, pregnant and putrid, that gleefully rolled down the fangs brought pain: multiculturalism, forced diversity, forced tolerance, the destruction of the family, the destruction of our culture, condemnation to a life of wage slavery, the asphyxiation of our freedom and liberty, and the mockery of our identity and the accomplishments of our people.

The blame resides entirely within us. The snakes have only entered our homes because we turned the bolts, unfastened the chains, and invited them in. Their betrayal has permeated every facet of our lives; it has become inescapable and inexorable. With so much destructive betrayal from these serpents, we have become strangers to ourselves and to one another.

Under the intoxication of viper's venom, we have become muddled and blind to our destruction. *Praktischer Idealismus*, authored by Count Richard Coudenhove-Kalergi in 1925, describes an agenda in which "Eurasian-Negroids" will replace the diversity of the European people through the mechanics of Bolshevism, in which the "elite class" would consist of the Jews. While critics will rush to state that these words and concepts are simply taken "out of context," there is absolutely no shortage of stories from France, Germany, Sweden, Great Britain, the entire breadth of Europe as a whole, which would prove otherwise, often in the form of immigrant violence, rapes, terror attacks, and murder.

People who attempt to excuse this replacement or minimize the catastrophic consequences of it need only to look to France. In November of 2011, the offices of Charlie Hebdo were firebombed in response to his magazine publishing a caricature of Muhammad. In January of 2015, after another caricature of Muhammad was published, twelve employees of Charlie Hebdo were massacred when armed gunmen stormed their offices. In November of 2015, the Bataclan concert hall and other sites throughout Paris were stormed by gunmen, leaving 130 dead. In July of 2016, eighty-six people were killed in Nice when a man deliberately rammed a truck into a crowd of people. Most recently in October of 2020, schoolteacher Samuel Paty was brutally decapitated in the Paris suburbs in response to accusations

that he displayed a cartoon image of Muhammad to his class, accusations that were fabricated by one of his thirteen-year-old students.

None of these attacks were executed by ethnic French. All of them were conducted by immigrant Muslim invaders from various foreign nations.

In 2017, Great Britain experienced no less than five Muslim terrorist attacks, the most severe occurring at the Manchester Arena in May of 2017, which left twenty-two dead and over one hundred injured. In March of 2004, Spain saw bombs on four commuter trains detonated during morning rush hour, killing 191. In February of 2015, Denmark saw filmmaker Finn Nørgaard gunned down, among others, by immigrant invader Omar El-Hussein. In March of 2016, Belgium saw multiple suicide attacks against Brussels airport which left thirty-two dead. In December of 2016, a truck was deliberately rammed into a crowd of revelers at Berlin, Germany's Christmas market, killing twelve. In April of 2017, an immigrant driving a stolen truck slammed into a department store in Stockholm, Sweden, killing four people.

In America, we have seen tens of thousands of foreign invaders stream across our borders monthly, for years, with nothing other than meaningless words insincerely thrown at the issue by our impotent leaders.

These are not isolated instances. These are not crimes committed by ethnic Europeans. These are not simply the ramifications of people "falling through the cracks." This is a siege in the name of racial replacement. This is a siege that has been propagated by both government and non-government organizations.

To even speak of this issue is an act of social immolation. To bring up white replacement is to lose your job, lose any position you may hold in your community, to become an ironic target of angry non-white mobs, and in some cases, you will be arrested, imprisoned, and even killed, for simply speaking up.

One must begin to understand that nationalism can only exist when a nation is present. To survey the damage to our cities, states, and countries is to survey the unpleasant truth that we are not nationalists, as we no longer have a true nation. When both government and corporations work tirelessly to strip native European populations of their ethnic identities and heritage, it draws the oxygen out of the sphere of civic nationalism. This is a mechanical process, engineered in a deliberate manner to achieve this goal.

U.S. Army General Wesley Clark had stated that “there is no place in modern Europe for ethnically pure states.” Barbara Lerner Spectre, founding director of Paideia, the European Institute for Jewish Studies in Sweden, gave an infamous interview in which she stated, while smiling gleefully, “Europe is not going to be monolithic societies that they once were in the last century. Jews are going to be at the center of that. It’s a huge transformation for Europe to make. They are now going into a multicultural mode, and Jews will be resented because of our leading role.” Jewish Harvard activist professor Noel Ignatiev declared that “treason to the White race is loyalty to humanity.” These are words spoken not by drunken fools or madmen, these are words spoken by college professors and military leaders.

If our nations are compromised with these philosophies and mentalities at the level of academic and military leadership positions, you cannot continue to invest in civic nationalism. You must unify under your ancestry, not as Germans, not as French, and not as Dutch, but as proud White European brothers and sisters. We look to our neighbor nations as rivals, not as strangers, when we need to embrace our long, shared history and prepare, together, for a struggle that will define our future.

European man must understand that his enemies are legion. European man must understand that through his collective history, his roots run too deep to be torn from the soil. No foreign element will ever grow the very rich harvest as we have done for ourselves. European man must understand that there cannot be kindness to evil.

We have let the serpents in. Now, we must drive them out.

We must prepare for conflict.

Man of Europe, you may live addicted to your escapism. You may squander your destiny and your opportunity to achieve. You may shy away from conflict. You may weep while clutching your materialistic possessions closely, angered at the unfairness that you may need to bleed and feel the pain in a shared struggle. You may turn your head.

You may turn your head, man of Europe, but you cannot avert your gaze from the divine radiance of your summer sun, rising towards its zenith. And in the beautiful light and heat of this sun, you will make a decision in totality, one that is absolute and defining.

Will you only sit, idle and unbothered? Will you grow more lazy, complacent, and indifferent to the struggle your brothers and sisters are facing? Are you so detached from your youthfulness that you are willing to leave the next generation with a social cesspool as your legacy?

You may choose a path of inaction, and when that summer sun retreats behind the horizon, what will you have left? You will have no grand harvest feast at your table, no wood for your fires, and no callouses on your hands. You can only appeal to God that he sees you through the foulest winter that is approaching, that you may survive long enough to see the snowbanks recede and the ice crack and thaw. You may pray that you will survive long enough to see spring renew and to be granted a second chance, one that is no longer guaranteed as it is no longer by your design and creation.

Will you not join your brothers and sisters in the field and crack deep the earth to plant the seed of discontent? A seed that must be watered with your blood, sweat, and tears. Will you not give life to this plant, so it may grow, spread across the nations, and bear its fruit? From the vines you will reap what has been sown: rage, disgust, and a wrath of such magnitude that it rivals that of God himself. From this fruit, you will drown your enemies with the wine of complete and total destruction.

We must not forget young Tommie Lindh, who at the age of nineteen, was murdered when he attempted to stop a rape being committed by a Sudanese immigrant in Sweden. We must not forget five-year-old Cannon Hinnant, who was deliberately shot point-blank in the head while playing in his front yard by a young black man for no apparent reason. We must not forget thirteen-year-old Lucia Whalen Bremer, who was senselessly gunned down by a lone black teenager as she walked through her neighborhood with her friend. We must not forget Ashli Babbitt, an Air Force veteran, who was gunned down inside the Capitol building by police forces of the same government she had served for over three decades. These are events that have occurred in 2020 and early 2021, to which the media has swept under the rug, their stories thrown away. We must not forget. There shall be no kindness to evil ever again.

Your enemies have undercut your liberties, erased your history, and have used their corrupt and cancerous systems to assault your brothers who have questioned their treason. We are beyond peace. There will be no kindness given to evil. We must march for conquest and hold in reverence the

accomplishments of our ancestors and our history. Honor the memories of your brothers who have fallen, show no peace to those who have given only treason, and give no mercy to those whose who stand in our way.

We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children.

This is why we fight.

SELECTED SHORT STORIES

The Union

By Æthelrey

In pursuit of what is true
Learn: "There isn't one. It is Two"

The man gazed up at the rising sun. He was standing somewhat dazed as he felt his heart. The smell of his Spirit—his long fought with horse—hoofed down others', gathering up for another long journey back home. Back home west on this rather hot morning. The eastern neighbour had finally agreed to have a peace treaty, so most of the local forces did not have the need to stay here. Yet the man was planning to drop to another place he held dear...

He scanned over the state of his armour: the dozen bulletproof breastplate was securely strapped and attached to his body, covered with a red and white flower-coloured cloak. His arms were in safety; thanks to metal bracers, they could withstand even the sharpest of razors.

The man briefly looked at his fair-maned horse again, then put on his hussar-winged, eagled helmet so the metal peak blocked off the heat from his face. He drew near another horse with a long white splash around its mouth and eyes. Everything is going to work... Casting off all of his worries, he hopped on the saddle: the red-white-bannered troop was about to set on the move. He glanced one last time at the clear Eastern European sky—two ravens were circling over up so high.

The move out shout produced a loud sound. The white feathered riders along with musket-armed infantry marched out of town at a brisk pace, passing by the trees' maze—oh, how they embraced each other in their own individual grace! It was a place so attractive to every flesh and blood who dared behold... Behold the life they would usually overlook when battling those of the opposite side, so the beauty had but to hide...

The man's thoughts were moving with haste; he was pretty close to the troop's leader and the latter was aware of the man's plans: he was going to take a small part of the men and go through a certain forest and then join the rest later on. It was not going to take more than a day—or so he thought.

His eyes were busy looking for the right passage easily noticeable because of a peculiar lightning-marked oak. The local folk would occasionally send out a caravan or two to trade some goods and food. The area around was always surprisingly peaceful even in times of a raging war, so the passing troop was also a rare sight. The nature around had cast a certain shield over the area, and no one could break its might. Still, even in the safest place some evil can creep to poison with its blight.

It was the tree! Yes, yes, it was indeed. The man could not even let it sink at first—so tired was his mind of the waiting thirst. He gestured a certain part of the troop to follow him; some of them gave a bit of a surprised look as they saw no apparent reason in splitting up and trudging through the woods. There were a couple of villages, yet they had all the supplies, so there was no need for that either. Regardless, they followed their commander: about a dozen of the hussar cavalry and a rather small pack of muskets—a small, but a deadly firepower. They were mostly made up of Poles and Lithuanians with the first dominating in the language; yet a few speakers of Germanic tongues seemed to slip in as well—probably mercenaries.

Green life welcomed the group. It did know what it came for, and it had yet to serve its purpose. It was so great a home to multiple inhabitants, so the guests could be even compared to a handful of industrious ants; yet they were still treated fare as that was the quality of their intentions. The horses neighing felt instantly at home, back to their roots; the soldiers' march echoed with tree branches cracking; at a certain distance the footmen themselves reminded one of walking barked stems of another life, with the rifles on their shoulders like boughs—they could easily make someone die.

The man touched his breastplate close to his heart to feel and hear: It was. It was. It was. Beating. The place was bound to be somewhere near...

In less than a mile, a few houses opened a rather populated village with a vast field at one of the sides. Everyone was expecting to see out of town life yet no one foresaw the image they all had in front of their eyes. Except for the man. He looked at some point relaxed as if he'd been here before, and

he kept moving really slowly as his troop came to a halt. They guessed he had some business to attend to, so they could go back and join the rest as soon as their leader settled his goings-on. He was looking for what his mind and heart had always told.

The other horse was always with him yet now he let off the reins and then took off his helmet. His eyes matched with others. Hers. The woman was standing by the field as if planted. Hadn't another second passed when she—at a waterfall speed—ran to the horseman, having forgotten to take off her wreath. He jumped off Spirit, landing on his many a ground seen boots, filled with a long time for built up internal heat.

Life within was boiling, bubbling the blood. Both of them welcomed each other's emotional flood. Still unable to produce a word, speaking only by breaths and glances, touches felt by their hearts' advances. The physical presence was overpowering so it released all of their feelings that might have been restrained with a heavy curb—or simply did not exist in the first place up to the moment their lives took a joined turn. The sounds around neither of them heard, as both of them were engulfed by what was yet only tasted on the unknown earth of their minds; and the union of kisses that followed gave the experience they felt but once in this world.

At that moment a hussar ran up with a cry of alert. "Panie! Ottomans are here!" he cried. Was that so? Here? So far from their lands? The man lost his natural military instinct for a second or two. Indeed they were! On the other side of the field, even at such a distance, those feathered hats were grouping for an attack. There were not so many, yet the little troop gathered in the village was clearly outnumbered: a bit more than ten hussars and around twenty muskets...

The man regained his mind and soul, quickly commanded the infantry to fall in at the end of the field, ten by ten, and regrouped the cavalry. He glanced at his woman with a tinge of horror—yet she gave a surprisingly reassuring look. She uttered, "You are never alone." The man was not entirely sure what she meant given the circumstances... He unwantedly parted and jumped onto Spirit, closing his visor, so his eyes tuned for the coming bloodshed. He believed in the words. The four words. The woman eyed up and so did her man. The two black birds were still there.

The men stood together making ready;

The enemy foot, utterly foreign to the field,
Galloping ahead—the defenders remained steady
Unaware of the nature's shield...
The Ottoman did not suspect of the local dire
Once in the middle, the earth broke their horses' legs—
And it was the second when the muskets breathed fire!
So they drowned in the mud up to their heads.
The other ten rifles came forward
The dragon like muzzles were looking onward
Death calling sounds fired out many a ball
To claim even a higher death toll!
More than half devastated,
The enemy saw the banner that never faded—
The Red and White riders attacking proudly ahead
On now completely solid land!
Their pistols shouted!
So more alien bodies got dismounted...
The hussar sabres shined
In the sun, shedding blood so rotten even the ground wasn't kind.
Crushed by the forces of the Two
The enemy faced what they wished they never knew:
The hussars cut down every one in their view
Vanquishing the last of the few...

And so it ended. The onslaught was repelled as unexpectedly as it began. The man looked around. They were all dead. And his men were triumphant, intoxicated by the magnificent victory. He indeed could come back alive? This was not a dream, was it? After all the strife? He could hear the muskets shouting—they too got the taste of the wine of glory.

The man rode back as quickly as he could. Back. Back to the woman with the white splashed horse. She who made all that life possible and good. Yet he wished no glory, no fame, but rather simply being able to utter her name.

Everyone With Their Eyes Open Can See Where They Are

By Faustina Blavatsky

I

I work the days sewing ragged scrolls together to clothe my poppet priests. The nights, tacking particle board and taping tinfoil: building thrones in storage lockers to divinity's remembrance.

Vile insects infest the souls of vital bodies. Sin laughs out its weakness, whines out its strength. It scratches at its itching eyes. A sentient transgressions in the body that sputters and shakes.

In shame, they bathe in hell's showers. Peeking out behind the curtain to call each other's dirt flattering.

There are no just-so stories for why life should continue or why it should end. The life-loving cells continue mindlessly. No recombination fixes the ultimate out of irreducibility.

Evolution cannot explain the weight of pride and degradation past the root of social cooperation: a final rotten root for a teeming beauty.

Cameras are banned at Trimalchio's festive banquet's end.

A Poet cannot hunt. Yet today, a thousand poems were written about apocalypse and all the smaller deaths.

No one wants to be evil! Animalism with closed rooms and the numbered lists of evils outside of which nothing stands. They ask not to be cleaned but a philosophy for cultivated blindness. A blindness that sees light and hisses like the rabid. "No one is perfect," the fiend repeats once again to no one. "Who can Judge me?"

One must pray like a murderer in his twelfth year of remembrance. Only purity can address the stains of past sins.

One can say that things will start again; what will they start as? Do not put your faith in man; there will be no heaven on earth.

* * *

The room has 4 chairs, too many to use, but not enough to throw even one away. I looked at her old body. Not touching her skin, I know it feels still, like an overripe peach or a malicious child. Her skin too soft to hold her body in.

"I have to get going," said angrier than I intended. The second time today.

"Ok," she unintentionally whispered, like a mother superior or a prostitute. She was watching some dirty daytime show. Dirty people get on the dirty show looking for something from a sickly world. It's fine; it's filthy like the cans she always picks up.

There was a party I said I would attend. I left; she didn't seem to notice. For the second time today.

It wasn't raining when I caught a taxi to the dull stone mansion. I had aftershave in my pockets. I rubbed it on my face like holy water or chloroform.

A red stone walkway to the dull stone mansion. It has bronze numbers and even a knocker, in bronze. A bronze so intentionally modest: perfect for a building full of people who never have money.

I got into the house and crouched in the lobby.

Luck. Luck. Maybe someone will mistake me for a stain and wipe me off the carpet.

Shit, there's Brenda.

"I threw this party for you and you couldn't even show up on time," she said in a mawkish way.

I reassured myself there weren't any marks on my drab ivory suit before standing up and walking over.

"Your hair's a mess," she smirked. She rubbed her hand on my cheek against the grain. Pulled me to her, close, kissed me. I was sorry. I thought perhaps I could go to sleep and wake up somewhere different, after parties were over. Mortified in her arms about my compounded error.

"Come on."

Hello Hello.

Whatever goes wrong eventually will be forgotten.

II

All men exist as far as they're concerned.

We let the earth trick us like a foaming beast.

We climb the magic mountain of numbers with clockwork sweat in our eyes. The holy combinations, the axioms, move us hither and yon, up and back down, making us surer with age we see the material tip. At the Mathematical summits, we have the purest faith we will not fall.

A pomegranate caught between two bells: full of many seeds and many sounds. An unseen indication that the high priest isn't rotting—118 different sorts of things! Broken down as far as they will break: there is matter, its inverse, lack and the movement of these. This last is called Time.

A small dart board has an infinite set of points, and the dart which looks will never find a point: each having zero probability. A larger dart board has a larger infinity of points, the probability of all: a lesser zero. A dart board as large as the universe may only be touched by the angelic immaterial.

Start again! Start again! Out of a large and quickly chaotic something, a movement was born which created vision (or brought it here at least). This vision bringing all its uncountable and unaccountable somethings.

Socrates' Daemon always speaks so clearly, he never comes to mean anything at all in this world replete with rocks and beasts of which nothing exists except a central being. So that Adam may name them: whispering spells to place them and keep them put. If only the forms talked back.

A mind caged in ether, with no other present, may still be full of forms and the enchantment to name those forms. Building now to separate then from not-then. An enterprising ether would build someday.

The Rational Animal can only reason through the eyes of God.

* * *

I was led shamefaced into a room with beige carpets and women in bright dresses. Like I was just awoken by acid stripping out my veins.

Remembering a worker chipping off the paint on a different dull wood mansion: he took a sander to the boards. I'd sand myself off history until I bled water. While I thought my sawdust thoughts, a sweet woman wanted to talk to me.

Her name is Candice, and she took her conspiratorial tone, "I'm sure you'll have something to say about this."

Smiling, I tried to look interested: some disgusting over-earnest expression. I pulled my nerves out like weeds, the roots stripped and shorn.

"What do you know about Robin DiAngelo and White Privilege?" She signaled towards a bald man in glasses who looked like a puppeteer pretending to be guilty. She slyly said, "John thinks that CRT is a way of trying to create racial tension, what do you think about that?" The room was scowling its disapproval.

"Racism is mostly a thing of the past," John said. "I know that some people are really hateful, but how often are you going to find those people in the board rooms Robin DiAngelo speaks in?"

I was fairly certain I was running a fever: sure I smelled like burning matches. Burning matches and aftershave.

"Racism is a trick on poor hicks." I paused for a moment but before John, Candice, or anyone could say anything, "Nietzsche said God was dead. He recognized Christ couldn't hold our culture together anymore. He didn't know a new god would die in a bunker in the forties. He never realized how easily the Last Men could cut the tight rope."

"My, that's very provocative. Are you saying things like Critical Race Theory exacerbate racism?" John asked.

"No, I mean it doesn't matter at all. Not because we've gotten over it, or because it's been neutralized, but because it's a tool of the luxury class used to attack workers. Racism is a way of convincing people to be good little boys and girls who can believe in an eternal all-powerful morality that doesn't ever touch them or the ways they consume the world around them. And if it touches them personally, there's nothing they can do about it anyway, except continue."

"I never knew you were such a communist," John Scoffed.

"People like the ones in this room, talk about how non-racist they are in white neighborhoods, in houses rented with upper-class luxury work. It's never you who's racist, it's a poor hick. Some red neck agrarian worker or

guido factory bum. It burns everyone all up that some Staten Island mechanic may not like black people enough. He can't think he's people, you know good decent folk like you. Meanwhile he struggles in a world built by the luxury class attacking him.

"He may not know much, but he knows unions aren't polylingual: they don't appeal to wild agents who send all their money abroad. Who are encouraged to leave their countries absent all ambitious workers: making them nice and cheap. That way other people who believed enough in White Supremacy can buy them.

"Then use the stolen wealth to buy more newspapers to sell racism to the Working Class."

"I'm a professor, not a Captain of industry."

I could tell from his tone I had said something shocking; I hadn't particularly meant to.

"Oh he's always scandalous," Brenda chuckled nervously.

I said nothing else; I saw we were in different dimensions. Skating on different fabric landscapes. Shortly after, I fled the house to be somewhere separate.

There is a poster saying "Welders Wanted Across USA."

That's what I'd do; I'd be a Welder and weld my time away in silence. Like a monk going blind from the light.

III

There is no morality without God. There will always be some other crumbling step that must be rebuilt again on the Babylonian temple's surface before one may venture in.

Believing in any wrong is a belief in evil. The fewer evils one has the more power they have—more often than not unearned. When one evil stands alone, it is unspeakable and unforgiveable.

For some this one is violence, for some it is the mention of evil. Some people make a chthonic combination so unspeakable it can't be illustrated and it sprawls across all consciousness.

Let us illustrate him. People should be free and unharmed. Surely this would extend to all injuries that lack freedom, and all injurers. This freedom, in order to live with others, would refuse anything for itself, like a Jainist social worker constantly sweeping and snuggling all the others it contacts. Such an all-consuming freedom would choose to be alone for the responsibilities of society would be too great. Going out like Trappists head-down and silent. The terminal subjectivity can only fail to blame its loneliness alone and cannot live with him either.

But what of his non-subjective freedom? His objective capacity for action— one may call it Happiness (in the Greek sense). Is this solemn little city father happy in his particular slavery? He's not, and he knows he's not. Still he has no happiness to choose but to neglect the morality around him and separate himself from the cruel and savage world that chooses to exist as such, that loves only in brief transgressive moments.

Perhaps some great man could rise upon the whole miserable lot. He could use his great freedom to overthrow the land of prisons that fail to create the virtue they were built for or the land of drugs and balms that fail to heal their miserable illnesses. He would be neglecting their morality most surely of all, however, and would be a man and not a culture.

Our great man would more likely choose to resign himself to the existence of a candle or a city on a hill. He would give up on the others; their evil is their own: living his life according to laws which are not free but are his own. Laws which need not ever see another man to convince them. Every moment everything is exactly as it should be.

When the man-animals destroy everyone, this will eliminate evil only until some other breed of animal rise up again and take the place of man. Reigning again forever.

Have Faith. Follow closely and more closely.

A Christian without Christ.

* * *

I went to look at all the people on 120th street; they tolerated my presence. I told one I was an author. I paid them money to hear their story. I was a patron of crime.

I would often tell myself about the people they didn't rob because of my money. The good I imparted and the fact they never had a chance. I was studying when he was making his first drug deal. There's something fatalist in that. It's only fair I share my wealth.

In all honesty, I was bored.

I saw a young girl going to work across the street. Impoverished, I don't think she has a father. She didn't want to talk to me at all.

S takes out his phone to show a video his friend took of him beating some guy. They pulled a gun on him and then put it away. He laughed like mad.

She arranges her bag, pushing it up her shoulder. She has to walk to the hair salon. There aren't taxis here and she'd have to walk regardless.

"You shouldn't let anyone see this, people don't like seeing things like that."

She was walking away dreaming about a rich man coming down here to her hair salon, taking her away.

"Why the fuck'd they care; It ain't them."

In any kind of world I would have been a fly on her wall. A silverfish living in her cellar, spying, sending her all my most powerful hopes, being drowned by ground water.

IV

Time is nothing but the world writhing in pain. The earth cries in ticking clocks.

A Perfect world would be one which never needs to move. Such a world may not exist; such a world would not exist.

Everyone who moves in the world in its time assents to the evil therein. One can never say that which has happened shouldn't because it has, with everything that follows—as in Pangloss, so in Schopenhauer. The Entropy of evil plays along the edges of perfect stillness.

He who decides to live brings others to life like a living fire uncovered.

Evil is not born from want of good, but rather for the want of evil itself.

A man may never die on his own, he runs like living water—never twice the same river, but all hatched from one source.

The Good Man gives and he continues to live in a world that needs giving. Leviathan kneels, dollar in teeth, before the just and the unjust.

One cannot end another's suffering in pieces. There can be no stop gap measures made to frantic yearning maws in hope that man can be animal once again, in some bestial utopia with innovative machines that fortuitously water the soul.

There is no hope in the cattle stillness that fills its belly and slowly blinks its eyes. Their sense of filth and future may be sacrificed to the pleasure machine, but this machine powers itself on the ghost of all time.

A bomb will not end history. One slimy thing will survive, and in time sufficient, live this life again.

* * *

When I finally got back to the dull stone mansion, Brenda was fiddling in the living room, moving frantic around as if play acting. She'd yelled so much at me while I was away that now she only said, "You're back for the night I suppose." I didn't answer.

I worked my way up the stairs, thought about showering and didn't. I would try to sleep. Fail. Try again.

Moving around, smelling like ammonia, back arching and turning. I slam my arms lengthwise on the bed quietly and repeatedly. I feel a parasite gnawing at my diaphragm, a parasite on a parasite. Like a stack of turtles.

I'll have to get up to walk. Swim around in the fluid of air encased by concrete covered in dull stone. There's a movie on the television about someone just like me. He played with guns, met the president, and died.

Lying on a bed. Letting my mind focus. Bring my shoulders forward, try a hundred new ways to stretch. Gasp—no more days like this.

"Our Father who Art in…"

There's a cricket caught somewhere in the ceiling.

V

The pharaoh had his heart hardened.

Beauty is the great unnamable, the heavenly triumphant. The only thing eternally unneeded and eternally worthy.

Beauty is the love upon which to build a life.

And that Beauty will succeed when one believes not in Christ and when one does, that Beauty lives when God is present. Beauty is the Love Transcendent. These Laws of Beauty lead God and all his angels.

Something beautiful will one day be.

* * *

And one day the soul will leave the body: blurry and unfounded.

It will crawl around slick and slimy until it's found and sent to slide up the standard line to purgatory.

There every cell and nerve will bathe in Milky Light until they are dried and purified. The skin and sinew will shed away leaving nothing but pure water and breath. The Liquid Life will freeze and melt like fluid ice. A Statue and an essence dancing: reflecting light in every direction. Until everything is light, and everything is water. This is the resurrected body.

The Soul left behind in purgatory will stay all the years that its sin requires. Until, a single piece, a soul, like a milk white pearl will slip towards heaven and join the body. And a music will play throughout heaven unlike any music on the earth.

Unlike Music.

Tenebrescent Taproots

By Jim Bonner

In the center of July's sweltering frivolity, scarce sapling branches spread up and away like doomed limbs scrambling from an inferno. The public park was unpopulated, save for six wandering figures in search of shade. First, they were beckoned by the playground: pristine and painted vividly, like the flag of some nation no longer in existence, kept behind plexiglass. Its latticed plastic decks mimicked pores that the sun drowned through, casting a grid of thin shadows on the padding below, which absorbed it completely. The slide burned one of them as they went through its chimney mouth, yelping. At its base, and with chuckling persistence, they meandered away from the structure. A gracious wind misted them in a prism as they passed by the pond's fountain. Still exposed, though, they succumbed to concrete tables and benches beneath a pavilion of sheet-metal.

Lounging unpleasantly supine or sitting slouched, they littered their surroundings with an unceasing array of self-assumed, "insightful" insults, referencing one's older sibling who had introduced them years ago to suppressed and esoteric subjects. They reminisced on those they no longer knew and smothered fears of the same for their futures. But inevitably, they picked-up their usual railing against the world, struggling beneath its weight, yet nevertheless mounting it on their shoulders like a nuclear javelin. One of them hurled it, holding an arm out for balance, saying, "If human beings are pack-predators who manage resources in a defined territory, then how can we hope to be happy or survive individually? Furthermore, even if individuals embrace the pack, could they be happy or survive in a territory already owned and hostile to them?"

Some of them agreed, then attempted to shift focus to some distant thought. Others returned to the warped center, reshaping it back into a tool.

Speaking up, one compared it to the pot-lucks their different churches used to host. They imagined again when they moved like vespers in eventide light, recalling a seemingly abandoned sanctity. Evaporated and ethereal, hidden, yet only when illuminated.

Clatter from an approaching work truck's trailer writhed into the parking-lot and snaked their focus to turn, watch, and mutter to one another inquisitively. A crew clad in sunglasses and neon-orange shirts emerged. As they detached their equipment, they joked garishly in a language none of the six understood.

Silence grumbled among them into a tiding of hunger, which led to a circular booth at the back of a chain-restaurant, near a strip-mall at an intersection. Before their orders were called, two friends they knew from a nearby school entered the establishment. They were invited to join in and dragged chairs over to the cramped booth.

Soon, one of them noted, "If those lawn-care workers, with no knowledge of the native tongue, can create a successful business and employ their own, why can't we?"

Another added, "If they have massive families all living together, imagine how much they individually save."

When they went up for their order, one asked the cashier for a pen. Grabbing some extra napkins, it clicked:

- 5-Bedroom house: $350,000 at 4% APR with a 10-year payment plan
- Av. mortgage payment around $3,500/month
- One tenant: $7/hr job x 40 hr/week x 4 weeks = $1,120/month
- Multiplied by eight tenets = $8,960/month
- $8,960 revenue – $3,500 mortgage = $5,460 (each person pays $437 for rent in the 5-bedroom house)
- Minus food / functions, high-ball estimate at $1,000/month = $4,460
- Each tenet takes for themselves, low-ball, $550/month x 12 months = $6,600
- $6,600 / year x 10 years = $66,000 per tenant at end of mortgage
- $66,000 x 8 tenants = $528,000 collective profit

One of them spoke up, “This isn’t including profits from selling or renting the house after the ten-year loan, or if tenets got higher-paying jobs, or if the house we use is less expensive.”

Another asked a single, penetrating syllable, “We?”

Immediately, they began calmly dissecting the idea as though it were already dead, peeling back flaps and organs, theorizing on their design: How would we get the money for the initial down-payment? How would we make sure everyone got their fair share back? What if someone is living in the house unemployed for a time? What if we hate living with one another? What rules would we have?

Theorizing the antithesis led to synthesis: We could set-up an LLC or beseech a wealthy benefactor for the initial down-payment or save-up collectively. We would have to intricately record the flow of revenue and expenses, monitoring it, perhaps, in a collective bank account. If someone was living in the house after being fired or somehow losing their job, we would collectively cover and monitor their expenses, expecting collective reimbursement. The best way to know if we would hate one another would be to rent a short-lease apartment together first—we would certainly learn if we couldn’t trust anyone. Some important rules might be:

- No alcohol, except at designated functions
- Absolutely no drugs
- No dates can sleep over
- No guns (?)
- Bring up issues with the person you are having difficulty with first, and then, if it’s not solved, let the group know
- Social spaces are a collective responsibility with assigned tasks, personal spaces are a personal responsibility

They sat, staring at each other.

Two reminded everyone they were going to college in a month and, for one, hopefully law school. Another reminded them he was joining the military. A fourth said it seemed far-fetched. The remainders said they could always start after everyone returns. This was met with incredulity. Without notice until then, the ceiling tile network of evenly-spaced fluorescent lights

was heard humming, and the beeps from the kitchen imbued a claustrophobic air.

The booth casually argued about the course of their lives and if they were to part ways like their parents and grandparents had done before, growing up in one place and moving to another before going “on their own” and then finally settling down, after, in a different place. Constantly interacting with people they knew nothing about and wouldn’t know long-term, making any community pointless.

One of them assuaged the table by gently pinching the napkin back to his seat, folding it, and placing it in his pocket, explaining that he would be looking deeper into it all. They finished their meals, parting ways for the day, with some preparing for retail or warehouse work. But the one who kept the napkin was already texting them…

* * *

It was the beginning of May and the oak in their front yard had a sheath of blue-green moss over most of it, like fading bronze melted over its branches, a testament to the age of the house, which they were renovating with a coat of fresh, white paint. Leaves on smaller trees in town turned and whirled as gentle winds commanded, shimmering like a green reflection, cast by a temperately facetious breeze. A small murder of crows flew above in the soft sky, silently, save for intervals of circular cawing. Brief, rising glissandos of smoke thinly trickled from behind the Victorian homes in the neighborhood. The ambient vapors greeted the crows overhead.

As a couple called out, walking past the house, or the gears and chains of pre-teen bicycles caught their ears, the four painters would wave or quip. They were all a few years older and thrice that wiser, old enough to know how little youth they had left, as if their experiences propelled their stature and confidence higher, like the ladders they stood on, brushes in hand. Thick, tan bristles glided across tanner wood, leaving a streak of white behind it that was padded over, smoothed out with other swipes, some from hands moving parallel to the ground, some rising like the grass, and others circling like the sun above. And as that disc turned to its zenith, they descended, secured their tools, and went inside.

A young dog greeted them at the door and trailed their ankles into the kitchen, through the foyer and past the staircase. The papered walls had little adorning them except a few workout routines, group pictures, and heavily annotated calendars. Between the pantry and sink, they rallied around the island. Their elbows rested near plastic cups of ice-water on the kitchen's tiled countertop.

They discussed plans for the afternoon, sipping water and checking their phones. Soon, three of them were moving about the house, across groaning creaks of wood, changing their clothes or showering. The fourth walked out the screened kitchen door, onto the back porch with the dog, and stared out onto the field of subtly shifting wild grains not far beyond the fence, hardly outside of town.

Just as he opened a beer and the dog had lied down, two of them emerged from the home through the spring-hinged door, which slapped shut a few times like a skipping stone. They were offered beers but half-heartedly refused, stating they were bound to a church function. They walked around the side of the house, over patches of paint-tipped grass, onto asphalt. Slumping prone on the porch, the dog exhaled, while the one above texted an old friend. He asked when the other would be free to stay at the house and when he would be finished with law school. A ringtone sounded inside, and the dog looked up from its sprawl.

From the foyer, among organized notes, the call was answered.

In salutations, those who spoke beyond and through the phone asked about the older sibling who had arranged communications between the house and a network of those with similar interests and ends. They had met half-a-dozen times before: on campouts and holiday parties, participating in activism, or lounging in the afternoon. A homefront.

Before engaging in the specifics of political campaigns, he stated, "Local-level politics are the easiest to change and have the widest area-of-effect for most people. Yet they are also the most neglected. Meanwhile, the enemy has achieved most of its national victories by capitalizing on local-level successes that were realized by dedicated zealots willing to momentarily compromise their grand vision so they could make long-term movement toward control. Why couldn't they do something similar, but benevolently and creatively, rather than corrosively?"

Someone else spoke up, “True power and purpose come from community, and community is built on loyalty, and loyalty is earned and given by experienced familiarity. It is not ideology that ties us together, but our trust in one another, because someone who places dogma above friends cannot be trusted. Anything becomes possible when you abandon ideology and embrace your direct interests and the vision you share with others, which is done through community, which can only be local.”

The conversation shifted back to practicality, “Victory of school and city council seats, state-representative offices, etc., would constitute rally-points where the community could breach in further. It would signal to those aware that something can be done and these tactics work, and, to those unaware, it could signal that there is an alternative.”

Another chimed in, clarifying that national action and organization are vital to form networks of resource reservoirs and institutional tools:

- An organization for youth (perhaps based around an app) using handbooks from prior, defunct programs to better link young people to one another through Nature
- A credit union that could allow our People to directly invest in one another and themselves
- Non-profit legal and political associations that would fight for us
- Artistic collectives that could produce stories and pieces which emotionally articulate our values and interests
- An award-issuing front-organization to commend those who help us

But, they continued, these can ultimately only function at local-level branches or headquarters, and individuals have to take that first step and expose themselves to the possibility of failure. They referred to the house as one of those: a “barracks.” There was laughing about it, but no jokes. After all, it was selected by being in a town with strategic benefits:

- Favorable demographics at 90% ethnic homogeneity
- A population of less than 10,000
- Similar political affiliation to their own
- Walkable and tightly-built

- Geographically isolated from interstates and cities

Ironically, the only way they had broken the “nepotism barrier” and incorporated into the town was by staying out of the house as much as possible, initiating social involvement while avoiding an overbearing aura. By meeting people at the church and bar, they acquired jobs at a grain silo and auto shop. That’s how one met the sheriff’s kid, who they were about to move in with. That’s how they learned about a house across the street that would be coming onto the market soon.

The call continued, strategizing specifics about a local election, and ended with friendly banter.

An hour later, in the quiet of the foyer, a pen was still frantically recording decision-trees and advice about optimal next moves. It came from a tired, but never ceasing hand that would be moving feed bags the following day. Muted, trumpet-based jazz sounded from the back-porch, snapping them out of their mission and inviting them outside.

The dog looked up, panting excitedly. Sizzling bratwursts turned on the grill with each poke, and after they slapped the chef’s shoulder, they were handed a beer.

One of their friends was about to take the bar exam and was eager to visit. Another was half-way across the world on base, wishing them the best. From the side of the house, a metallic creaking signaled the gate was shut for the night and the two had returned home. The dripping of grease onto the fire resounded with conversation and laughter that echoed through the yard, prompting a neighbor to shut his window and return to his television. Screens still sat prominently in each living room on the block, where idols once rested on hearths, cutting through silent homes like weed wackers.

Sloping toward the field across from them, the sun infected the sky into an amber-crimson hue, like a drooping bruise or cross-sectioned yam. The one who was grilling stared out at it, then up, at a line of crows on telephone pole wires. They somehow still felt lacking: vulnerable and exposed. Their thoughts crossed and contoured, akin to when everything runs together blued as a drizzly rain glides down the window…

* * *

Harvest and September had both ended. The earth's turning saw an autumn sun bend in the sky like a lamppost in the evening, about to light. Its angled rays projected a cat's shadow onto a lattice of peas, propped against a red-brick cottage. Leaping to the base of the lattice, the cat turned and stared away, its absinthe eyes wide, like the pods of peas behind. A few children giggled, running at it in a mob. It scampered away further: from the empty fields, past a few more homes, and toward the communal grounds, which were buzzing with frantic commands and preparations. It unexpectedly met the dog's puppies under a long wooden table. But before the children could lift up the tablecloth, one of their mothers intercepted them all and had them play around the cabin they used for schooling. A clan of teenagers traipsed onto the grounds from the woods, fishing poles delinquently in-hand. They were scolded by another one of their mothers, who sent them back to their houses to get ready and organize their younger siblings.

One of the men helping prepare food stepped out from their bower and scanned around the valley. Everyone moved radiantly as they anticipated the night's unfolding, like a letter long awaited. Across the fields, a group of people with briefcased instruments emerged from the tree line, pointing out at the place and hesitantly moving toward it. The mothers noticed and called to their children. Others stared out, wiping their hands on their aprons, or taking them off and padding out the dresses underneath. A few of the men went out to greet the group, shaking their hands and welcoming them closer. Everyone gathered around and showed them where they could set their things or freshen up if they needed. One of the group asked where his younger sibling was.

A new gathering formed at the tree line, though this group confidently approached as familiars. Some were on the City Council, some from the Police Department, one was a teacher, another owned the recently reopened soda fountain on the square, and the Mayor was there, as were some members from the Citizens of the County Club. As they entered onto the grounds, they asked how to help—a few were ushered to various stations, others aimlessly socialized. While the band was checking their equipment, they were also being introduced to the municipal leadership. A few of the guests produced sets of boxing-gloves, teasing later events.

The tree line had slowly donned the appurtenance of an impenetrably dark lair with nothing beyond it. Yet from its chasm emerged a third group, the smallest thus far, who looked around in anxious amazement, like tourists thrust into a combat-zone. A woman noticed their appearance into the valley when no one else did. She went out to greet them, across nebulous mounds of furrowed, black dirt speckled by chaff. They stepped forward, meeting her along an arbitrary esplanade of shoe prints. One stood in a military uniform, introducing himself as a friend of someone who lived on the farm.

She introduced herself as that friend's wife. Smiling, she held out her calloused hand, but was hugged instead.

As they arrived on the communal grounds, food was being brought out: fresh-baked bread, mashed sweet potatoes, gravy, and chicken, with bottles of peach wine and pitchers of tea spaced across the tables, which were spread out in a few unorganized lines. While people moved to seat themselves, a figure began officially inaugurating the night, pacing around one edge of the tables, ahead of where the band had set up.

This was the first time they had ever hosted an event of such magnitude and magnanimity and they were thrilled to finally have everyone together. He introduced his family and the community who lived there, inviting anyone who wanted to stay the night in some canvas tents they had prepared. He congratulated the Mayor on the recent Founding Day Parade, the first in decades. He also thanked the musicians for coming out on such short notice, along with those members of the network that had put them in contact who were present. He concluded by introducing the next speaker, who stood unhurried, as someone laden with an iron hide, though he was no more than forty.

The second person spoke in a brief but dense tone, as if thin, shifting ground had exposed a system of crystal caves. He stated that nothing can be beneath or beyond you if you're willing to survive, that it was his experiences that led him to this place a decade ago, not only to survive undomesticated, but to be happy. His first years were difficult, but they were not abandoned to the wild. He still had his research and tests, preparing, and his friends and family, which was also why political changes beyond the tree line and looming threats throughout the world did not disturb them—defeat was impossible with such a large-number of high-

quality people bound together like they were that evening. Thanks was again conveyed, and everyone was ushered to converse and eat.

In the quiet of the valley, a lively hum of human sounds emerged: intoned engagement in serious conversation, whispers of speculative ideals and current affairs—both only accents to those raptured in laughter. Even unspoken, hushed, confidential deeds added to the color of the air. One's daughter held the hand of another's son, in palpitating touch, who clumsily ate with his other, non-dominant hand.

Half-an-hour later, apple pies were brought out. Stomachs were strained and polite weariness prevented some buttons from breaking. Before the dimming dusk strained eyes too, rolls of string-lights were unfurled and wrapped between and across poles set around the grounds. A battery from the windmill lit them up. Some people began standing from their tables to help clean. Others stood around and smoked from pipes. The band began lethargically moving to their instruments. Men and teenagers donned boxing gloves on the far-end of the grounds, where a thin circle began gathering around. They bludgeoned and cudgeled one another in a pugilistic display. Winded when finished, the frowning buds instantly blossomed into full bloom when met by their opponent's beautifully brutal, violent smile.

Festivities form interesting environments, not only in their temporary nature, but also from their expansive set of emergent cliques, which, over time, evolve and morph as people move or conversation changes. The volatility of the environment is the most attractive feature for some. People were asked from these cliques to help move tables out of the way, to clear out the grounds. Soon after, the musicians began playing on one end of the large patch of trodden grass. On the peripheries, the cat was licking itself as puppies approached, cascading onto and overwhelming it.

A man jumped up in front of the band and quieted things down, organizing everyone and explaining how the first dance of the night would work: All the men in one line, all the women in another, facing one another a few paces apart.

The band began playing.

Instructions came on beat: Men, step forward. Bow. Step back. Women, step forward. Curtsey. Step back. Both step toward one another, raise your right hands, and pivot together around the pocket of air between them. Return back to the line. Now, the couple at the far end of the line, approach

one another. The man reaches out and takes the woman's hand, then reaches around her and, together, they dance down the line while everyone reaches across and over them, forming a tunnel for them to gallop or promenade through.

Everyone moves down one space and repeats, clapping to the rhythm soon filled with young blushes and elders pretending to be disinterested in one another. Communal cackling echoed through the valley between forests, reaching up to the orange moon. A waltz came after, and small pockets of conversation reemerged while couples stared at one another, spinning to the slowed tune.

Off to the side, someone speculated, "All great royal families and dynasties were founded by commoners and conquerors who seized an opportunity—maybe the descendants of the people around them would be those aristocrats."

Someone else added, "All great empires eventually succumb, either to some inability to survive or to the entropy of their own successes. When things collapse, local autonomy emerges and those who had already fostered it have the ability to remake the world in their image."

A different conversation caught ears nearby, "One can only have dignity in their work and purposeful assurance in the stability of their situation if they abandon the modern environment. Working for its temporary unsustainability is counterproductive if you abhor it, and becoming collateral (a martyr to machines and bureaucracy) is an ever-likely possibility."

Surrounded by it all, a lawyer, a soldier, two farmers, a teacher, a mechanic, and a police-officer all found one another in the crowds. One of them pulled a deteriorated napkin out of his jacket pocket. Its sudden appearance prompted scoffing disbelief as though it were stolen from a vault without lock or door—an act of true magic. They began walking and talking, grabbing a bottle of peach wine. And without realizing it, they were wandering toward the forest and away from the festivities.

Within the trees, they could hardly see and were calling out to one another. Sometimes, an answer would come a dozen yards left of them. The crunch of leaves, breaking of branches, or thumping against trucks let them know they were staggered but regrouping. Soon, the music and merriment became a distant, flickering drone. They all stopped, catching their breath at

the bank of a stream. Their reflections shimmered: moon above, on, and under the water. Crossing it was discussed but dismissed, and instead they used the scant tools they had to start a small fire at the edge of the stream among the roots and rocks.

Warm light filled them with ecstasy, as if they could never again feel cold or hot or anything but contentment. Each stared at the others in the shifting light, which confused their form as old, young, or someone else altogether. Tidal shadows cast across the flames convinced them each they could somehow communicate with the temporally transposed, flickering figures around them, consoling or inquiring, congratulating and encouraging that their lives would not be a long goodbye.

In their own ways, each articulated that though they knew there was a morning beyond the moon and an unlived life creeping behind the trees, this moment, this night, had made their lives worth living. Though they were born into the world unwilling, for this, they consented to it all. And they took no fear in the future, for they affirmed that they would meet again: either more mature or in a life yet unlived, which they would embrace as though it were one another, for they knew there was work to continue together with tear-swollen eyes—both pilgrims and pioneers to the same site…

A Man's Shame

By HUIWN

16 June 1621: A soldier sitting on a hill, talking to himself.

I

Winter King's bountiful harvest. Winter King they called him, Frederick of Bohemia, the King descendent. Fool collecting foolish deeds, yet at least he was no coward. He fled, yes, but to another battlefield, right now, raising another fool's army, begging his English friends for help. He will keep on fighting, he is no coward.

I am a coward.

I fled from battle, with such intent as to solely care for my own life, so that it may last longer. With fear steering my flesh and ruling my mind, my spirit drowning in primal instinct, I was oblivious to how meager life can become for one who sacrificed a chance for bravery. I ran far away from good God.

Twenty-seven noble sons and noble fathers, grandfathers from what I've heard, get the blade today. A big stage on the marketplace, with festivities reeking of gold. True, the victory has been consummated once those nobles lose their heads, once Prague settles to its new master. The judges returned to what they were at the beginning. Isaiah's vision.

I do wonder, had my comrades stayed to fight, could I have been brave? Curious thoughts. Had someone asked me, some nobody, if I considered myself special, I would have told them "no" in a heartbeat. Yet running away like everyone else, I still felt a great illusion within me relent. Some innocence, some persistent whisper in me turned silent.

Pikemen rip flesh, but what I have done is torn at my own heart, dropped my manhood in battle and fled. I want to cry, but a coward's tears are hardly

worth being shed.

Prague bleeds, arrogance. Atop lofty chairs they sat, small stakes they imagined, money thought safe deep in their pockets. Sacrifice too much burden for them, they would be fine anyways they thought. Do they still think so after all the punishments the emperor brought; do they still think so facing the Lord? Who knows? He knows.

And had I died atop the mountain, single man, single regiment behind him, stories about me, legends about me, pride in me, death in me, yet reality is silence, lonely. Not brave, no roaring pride in me except imagined cruel punishment, mechanism of my survival. What can be done, I could not do. What should be done, I cannot do. Can I become what should have been? Cast away all pride, become the blank flag of many colors, color of power, be what I could be, what I dream I could be? Go to the hopeful Fool, follow what I've fled from? To heaven? To hell? I do not think I can.

What good does it do? Green grass beneath my feet right now, no burden to me except myself. Why throw the breath of life away in a war lost, won, who knows? A fool's errand just to wade through blood and gore? A fool the king is but no coward.

I am the coward.

I fled, we fled from White Mountain, surrounded by armor, surrounded by faith, but we knew not how to fight. A thousand guns, a thousand pikes, an archangel's sword in our hands would not have cut a fly in half. What intent but flight remains? Jest of course, the coward's got a thousand reasons. I do, I really do.

Twenty years, twenty-one I thank my retreat for in a month's time. My Lord, were these years truly of you? I must wonder, when I prayed, when I thought of you, did I hold true faith in you? For when entry into your kingdom seemed immediate, I turned, I turned from you. Is fear my new master?

I must wonder, has a man the right to give his life wholly up for outside happiness, for earthly victory, for a moral cause, for someone else or himself? Lest I punish the mind more by becoming a liar, honesty ought to swiftly punish where slow rot creeps in and in, into the crevices of one dishonored by himself. Of course, what right has a man to live, if not to die? What right did I have not to bring the heroes of legend, tales of bravery, boasts and jokes, inspiration, an image of transcendence, image of

meaning, matter, importance, what right did I have not to bring it to life? Fear, cold sweat, instinct, all should be beneath the mind, at heel at any time, yet animal I am. Apparently.

Pity rips through hearts, sober thoughts slaughter the pitiful. What I have done is to pity myself. What sort of person indulges a coward? Images of stark, bleak mirrors gleaming dull emotion, little man with little heart, stark, remorse and pity, emotion: Disgust.

Prague sacked, without bloodshed. I was there when Frederick's great march into our city did the same; people's praise be damned it was a spectacle. Fountains of wine, beggars showered in coins, all is well with our new King, Winter King. The army saw none of it, going hungry, devouring villages to keep us happy.

Me too, devouring monster, devout warrior, devolved knight lapping up the lifeblood of the people but not spilling mine for their sake. That would have been a fair deal.

II

A priest's words rang true, had given a speech to us the day before the battle. True words made him think along their lines; real authority he had. A man who has no need to talk down. He simply need talk. After prayer, after dark, when the crowd began to fall apart to their various resting places, he had stopped and turned around again, crying out for us, hesitant he was. He had something else to say, nervous he was.

"A poor young man asked me the other day," the priest, his name escapes me, had said, "when will it be over? All this struggle, all this sin?"

"I looked into his young sparkling eyes and saw he was wholly struggling himself. I saw it was right.

"Is it not so, that whether you indulge your sloth and fight your ambition or whether you fight your sloth and follow your ambition, you still struggle on either path?

"Is not the man struggling to tame, bind, and mangle his wisdom to protect his stubborn pride fighting too?

"The man who meets his pride and gives it a proper place surely is.

"So, what is a man, what is a woman without struggle—what is left? No, my children, I am a child too, but I have come to understand the truth about

life: that the only choice which matters is what to struggle for, what to strive to.

“We all struggle, all life does, and all life seeks is struggle. Yes even mine and your own desire to overcome the struggles we may face, is just a path of desire. Desire leads to struggle.

“We strive to serve God; we struggle against sin and therefore we may only serve the Lord and ourselves by struggling and thanking him for our troubles. Amen.”

Through righteous struggle a man can become what he feels he should be, that is true, and if he does not shape himself, the world will do it for him.

The world has spat in my face then, and I have cowered, retreated, and pitied myself. What am I then turning into? An ugly man if I do not wipe off that shame, worse perhaps.

Sheer struggle is all; struggle kills, struggle changes, breathes, saves, screams, and kicks; struggle is alive, life itself. I am fighting not sin but with myself, inward downward onset on myself, pushed straight to hell by excuse and sorrow. Becoming is all then, never still, never not teeming; direction matters, my direction. I took a wrong path and discovered a way for my soul to be lost. Countless of these paths exist, surely, they do. Lucky I am, man who had opportunity and saw a glimpse of the true right path.

Becoming then is not over, and surely hardest to admit is that not all is over and never will be, hardest to admit that the fight against evil can never end, for the only true way to be of God is to fight sin, becoming something opposed to evil.

Morbid thought: Perhaps I too could join the many dead, declare myself a loyalist, yet they lacked the taste for blood, yet I lacked courage too for that.

A real heroic death is a diva; it requires much chasing, probably.

What I can become then, is unsure.

I am sure of what I should do now; I am sure I should be marching to fight evil, marching to join a fool. I shouldn’t, there is no strength in me, my heart is weak, my body trembles, but I march. Already now every step rocks my body, drops my heart as sweat pours out of me. Excitement and fear; forbearers of opportunity, perhaps some worthwhile fruit.

Shall I have to cower and denounce my name to get to where I want to, I shall with pride. Shall I have to fight my way there, I shall. I march with the intent to struggle, march knowing that it is the only thing for me now. If someone asks me why I fight, I'll tell them because it's the only thing to do.

I am marching to my death.

My chest swells.

Pride. Humble pride.

Unfair

By Joseph Marlowe

It's not fair. It really isn't. To raise someone their whole life with a set definition of equality and justice, only to turn around and twist the meaning. To add caveats and addendums that were never dreamed of before years ago. To take such a simple, basic idea and contort it into an unrecognizable opposite. That's not how any of this stuff should work, and it's not how any of these things ever did work. There is no stability or permanence here. Rhetoric designed as shifting sand will sink any intellectual foundation. This is not right, and I am having a hard time processing why I should even continue listening at this point. I try to explain these issues to people in my life, but they don't seem to care. It's like talking to a wall once certain topics are broached. They simply shut down.

I am not a Southerner. I have no fond memories of learning about General Robert E. Lee and his fight against Northern aggression. Nevertheless, on all accounts I have heard he was a good and honorable man. He did what was expected of him by his nation and his people. Whatever ahistorical standards are being justified to tear down his statue will simply be used to tear down many more. No great man that lived an impactful life a century or more ago can escape this twisted logic. The statues will fall one by one, either by the workings of small-minded bureaucrats or forceful, angry mobs. They will seek to rewrite history across the cities and towns of the country, tearing down statues, engravings, and monuments done in a classical art style, something beautiful that they could never create and something we have forgotten how to create. Are they jealous of the past and its aesthetics? Their motives make little difference at this point when they are repeatedly successful in their goals. Somebody at some point has to say *no* to this madness.

It wasn't fair to remove the General Lee statue, so I got in my car and drove. Half a day straight across a flat Midwest, down the river valleys of Ohio, through the winding mountains of West Virginia, and finally across the mountain gap into Old Dominion. It was getting dark near the last stretch of the drive. On the freeway I see a van pull over ahead of me. Out of the doors spill a cadre of young men in undercuts, inspecting the tires on the vehicle. They look like they are heading the same place I am.

At last, my long road trip is over, and I arrive late on a Friday night to a motel in Charlottesville. Nobody knows I came here, so I call my older brother to tell him, "I'm going to a street protest tomorrow. I'm staying in Charlottesville, Virginia. The city tried to cancel the protest, but the organizers got a judge to uphold the permit, so we should be good. Just in case I wanted to let you know that I'm here. It's all legal, so things shouldn't get hairy. I just wanted someone in the family to know I'm here in case I need to get bailed out." He sounded confused and slightly worried on the phone. In retrospect it was an odd call to get on a Friday evening after a long week of work. We have a legal first amendment right to protest though, and we have a permit from the city. Nevertheless, the uneasiness of my brother made me somewhat uneasy as well.

I see in the news that there was an unannounced protest on that Friday night. Streams of young men in white polos walk defiantly with blazing tiki torches in their hands. They march through the University of Virginia campus ending at the Thomas Jefferson statue. The visuals are compelling. When was the last time a protest of such emotional force like this happened in America? I am reassured and excited for tomorrow. It is sure to be a historic day, and I will get to see it firsthand. Speakers will rage against the obvious double standards in this country. Before the statue of the Marble Man, we will take a stand against the incessant aggression against our existence. I go to sleep with restless anticipation.

The organizers' instructions had two options for meeting up for the protest Saturday morning. We could park at a paid parking garage downtown or meet at McIntire Park farther away from downtown where organized transportation would bring us to the protest site. My frugality had me choose the latter option. I would not realize until later the gravity of that decision. I walked to the park in the brisk morning air from my motel. A

sense of excitement fills me as I wander through quiet residential neighborhoods to reach the meetup location.

I arrive at the park, and the gathering spot is obvious. Men are scattered about the parking lot in groups, in pairs, and as individuals who came by themselves like me. Some are younger, many are my age, and some are older. Everyone is waiting to see what the day holds. There is excited chatter about the events of last night and the usual suspects who are seething that such a protest was legal, let alone allowed to happen. People are going up to the speakers, taking pictures with them, and laughing. Everyone is in good cheer. Today is going to be great. We can all feel it.

I strike up conversation with a carpenter from Virginia. Where are you from, what brought you here, and what is your favorite podcast? Our pair becomes a trio as we begin to talk with another solo traveler, a trucker from Iowa who drove straight through the night. We exchange phone numbers with each other as a makeshift buddy system. We all have the feeling that today might get a little crazy, but we are happy we came.

The vans begin to arrive, but there are many people here that need to be transported. A group of guys take out a set of shields from one van. Who wants to stand with the shield wall? More people step forward than shields that are available. I hang back, and another bullet has been dodged. Vans are transporting groups to downtown now. Some of the men in charge of organization are talking about what is happening downtown. I observe from afar but cannot interpret their disheartened conversation. I am confused. Vans continue to arrive, but I hang back. Surely these other groups are more important. They can take the limited available seats for this round of transit. I mill about the parking lot as it continues to empty. Now there are few people left aside from those who are staying behind to watch the cars. There is an offer to join the car guard, but no one steps forward. We came here for the protest, and we don't want to miss the speeches downtown. Finally, another van pulls into the parking lot, and there are no excuses left. I pile in with the handful of remaining protesters. A middle-aged man is driving the van. I ask him about what brought him here. He's with a group from South Carolina. He believes in these speakers. They are going to lead us towards a better future, he tells me.

We drive through neighborhoods of houses and empty sidewalks like the ones I walked through this morning. Gradually, I can see an increase in the

density of the buildings as we approach downtown. There is a change in the plans, we find out during the ride. The original drop-off location is no longer accessible. They will bring us as close as they can, and then we will have to walk the rest of the way to Lee Park. We are now driving through neighborhoods that are not quiet. There is a growing number of people around on the sidewalks and streets. The van stops, and the doors open. This is the spot, the driver tells us, as we file out onto the sidewalk, slightly disorientated. Other vans had just dropped off another group. We can see them filing along the sidewalks ahead of us in a certain direction, but it's not just them. Everywhere there are people glaring at us, the few of us in our white polos walking on streets lined on either side with irritated faces. We double back at one point, because the person ahead of us says that the path is closed off. There is an angry girl with a punk haircut standing on the street corner holding a rifle with a sling, staring us down with a look of utter contempt, undoubtedly a counter-protester from some obscure group. I should feel nervous but can only gaze in wonder at these strange sights.

We turn around and walk another direction for a few blocks. A scornful pair of men in biker shorts are on the sidewalk with their bicycles, holding up their cellphones with grimaces on their faces. I pass historical buildings downtown adorned in plaques. I take in this odd scene before me, standing among these quaint, colonial houses as the observers glare at me and the other protesters. A surreal feeling of everything appearing movie-like washes over me. This only lasts briefly because there is a not-so-distant cacophony I cannot ignore. The air is pounding with the drums of war. Shouting, screaming, and cries can all be heard. Disapproving countenances jeer at all of us as we are made to walk through this gauntlet to reach the central square of the protest. As we draw closer to the rallying point, the insanity deepens. I see the protesters ahead of me filing towards Lee Park. The perimeter is surrounded with a human shield wall. The counter-protesters are no longer on the sidewalk but fill in the streets, leaving only a narrow path between us and the opening in the shield wall. Flags of both sides are being held high by protesters and counter-protesters alike. They wave in the wind above the masses of people. Chaos reigns, and our walk becomes a jog as we try to make it to the breach. As I draw closer, I see a counter-protester with a bike try to park it in front of our path. He passively stands there, pretending to not know what he is doing. Objects are flying

through the air. I see a police officer command the bicyclist to clear the way. This is the first time since I got out of the van that I even notice an officer of the law.

I rush through the gap in the shield wall and am now within the park. It is a fleeting moment of reprieve. I observe some people who were from the parking lot earlier also within our camp, but I don't see all of them. I survey my surroundings and notice barricade fencing going down the center of the park. On the other side, I see more protesters. We are penned in like animals, separated. Again, I should feel nervous, but all I can really think is what the hell is going on. The drumming and shouts from the crowds of counter-protesters continue. They are a horde surrounding us, and all we have for protection is a shield wall of brave men and some barricade fencing that was probably not placed here for our benefit. I see a protester on the grass screaming as he reaches toward his eyes. He was maced by an anarchist as he tried to enter through the shield wall gap.

I look in all directions and observe utter chaos, but I am not the only one. Overseeing the disorder were lines of police in riot gear, watching as the wild scenes played out before their eyes. They were standing there, waiting for something to happen other than this state-sanctioned anarchy. At this point it seems impossible that the speakers will be able to go on. Here I am, out-of state in a strange city, afflicted by a curious pandemonium. We are circled by a great swarm whipped into a moral panic. The mere fact that these speakers would question the ruling order of the country and point out the injustice we face is inadmissible. The emperor may have no clothes, but he certainly has his pride and his power. This isn't fair, and we cannot just stand here like ritual animals for the slaughter.

The protesters take action. Divided we fall, so we start rushing the fencing that separates our group. The sheer mass of our numbers makes quick work of the metal barricade, and we are now one as we cheer. The victory is short lived. The riot police have decided to do something other than stand there. A loudspeaker goes off with an authoritative message: "The governor has declared a state of emergency. All assemblies are unlawful. You must vacate Lee Park or face arrest." They repeat the message again and again and again. The riot police have entered the park, standing before the statue. They are set to clear to the park, and we are now crowded in another corner where the other side entered through the shield

wall. At this point I want one thing and that is to get the hell out of Charlottesville, Virginia. The rest of the protesters must have felt the same way as they crowded through the narrow gap. No one in the protest group seems interested in getting arrested by these riot police in the name of civil disobedience.

I am near the tail end of the mass that files out onto the street. Now it is back through the gauntlet. Again, I am face-to-face with visages of contempt. They stare at us angrily as they hold up their phones. They are ready to report us to the powerful for the sin of blasphemy. It seems easier out than in, and the counter-protesters on the sidewalks thin rapidly as we walk a few blocks away. Eager to escape the angry mobs, some protesters take up a light jog. I see at least one protester being pursued by a group of people, but he outruns them easily. Eventually we settle into the long walk back to McIntire Park. Now it is only us and the occasional townsfolk we pass who are trying to go about their normal Saturday.

I begin to relax a bit more, but it's hard to process everything that happened. Ahead of me in the pack is a protester being tended to by his friends. He too was maced, but the painful sensation has not subsided. It is still burning his eyes. We are now safely away from the downtown area and closer to the first park. Before us is a hill with a switchback path leading up it. I watch the tired protesters as they ascend the hill holding up their flags unfurling in the wind.

It is a sight that fills one with a brief feeling of victory, if only for a moment. We regroup at the summit and rest. Eventually we walk the final stretch back to where our day began. Worn and tired, the protesters wonder aloud to each other about what happened. There is frustration and anger in the air, but also relief.

I decide it is time for me to finally leave this group. I want to fade back into the hedges and be forgotten. I wander back to my motel through the same quiet neighborhoods, but it is a very different walk. I enter my room, exhausted. What even happened today? It's difficult to recollect the disorderly scenes playing across my mind. It turns out the day has not ended yet. The news continues to flood in like a torrent. A car drove through a crowd? Someone died? Long after the emergency order telling us to disperse from the park downtown, throngs of counter-protesters celebrated their victory in the streets. Despite the emergency order, they were

permitted to march with their banners. The state felt no threat from them. Protesters attempting to leave from the garage downtown were attacked by the mobs.

I fall asleep, so that I may nap and forget. I awaken and climb into the shower. I let the hot water wash away the dulled feeling of defeat. I lay down on the bed. What has happened now? A helicopter has crashed killing two state police. What did they die for? Commanded to monitor a gathering of disparate young men. Ordered to hover overhead as we try to retreat back to our lives. I want out of this godforsaken city. What is going to happen next? I receive a text from my older brother, "You marched with some really bad people today. You need to think about what you are doing." How can I explain what I saw? How can I begin to describe a reality malevolently hidden from the public lens? Who am I, but the idealist younger brother? Nobody will listen to me.

I drive back through the mountains, river valleys, and plains. Finally, I park my car and enter my home. My roommates do not ask where I was all weekend. I am relieved by their apathy. The TV plays out snarky, late night, talk show hosts delivering their approved narratives. I see upon the screen familiar places in their camera shots. My heart drops for a moment. Could I be in the background in one of these frames? The segment ends, and my secret trip is safe, but that is only my story. Many others did not escape unscathed. In the coming weeks protesters in the most prominent photos are identified. Students with little life experience are cast out of their colleges, young adults turned away by their families. Some cannot take it and succumb to suicide. The toadies of the state cruelly celebrate and laugh at their deaths. James Fields is held up as an enemy of the state. He is the poster child for angry, white boy terrorism, a young man from the Midwest who drove by himself to a far-off protest. How many crazy moments in my journey could things have gone horribly wrong, and I would have ended up as their hated effigy. He probably thought things were unfair, and unfortunately now he will experience the full extent of that statement.

How many of us were there? The men who did a pilgrimage to Lee Park for the sake of some speeches and camaraderie only to see first-hand the duplicitous nature of the system on full display. Allowing chaos and violence to rain down upon us only to then drag us through kangaroo courts for crimes of self-defense. A system that allows the lives of individual

protesters to be ruined and cut off from all resources. Smart young men who were not even given the chance to gain a foothold in life, shunned and cast aside for the egregious act of pointing out double standards in our society. Men who saw with their own eyes how far this corrupt system will go to annihilate the threat it perceives in our call for justice. How many of us were there in the Charlottesville generation that got sent through the meat grinder on that fateful day?

It's not fair, and I understand that now. It never was meant to be fair, and it never will be. Those are not your standards. You bind us by our own principles as a trap. You twist our words and definitions not because you believe in discerning a different truth, but because you want to weaken us. You will never cease, and I understand that now, but neither will we. We all understand that now. We know there can be no peace because you will never allow that. You think that in taking the boot off our necks, even for a moment, we might regain some strength in the brief respite. We are strong as we are starting to learn. When we are at our peak, history trembles with our excellence. Towering, grand architecture litters the continents like fossilized bones of the ancient beasts that walked the earth. Statues and paintings of grandiose visions forever leave their mark upon their medium. Symphonies of angelic choirs that first graced the earth only in the minds of a handful of gifted individuals. Beauty in order that makes man weep tears of joy. Greatness that can never be blotted out by the insignificant and impish likes of you. The arc bends in one direction as we realize in a growing crescendo that victory is the only inevitable outcome. This is why we fight.

Ghost Stories

By Casey McDonough

We were desperate. The city just got to be too much for us. After three years it felt like I was going absolutely crazy. All of our peers at that time seemed like they were living in this bubble, totally occupied mentally with their shows and taking pictures of themselves, all the while completely unaware of the levels of deterioration getting worse all around them with every day. Sometimes I wondered if I was just being too pessimistic. I know it got to Julia. She used to complain daily that I was too focused on the news or for any number of reasons was bringing her spirits down. She had her own struggles to work through.

When we moved to the city after college, everything just seemed so simple, and fun. We had so many friends all in one place. Everyone seemed to be moving into the next chapters of their lives. New jobs. New girlfriends and boyfriends. But in the last few months there we never saw any of those friends. We all tried to make light about how crazy it was to get out on the road, but the reality was that a simple trip a few miles away to catch up with a friend was more likely to turn in to an hour and a half phone call while you crawled in the traffic until you decided it was too late and returned home in time to wake up for work.

I would have almost preferred the apocalyptic scenarios we'd joked about were right around the corner. There was something worse about the droning of everyday life there. Everyone stuck inside. Everyone addicted to their phones. There were so many people living on top of each other and yet no one ever looked anyone in the eye. This wasn't even during the virus. When the government really came down on everyone because of the virus, Julia and I were at our breaking point. Which is funny, because we had been saying about every six weeks prior that "this is our new low." Something had to give somewhere.

The highways were hell on the way out. It was supposed to be four, maybe five hours to Vegas on the first night. We ended up on the road for twelve hours. There were no mushroom clouds in the rearview mirror. No riots yet. Just desperate people like us trying to find something better.

We'd never just quit anything before, but something finally snapped in us about a week before we left. The office job Julia had been set up to take after graduating with a communications degree had turned into a complete slaughterhouse for her soul. She always had insecurity problems, but after a few years working in this job she had lost all confidence in herself. No matter how softly I talked to her in bed or how hard she cried to herself in the mirror, she couldn't honestly look at herself and say that she'd have any great purpose. My job in production had just about broke me. Broke us, actually. Some of the worst nights, or rather, some of the nights that could have put our relationship on a brighter path forward ended up being some of the worst nights of my life, because I wasn't even there to give us a fighting chance. I was on some sound stage at three in the morning while she cried herself to sleep. We wanted to quit, but we were so scared at the prospect of having nowhere to go, no job, and still having to pay everything we had in living expenses.

Then we got a call from Julia's mom. Her grandmother had just passed away. She was going to be going through her house and wanted to know if Julia wanted anything for herself. Julia's grandmother lived in an incredibly old house in the middle of nowhere in South Carolina. She'd only been there a handful of times in her childhood and frankly only ever remembered how creeped out she used to be sleeping there as a kid. It had been in the family for hundreds of years supposedly. Julia hadn't talked to her mom for a while, let alone her grandmother, and decided after a couple years in college that she would never go back there. Not just the house, but the South in general. I myself was more apathetic to this. I grew up in a liberal suburb just outside of Boston, Massachusetts. We used to joke that they didn't even have paved roads past Delaware. Despite her inhibitions, I'd suggested to Julia that we stay there for a bit. We could help her parents clean out the place, and we wouldn't have to worry so much about our expenses. She agreed. In the hope of putting ourselves back together, we quit our jobs, packed everything we had and drove for four days to her grandmother's old property.

Julia didn't hug her mom when we arrived. She helped us carry a few things in, but after showing us around for a few minutes and pointing out the direction of the nearest grocery store, she went home. I didn't have much of a relationship with Julia's parents, and apparently she hadn't either since she'd gotten in a major blowout fight with them around the previous election. I didn't particularly care about politics, but it did frustrate me how they made Julia feel. That said, despite the family politics, and the local politics, here we were in this new place. For the first time in years we hadn't heard police sirens, gunshots, or homeless people arguing outside the bedroom window at night. Sure, every single board in the house creaked when you took a breath, but at least we finally felt like we could just shut out the world for a little while. We hoped maybe we'd find time to actually talk to each other again.

The first night we were so exhausted we both collapsed right to sleep, but after that the house actually made Julia pretty uncomfortable. She had a lot of trouble sleeping, so many nights I'd stay up to talk to her until she'd get tired. Partially from the anxiety she dealt with, but also because of the house itself. It was very old. Hardly anything cosmetic had been updated since the 1960's, and apparently anything structurally hadn't been updated since the 1860's.

Julia recalled nights where she swore she'd heard scratching in the walls or faces in the wood grain on the ceiling above her bed. She would tell me memories that she'd forgotten about until they all started flowing back to her one by one. Admittedly I'd always assumed her grandmother was some old-South, racist Klan daughter by the way she'd describe her family and hometown, but actually the more Julia thought about her, the more she realized all she really remembered was how quiet she was growing up. She'd always wondered why her grandmother never left that house—apparently right up until the end. They mostly used to come visit in the summer when Julia was a little kid so they could swim in the lake nearby.

She told me about one night from when she was about nine years old. She was walking back from the lake after it started to get dark, and she saw a shadow of a man standing in the living room. The front face of the house had this very large window that looked right into the sitting area with an old brick fireplace. This shadow man, she said, was standing with his back to the fire watching her come up the hill to the house. She asked her parents

who it was when she got inside, but her parents didn't care and had no answer. She checked the living room, and naturally there would be no fire to speak of. That happened a few times, she told me. I could tell the story actually gave Julia goosebumps, so I rubbed her shoulders like we were just watching a scary movie and told her maybe the shadow man could come help us organize the mountains of stuff packed into this house. I had never really believed in ghost stories.

After a few days of getting settled, we started really digging in to her grandmother's things. For the most part we were just coming up with old clothes that had been pretty well eaten up by moths and mice. Julia found an old flapper dress she'd seen in a photo once of her great grandmother and an opal ring that belonged to her grandmother. I could tell when she put it on that she lamented the fact that I hadn't gotten her a ring yet. It's not that I don't want to or that I wasn't thinking about it, I just hadn't felt right for so long. We'd been so stressed feeling like our lives were in perpetual transition from job, to job, to job. To be honest, while we were in the city, she'd cry nightly about her career, and I suppose that left me to think that she'd have to figure that out before we really thought about marriage. Whether she realized it or not, despite the creaky floorboards and musty air, she hadn't mentioned her career once since we stepped into that house.

That afternoon while Julia worked on cleaning the kitchen, I worked my way into the study. I wasn't much of a reader, but the room was wall to wall with old books, and I always thought the smell was nostalgic. I started pulling books from the shelf at random and flipping through what I found. The collection was mostly reference books, some old novels, even a classic copy of *Bambi* that was probably worth some money. There were a lot of books on the First American Civil War. Not just history books, but books published well before the war. It was funny to me seeing publications calling for support against the "looming Federal overreach" or later referring to the war as that of "Northern aggression." One actually made me chuckle, because it refused to refer to Abraham Lincoln as anything but "the gentleman from Illinois."

I had never thought twice about that period of history, or history of any time really, but standing in the calm of that study did make me stop for probably the first time in my life and consider that there were real people, some of which lived in this very house, who had to experience that terrible

time first hand, and it was not all that long ago. Had it not been a war to protect something as horrific as the institution of slavery, I might feel more empathetic, I thought to myself.

Next to a desk I saw an old chest with a big lock on it. I knelt down to see if it was open. There was no key, but the leather hinges were barely hanging on. I was able to gently lift open the chest and was immediately met with a gust of stale air that had been sitting in there for God knows how many years. I sifted through some miscellaneous papers and journals. I could hardly read the handwriting, but I could tell they were very, very old. Under a shelf I found an old grey uniform. It was torn in a few places but was carefully folded and wrapped in paper. I wondered who wore it and asked myself if this uniform had seen the war I'd just been pondering.

Hidden under the uniform I saw something else separately wrapped in paper. It was something red and was partially sticking out of the wrapping. I placed the uniform aside to see what it was underneath, and admittedly my hand trembled as I recognized what it was. It was an old Confederate flag. It was filled with holes, but I unfurled it enough to see it was still in one piece. The colors were bold and threatening, I suppose because it had been kept away from the sun for probably 150 years. It occurred to me that whoever wore that uniform probably carried this flag all those years ago. Now I was getting goosebumps. I just couldn't imagine why someone would give their lives to something like this, let alone hold on to it all these years later.

As I stood there holding it, Julia came into the room and immediately gasped. She quickly got uncomfortable, and I put it all back in the chest as I could see she was visibly upset seeing it all. It was a bizarre feeling. On the one hand, the house was beautiful. It needed a lot of work, but it was a beautiful house, and the days we had spent there gave us a chance to catch our breath and connect again. Actually, it felt more like we were connecting for the first time. The backyard led into about six acres through which we had been enjoying afternoon walks, and the whole estate started to bring this calming sensation that I didn't know if we had ever felt since graduating college. But on the other hand, there was this permeating feeling of tension, like we couldn't get too comfortable because of the history on the grounds, or maybe the area in general. I couldn't explain it other than describing it as this disconnect between the two.

Lying in bed that night, Julia again was having a hard time wrestling with her anxiety and struggling to find the peace of mind to sleep. After a long moment of silence, she uttered in the most heartbreaking voice, “Do you love me?” As hard as it was to hear, I knew in my heart that I couldn’t hardly blame her for asking.

We had just before been attempting to broach the subject of where we would go after we were done at her grandmother’s house. We obviously weren’t going to stay here, I thought to myself, but the city we’d come from —actually the life we had just put all our energy into physically running away from—seemed like an absolute hell just waiting for us. That said, all I knew was my job in production back in the city. All of my contacts, all of my prospects. I couldn’t even think about buying a ring and proposing to Julia without anything lined up.

Meanwhile, Julia had been openly admitting to me for months that she doesn’t feel right about anything, that she’s struggling to know what her purpose is, and that she wonders what the point of everything is. As hard as it was to hear, it was not surprising to realize she’s lost in our life together too. It was all so stressful. The constant weight of the stress that had become our day-to-day life was sickening. What was the point of going back?

The master bedroom we were sleeping in had some beautiful old kerosene lanterns, and I had lit them earlier in the night in a vain attempt to make Julia feel romanced. As she started to doze off to sleep, I stared at the flame distracting myself. I thought about the guy who wore the grey uniform in the study.

I don’t remember falling asleep that night, but I woke up instantly to a thunderous clap in the distance. The kerosene lantern had burnt all the way through its wick. I looked outside through the window expecting to see a storm, but there was no rain, hardly any wind either. The air actually felt eerily still. From downstairs I heard the faint sounds of whispering and shoes shuffling across the floorboards. I then got a terrible sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. I asked myself if someone had broken in, and for a moment was trying to figure a way to fight back against an intruder. I wasn’t sure if I was really hearing it, and when I carefully got up from bed I heard another thunderous clap in the distance. It sounded like the fourth of July, but heavier and more violent. From downstairs, I heard a whimper. It

sounded like there were a few people in the study. I slowly opened the bedroom door, trying my best to keep the iron hinges from screeching too loudly. The closer I got, I could hear clear as ever two voices coming from the study, both female. I couldn't understand them clearly, but one sounded like it was coming from a child and the other from an adult. They both sounded upset. I snuck down the stairs to get a better view into the study. The most reasonable explanation I could come up with was that some of Julia's family must have let themselves in and were upset about their late grandmother. I got to the bottom of the stairs with just enough room to peek into the study. The whole house was dark. Not a single light was turned on, but as I focused my eyes I began to make out a faint shadow of a little girl standing by the doorway of the study. I couldn't be sure at first, but after I rubbed my eyes all of a sudden the image of this little girl standing in front of me suddenly became clear. I froze in that instance. For a second I couldn't tell if she was looking right at me. I remained completely still until just to my right I heard the sound of heavy footsteps walking down the hallway towards the study. I fell backwards on the steps as a tall figure slumped right past me. The girl disappeared as the tall figure pushed the door of the study right open and walked inside. I couldn't believe my eyes, as I knew the figure wasn't really clear, but the sound of the door opening was loud as if Julia or I had opened it. These apparitions apparently had no interest in me, and so I picked myself off the staircase and slowly peered my head through the doorway into the study.

As I did I began to make out again the faint silhouette of a small girl, and what looked like her mother in the corner of the room. In the faint light I could see the books on the shelf behind them, or rather through them, but there was still just enough going on there to make out their clothes and faces. They looked scared. Just then there was another crack in the distance, but this time much louder. The mother and daughter held each other, while the tall one stood in the center of the room, looking in my direction but focused straight past me and on to the explosions that seemed to be getting closer every time. This spirit wasn't that much taller than me, he actually didn't look that much older either. I couldn't believe it, but he was wearing the exact uniform I had discovered in the chest minus the notable rips and tears I observed earlier that day. Now from outside I could hear voices. They sounded like intelligible shouts of a large group of men. The girl

whimpered again, I could faintly make out the sound of her saying, “Don’t go.” The man knelt down to open the chest, and removed the flag I had also discovered. He turned to the little girl, and wrapped the little girl in it, like you would with a child’s blanket, and gave her a kiss on the head. He then wrapped his arms around the both of them, and squeezed for a moment before getting up and walking right past me to the front door. From the hat rack I saw him pull a grey cap, and pick up a musket that I hadn’t noticed was leaning up against the wall. The spirit turned back to look at the other two, and then directly at me. I couldn't do anything but stare right back. There was not intimidation, animosity, I didn’t even feel afraid at what I was seeing anymore. For a moment it was like we were just two men standing there, acknowledging each other. After a moment he turned away, picked up his rifle and left. As the door shut a loud crack of lightning lit up the room. It was so bright it blinded me for a second, and the thunder that followed shook the entire house.

When I opened my eyes the spirits were gone. I stepped in to the study and waved my arms around to be sure, but sure enough it was just me standing there. I could hear rain starting to patter against the windows. I shook my head, wondering if what I had just experienced was a dream. I heard Julia call my name from upstairs. I may have been sleeping, yet there I was standing in the study. Maybe I was sleepwalking, and apparitions had been in a dream. I went back up to Julia, and again do not remember when I fell asleep. I sat up in bed for at least another hour unable to shake the image of that man in the doorway staring at me, or comforting the girl with that flag. It was very odd to admit to myself that in that moment it had only just occurred to me that despite the uniform, or the flag that the man who wore that uniform was in fact, a man. Understand that at first I was unable to reconcile the image of this symbol that I had grown up to feel repulsed by bringing so much comfort to a little girl and her mother, but the more I thought about it, the more I heard the ringing of the distant explosions in my ear, the more I realized that this was their home, and the cannon blasts were getting closer and closer each time. Then there was the moment the spirit looked right at me, and I at him. In that moment, I saw no hate. In that doorway, there were no politics. There was no debate. There was only an army on its way to this man, his family, and his front yard. Looking in the

spirit's eyes I saw someone with purpose. He didn't say a word to me but I knew his purpose was this home, and the people in it.

I wish I could say everything from there happened over night, but I can't. The struggles life brings just don't seem to work like that no matter how hard you want them to, but I can say that something was different that morning. Something had clicked inside me. Julia and I took a longer walk than normal through the back acreage after we woke up. We had a long talk, and without having to tell Julia about my dream I could tell something had changed within her too. By the time we got back to the house we'd decided we weren't going back to the city. Despite the uncertainty of the way forward, we knew the way we came didn't feel right anymore. I promised Julia that the days of me being gone for thirteen hours at a time on some stage were behind us. I was so tired of never being around and not even having a chance to give our relationship the attention it needed. She admitted she didn't know where else to go or what to do. All she had known was college, getting a degree, and finding an office job in the city, but she couldn't ignore any longer that that race was driving her into the ground. I held her hand as we walked through the garden in the back behind the house. Evidently it had rained last night, and the flowers were in full bloom. When I stopped to embrace her with a kiss, it felt like I was kissing her for the first time. I could feel us again filled with hope and optimism for what the future would bring. We hadn't felt that for quite a while. I proposed to her only a couple months after that.

We told her parents we'd stay in the house for at least a year, all the while sifting through the family valuables, selling some but preserving the most precious family items, and fixing the place up as they were hoping to sell it quickly. After the agreed twelve months Julia and I had decided we'd saved up enough and offered to buy the house for ourselves. We had grown attached to the small town we were in, and the living expenses were a fraction of what we had been used to paying for years in the city. I found a job with a local general contractor, and Julia had taken time to herself for the first time in her life. She worked part time at a local flower shop for a little while, but soon had her hands full when we had William, followed by Henry a year later. Around the time Ivy was born things in the rest of the country really started to get bad. We did what we had to. For a time we had to rely heavily on those kerosene lanterns.

I thought about the spirit every so often ever since that night. One day going through the study again I found an old tintype of a young Confederate soldier from the first Civil War. After some digging through family archives we recognized him as Julia's four-times great grandfather.

Like I mentioned, it didn't happen overnight, but I've had a long time to think about it now, and that night I started to realize what it meant to fight, or to live. That morning was the first step in a long walk towards trying to live a real life, one where you have something worth fighting for. Think about that when you can, and don't forget it, no matter what people say about you or how they tell you to live your life. If you do that, if you can stay humble, and maybe be a little lucky sometimes then it's my hope you'll find yourself one day like me surrounded by family of your own. I love you all, very much, and so did your grandmother.

Elliot H. Rockwell, age 89, passed away peacefully on Tuesday, October 16th 2084 at Beaufort Memorial Hospital. The above testimony was recorded the night before he passed in bed by the side of his four children, William, Henry, Ivy and Madeline as well as his seven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

The Circle of Seven

By Eric Morgan

Hidden from the beaten path through Baddengorm Wood, in the Highlands of Scotland, stand seven trees. Very old trees. In a circle they stand. Six towering, weather beaten, but dignified Scots Pines. Reaching up towards the sky their evergreen pines tinge the air with the smell of Christmas morning. Thick are their trunks and deep are their roots. Remnants of a dry stone wall can be seen dividing the seventh tree from the six. And, it is this tree which stands out from the rest. The seventh tree is a grey and rotten, but not quite dying, Birch tree. No leaves grow and its trunk split as if it has been struck by Dyas Pater, the Almighty Sky Father himself. Its branches are warped and ill but yet it clings to life. A long forgotten name was once used for these trees: The Circle of Seven.

Our story starts in an age before our own, a time when the ancient Picts of Scotland roamed the lands. Pictland was once divided into seven kingdoms. These seven kingdoms were each governed by a throne. A royal lineage descended from the first seven kings, who were brothers. The kings traced their lineage back to the very ancient gods they worshipped. Each king was said to possess a gift from the gods as confirmation of their divine right to rule. Early in the days of the Pics, as the kings were drawing their borders a quarrel broke out which was to be named “The Divide.” This tale however is for another day. The outcome was nigh destruction of the lands as the kings fought for six days without rest; the sky burned red above them and the highlands were scorched black. This is the long forgotten reason that the slopes of the Eastern Cairngorms remain treeless to this very day. Rivers boiled and rain fell hot as if from a furnace. Thousands perished from the fires from above. When nothing had been solved on the sixth eve, they rested exhausted. Their quarrel was fruitless and only served to destroy the people and their lands. The eldest King, Grodioth the Ever Knowing,

proposed a blood bond, to never let their quarrels bring harm to the lands, beasts, and people again. They had been sent to govern, not to destroy. The Scroll of Migstrath was thus signed. By blood oath the kings swore that they, and their descendants would uphold a holy union to ensure peace in the lands. With each gift their blood carried they were to ensure peace and prosperity for their peoples. Once a year the kings agreed to meet at the location where the oath was taken and work to ensure a peaceful existence. The place where the bond was made is now where Baddengorm Wood stands. In the tongues of old it means, "Wood under the Brazen Sky after the Battle of the Kings."

And so, a thousand years of peace were fostered in the lands of the Pics. An annual gathering headed by the descendants of Gloidoth the Ever Knowing was held. And all was well.

It was not until The Unrest that things began to change. Siliad, descendant from Meigle the Necromancer, had a soul that could not be satisfied. His inherited gift allowed him to speak to the dead, which in times of old had been used to nurture the souls of his people when in grief. His lands became difficult to till and his people grew weak. He developed a sick jealousy at the prosperity of the other kingdoms. It slowly poisoned his soul.

Siliad began seeking knowledge of an old legend, The Liquid of Breven, which promised life everlasting and a unification of the gifts of all Seven Kings. This, Siliad believed, would allow him to rule all Pictland. He spent many days locked in silence as he tried to conjure the darkest spirits, until at long last he succeeded. The room was suddenly illuminated by a single, bright candle. A robed man with long, white hair appeared in the corner of the dimly lit room. He had no pupils; his eyes were are white as his lifeless white hair.

"I have that which you seek," he whispered.

"Who are you?" Siliad asked.

"I have many names, but you may call me Bállein."

"I can give you the keys to the Liquid of Breven but not without something in return," said Bállein.

"What do you require," stumbled Siliad.

"I must have the souls of all Seven Kings. Including yours." Bállein spoke softly and rhythmically; it was calming yet somewhat curious. "You

must deliver the six souls to me and swear a bond that shall you ever be struck down, your soul will belong to me also."

Siliad, salivating at the thought of ultimate power, gave no further thought of the consequences. He should never die if he had the gifts of the other Kings. Or so he thought.

"It shall be done!" Siliad exclaimed. With that, Bállein disappeared into the darkness whence he came.

And so came the annual gathering of the Kings at the encampment of Baddengorm Wood, as was tradition.

There gathered Uradech of the land of Cait, Nechtan of the land of Circinn, Talorc of the land of Fib, Drest of the Northern Kingdom of Fidach, Gartnait of Fotla, Siliad of Fortriu, and the Great King of the Eastern Cé, Domnall II.

Domnall II was of the line demented from Gloidioth the Ever Knowing. His wisdom and prowess gave his people the intellect to fend for themselves through the harsh coastal winters. A King who had fended off foreign invasion beyond the horizon. He wielded the Dumer-Blade alongside his loyal men and slew many an invader. Always showing mercy to those who surrendered, he commanded respect from all of Pictland.

The Kings gathered around the great fire on the eve of the gathering. "Hear me," Domnall commanded. And, all fell silent.

"Hear me, brothers. The one thousandth year of peace is upon us. May we drink and feast this eve. Tomorrow we shall commence the gathering of the Seven Kings to ensure continued peace in our lands."

Food and ale were served all round with nothing but joy between the kings and their kinsman.

Siliad only had to ensure that none of the Kings would wake to see the morrow. He had gathered twenty of his most loyal priests and swordsman for this very night. He ensured that the Kings drank into the early hours before taking his first steps. His men hid around the encampment. When the Kings retired to their tents or slumbered due to all the ale, his men would pull them into the ferns and they were slaughtered in cold blood one by one. Siliad did naught but raise his glass. The swine ensured his men did the hard work.

Leaving Domnall for last as he needed all of his might to strike down such a man, Siliad stalked the King to his tent when all had fallen asleep or

been slain. The sight of five men lurking in the brush caused Domnall to draw his sword. A fray broke out but none would stand against the Dumer-Blade which radiated a dark red when wielded with such anger. He slew them with ease. He turned to witness Siliad behind him with a sword drawn.

"My brother, what are you doing?" Domnall asked.

"I am taking what is mine, oh great Domnall. I will unite the gifts of the Seven Kings and rule these lands for a thousand years. I am promised the Liquid of Breven if I but deliver your soul."

"Curse you and your kin, Siliad. The Liquid of Breven is but a myth from below to drive the weakest of us to hate. Do you not see it can never be?" Domnall reasoned.

"You're lying, oh wise King of Cé, and now meet your end," Siliad engaged Domnall. He drew his burning sword and met Siliad. A weak swordsman, Siliad was struck on his wrist. As the great king's attention was fixed on Siliad, a band of Siliad's men raised from both sides and slew Domnall from the rear. The Dumer-Blade's glow faded as it hit the blood-soaked soil.

Siliad looked at the wound; blood flowed with such a speed from his veins. If he could claim the Liquid of Breven now he would be saved.

Bállein appeared to him out of the darkness. The air turned cold and Siliad's men fled at the sight of Bállein appearing with a red glow in his eyes.

"Well, Siliad, you have delivered me what you have promised," he whispered.

"Just give me the Liquid of Breven and I can be saved. It is mine, give to me what is mine," Siliad shirked, fear welling in his eyes.

"But that is a mortal wound you have been stricken with. None may recover from a wound from the Dumer-Blade, especially one that has struck you so deep." Bállein smiled. "Sleep now, you are to journey with me…"

Fear took Siliad to death.

The next morning, the kinsman of Siliad returned to the encampment only to find seven young trees in place of where each king was to lay his head to sleep.

Bállein is said to have been granted what he wished for, which was the soul of Siliad alone. What happened to the lost kings' souls is not for us to know.

With a strike of the Dumer-Blade and the drawing of blood from Siliad, Domnall ensured the survival of the Picts.

The heirs of each king took throne and upheld the traditions of the land, and all was well.

The trees have since grown and grown, proud icons of the landscape, save the withered Birch, dying but not yet dead. Siliad the soulless, watched forever by the kings he slew in the dark of night. And, directly opposite him Domnall. The Dumer-Blade is said to have been buried at the foot of his tree. None have dared dig to find out, fearing the wrath of the burning red blade.

Now, if you walk along the Deers Low Pass in Baddengorm Wood and stumble on a circle of seven trees, be still, sit, and listen. You may hear the whispers from the trees telling you this very tale. Remember to lay a flower for Domnall, who ensured a thousand years of peace for lands on which you now stand.

Our Lady of Mercy

By Nathaniel Nelson

"It's all your fault."

It didn't really matter what had actually happened. It didn't even matter whether the onus of guilt legitimately fell upon Robert Anderson's shoulders. He ran through the streets, cursing the unfortunate turn of events to which he had born witness. Did it matter that he had done everything in his power to prevent the unfortunate end of the poor soul who expired? Would they bear that in mind when they tried him?

Not one bit. What mattered now was that he was a wanted man, and he would be found guilty of manslaughter. He would be hunted to the ends of the earth for failing to rescue someone from the brink of death. The rain came down in sheets on that cool November eve, obscuring his vision. The black pavement was slick beneath his feet, each step threatening to throw him to the ground, but still, without destination, he ran.

The details of the accident were fresh in his mind, projected in vivid detail against the back of his eyes. During the height of rush hour, a vehicle had swerved from the highway and collided into a towering oak tree, crushing the engine compartment of the car like a metallic accordion. The ambulance had arrived on scene a few minutes after receiving a tip from an anonymous passerby. The paramedics set to work, prying open the car door to reach the unconscious occupant. A nonwhite male, middle aged, was pinned to the back of the driver seat by a length of metal through his belly. They cut the length of steel close to the victim's body, placed him on a stretcher, and rushed him to the back of the ambulance. With the man's vital signs dangerously low, they administered oxygen and a drip of saline in a desperate bid to save the rapidly fading man's life. Upon arrival at Our Lady of Mercy, however, their passenger had been clinically dead for

almost a whole minute despite their efforts to resuscitate him. His lungs drew no breath and his heart did not beat when the ER took the patient in.

Robert wasn't going to stick around to find out whether the man had miraculously survived or not. He knew the laws surrounding his profession as well as the rest of the crew. With failure came accusations, and accusations brought tribunals, and tribunals always heralded legal action. Robert wasn't ready to find himself on the receiving end of the Equity in Medical Services Act. As the paramedic in charge of his unit and present at time of death, the responsibility fell upon his shoulders for the victim's passing.

Despite his best attempts to stay abreast of the increasing demand for social equity, Robert would always fall short. At first, he found it silly that someone would accuse him of intentionally committing medical malpractice because he was white and they were not, but after watching a long procession of his former colleagues sued into oblivion and jailed under the EMS Act, he realized he was condemned. An oppressor. A devil. An enemy, a scourge, or a cancer to be removed. By his failing, whether intentional or accidental, if a life was lost, an investigation would be opened, and someone would pay the price. The hospital administration would get the police involved and consider pressing charges even if the grieving family did not. The state would always press charges, regardless of the circumstances. He recounted the gradual disappearances of his former coworkers one by one, lost to the churning grinder of the judicial system and endless prison sentences, all in the name of rectifying historical injustice. Adam Kirby, Claude Blanchard, Frank Nelson, "Smiling" Jack Smith, each one being led off the hospital campus in cuffs.

He never even wanted this stupid promotion, but he desperately needed the money. The financial burden of reconciliation taxes were impeding his ability to provide for his own children, and his wife had threatened to leave him numerous times if he didn't find some way to show initiative and take care of their financial situation. After trying and failing to save an overdosing heroin addict, Smiling Jack Smith disappeared down the legal rabbit hole, and Robert saw his chance. He stepped up to fill the vacancy. It was a desperate and losing gamble—he could feed and provide for his family if he could just keep everyone who fell into his hands alive. All his best efforts were for naught, however, when somebody died tonight.

As the cool night air rushed against his frame, Robert burned inside. How could he be so stupid? If he had just tried harder, that man wouldn't have died tonight, and Robert wouldn't have to know the sting of punishment and prison. Maybe what they said about guys like him was true, that he really was evil incarnate, bent to do harm on peaceful, kind people and in an act of malice that was camouflaged even to himself, he allowed that man to die tonight. What possessed him to even take this devil's bargain? Surely it would have been better to live in poverty and destitution than to become a meaningless sacrifice on the altar of a one-sided moral imperative. If only he had been brave enough to stand up in some bygone age when he wasn't forced to bend the knee, then maybe it never would have come to this.

"It's all your fault."

He had seen the telltale signs of his current plight growing for years: hushed murmurs from friends and family of the gradual changes made to their lives, sanctimoniously passed by HR representatives in sterile, climate controlled offices overlooking the thronging factory floor peasants that paid their salaries. A visa quota here, a company policy to speak a foreign language there, and obsolescence and unemployment soon followed for many. Robert's skills, however, mostly insulated him from the misfortunes of other men, and while his heart broke as he passed them by in the streets, he never dared to advocate for them. Even as their replacements spat on them in the streets, calling them lazy, useless, and entitled, he bit his tongue. The nail that stood up would be hammered down. It didn't affect him directly, and he didn't want to be called racist. Just that accusation alone could have cost him his job. He bit the bullet and went to the diversity workshops and inclusion seminars. Daily, he poured out his apologies for his whiteness to every middle management goon he could find, but it all evaporated, just like his prospects of a meaningful future. There was blood in the waters, and the sharks moved in for the kill, demanding greater acts of subservience and sacrifice from the general population every day.

His job was finished now. For all intents and purposes, he counted his life alongside his employment. He couldn't go home. Our Lady of Mercy surely realized he had disappeared, and the police would be out looking for him. He wanted to run forever. If, somehow, he could just run far enough, he might find an untainted promised land, populated with warm and

friendly faces that would take him in and assuage the guilt and fear that gnawed on his bones. He had pushed his body to its physical limits, however, and slowed to a stop, doubled over and gasping for air. The panic cleared as he caught his breath.

Robert lifted his head and took in his surroundings for the first time since he quietly turned tail and fled from Our Lady of Mercy. This part of town was unfamiliar. Boarded up windows lined the streets, covered in vulgar drawings and unintelligible graffiti, punctuated by the occasional intact storefront. Inside, the warm orange glow of incandescent lights flooded over shelves of merchandise and out onto the dark, wet street. Robert hugged the wall as he crept along the avenue. He gave pause at a row of TVs in a store display as they read off the evening headlines. A report regarding a wanted fugitive was being aired. Foul play was suspected at the local hospital following the death of a car crash victim, and a reward was being offered for information that would lead to an arrest. A face all too familiar to Robert shimmered on the silvery screens, showing a man who, up until a couple hours ago, was still alive. Robert bowed his head and tucked into an alleyway, finding refuge beneath an awning. He buried his face in his hands, and his breath grew ragged as he fought to hold back his tears, lest they got lost forever in the rain that was streaked across his face.

"Hey, mister, you got a buck?"

One would be hard pressed to find a voice as coarse as the one that rang out in the darkness of that alley. A rasping and throaty tenor, it spoke to the beleaguered nature of its owner. Upon lifting his head, Robert beheld an older man at the edge of the awning that provided his shelter. Unruly gray scruff ran wild in patches across his face, obscuring heavy lines seemingly etched into a permanent grimace. Two bright blue eyes of a peculiar intensity studied the forlorn paramedic from beneath a dilapidated hat. He did everything he could to avoid that peculiar gaze that seemed to stare through him.

"I'm afraid I can't spare anything right now." Despite the turmoil that ate at him, he spoke with the cool and composed poker face of an EMT to the wife of a drowning victim.

"Hmm...that's fine. Do you mind if I join you for a bit? I need to get out of the rain."

"Be my guest."

Robert's visitor sidled underneath the awning and grabbed a seat beside him. He rummaged through his pockets, producing a crushed box of cigarettes and a lighter. He popped one into his mouth before offering one to his host. Robert would enjoy the occasional smoke to celebrate a special occasion, but tonight, he partook in hopes the nicotine might soothe his nerves.

"Paramedic, huh?"

"Paramedic."

"That's a tough line of work. I don't even want to know what you've seen. What's a guy like you doing out here in uniform hiding from the rain?"

"I don't want to talk about it."

The old man ran his fingers through his graying beard as he puffed on his smoke. At great length, he pulled the cigarette from his lip and flicked it into a nearby puddle with an audible hiss.

"I saw you turn into this alleyway after watching the TVs in the shop window. You probably didn't notice me. Some days it feels like I'm invisible out here." Robert met him with stony silence while his fears surged. Did this man report him? Were the police on their way to arrest him?

"It's not hard to put it all together....You, out here in this rain, dressed like you are, hiding back here like a coward after seeing that report."

"What do you want from me? Did you call the cops?"

"No....You didn't watch the rest of the report. Before you decided to throw away your life completely, I came here to let you know that the police aren't looking for you. One of the ER surgeons apparently failed to report in, and it cost the patient his life. He's on the hook, not you."

The stranger stood up to leave.

"I know times are hard. The whole world seems as if it's arrayed against you, and you are undeniably correct. However, in the face of adversity, it doesn't benefit a single soul for you to run. If they wanted to arrest and convict you, your punishment would just be worse. The hospital is probably wondering where you are right now, leaving your men leaderless and compromising your job. God forbid I didn't come here to intercede in your foolish course of action. What of your family at home when they find out their father ran away and never came back because he got spooked? Tell

me, where could you go anyways where the world would leave you alone? For all your selfishness, you've accomplished nothing." The stranger fished out a wallet and began to dig through its contents. "When you go back to your life and you see the powers of this world lining up to destroy another innocent soul, whether it's yours or not, don't you dare capitulate. All that matters, for better or worse, is that in the face of adversity, you stand."

The stranger threw a card at Robert's feet and walked out of the alley, leaving him alone beneath the rain-soaked awning. Robert reached down, picked up the card at his feet, and turned it over in his hands. Beneath the caduceus was a photograph of Robert's old supervisor, Jack Smith, from Our Lady of Mercy.

Harriet Bergeron

By Romanized Visigoth

In homage to "Harrison Bergeron" by the late Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

The year was 2066, and humanity was finally diverse. Not the false diversity of ages past, nations clinging to patches of earth, a source of endless conflict. Not even the multiethnic countries, regions, or towns of the Early Diverse Period. This had been tried and found wanting. Very soon now, humanity would have complete diversity down to the individual level. Neodiversity, it was called. This triumph of progress was no mean feat, requiring unprecedented ingenuity and action by the United Nations Commission on Diversity and Inclusion. It was finally worked out with Directive 9, a global diversity breeding policy. After that, it was only a matter of time and enforcement.

George Bergeron stepped out into a clammy April afternoon that seemed hesitant about spring. Around him sprawled architecture with details from around the globe, familiar forms turned so original that they felt like an afterthought. Customary scents wafted up from food trucks: cassava fufu ramen, falafel sushi, curry poutine. As he walked, music too met him and receded: sitar and saxophone, powwow and prog rock. Fusion architecture, food, and music. And, best of all, the people! The faces of the city; the faces of the world. Shades of beige and brown in the eyes, the hair, and skin. The palette of humanity. It could be Morocco, it could be Paris, it could be Tokyo or Chicago or Viti Levu. Seeing the beautiful diversity before him, George wiped away a tear.

The centerpiece of Directive 9, the breeding policy, works like this: A scheduled algorithm maximizes genetic diversity in each generation, granting reproductive permits for breeding with compatible partners. Compatibility was determined first through high levels of DNA sequence mismatch, denoting racial distance, and is tweaked every generation

towards the end goal of equal representation of all previous ethnic DNA clusters within each person. Dating and marriage were immediately affected, but within a short time most people chose the convenient reproductive clinics. *In vitro* fertilization became the norm. Parenting was likewise simplified, through universal public childcare. The whole business didn't have to burden one's social or work life. Some still did it the old-fashioned way, eccentrics who, it was whispered, were sometimes found with cultural contraband. Even they would obtain a license, however, as unlicensed breeding held a capital punishment.

George was just such an eccentric, or, rather, his wife Harriet was. She had insisted on marriage and on taking his surname, both long out of fashion. She had a physical book collection that, while not illegal, raised many a suspicious eyebrow. She even wanted to have children the old-fashioned way. As far as George knew, peculiarities such as these were unique to Harriet, and, though he might not admit it, contributed in large part to his attraction to her. Harriet's was a personality rarely encountered. She wasn't especially genetically diverse, a point of prestige rapidly fading in the face of neodiversity; she has something else different about her. Now that he thought about it, most people George knew seemed more or less the same, interchangeable. Similar interests, similar goals, similar values, all cultured and eclectic of course, but consonant in texture. George wondered to himself whether Harriet's old-fashioned quirks were more in line with the spirit of diversity. He kept on wondering this right up to the clinic, where he was to apply for their joint reproductive license.

The Commission on Neodiversity and Inclusion had been the Commission on Diversity and Inclusion before Directive 9. Directives 1-8 were resounding successes—on this everyone agreed—and yet the problems of tribalism persisted. Eventually, they realized that the old concept of diversity was inherently flawed. As long as distinct genetic clusters were permitted to exist, conflict would arise. The solution was neodiversity, where everyone is so thoroughly and irrevocably mixed as to abolish the very concepts of race and ethnicity. An end to tribalism through an end of tribe. Neodiversity had always been the way forward; everyone could see that now. While filling out paperwork, George remembered an antique survey he had come across in a museum. It had boxes for African, Caucasian, Pacific Islander, etc. Those categories had been crumbling

before Directive 9, as a result of earlier Directives. Now they were being ground into dust. Very quickly in the Early Diverse Period it became difficult to, with any sort of precision, keep track of one's ethnic makeup. This task was happily offloaded to the Commission and subcontracted to clinics. Most people, without a report, didn't know their fractions of this or that. Fewer still seemed to care. "I guess that's really the point of the whole thing," he thought to himself.

George entered the apartment, glancing briefly at the bookshelf as he passed, and set a manila folder down on the kitchen table. He picked it up and put it down again. Just then, Harriet breezed in from the backyard, pecking him on the lips before popping a cherry tomato into his mouth.

"First of the season!" she said.

George chewed. "I wish you'd get rid of those plants. They say home-grown food can be dangerous. And what is that?!"

"A knife," Harriet said, "a paring knife. How else am I supposed to slice the tomatoes?"

"You get them processed at the store like everyone else, not with a weapon! I showed you, remember?" George solicited. "The automatic food processor in the produce section. It's very convenient," he continued, "but who knows if you're even allowed to use it with home-grown food. Although I guess that's nothing compared with having a knife in the house. Harriet, are you listening?" George asked.

She wasn't listening. Her eyes had found the folder on the kitchen table. "Harriet..." said George.

She opened the folder and took out the contents. One, two, separate sheets of paper. George put his arm around her. "We knew we might not qualify for a joint license."

Unmoving, she continued to stare at the papers. The slogan of the Commission on Neodiversity and Inclusion stared back at her. "The Way Forward!"

"But what does it matter? Nothing's changed. Our life together is the same as before."

* * *

A couple weeks had passed, and Harriet was still not over being denied a joint reproductive license.

"I told you that this was important to me," said Harriet, "that it had always been important to me, to have a family together. *Our* family with *our* children, made from you and me."

"What do you mean *ours*?" George asked confusedly. "People don't *own* their children, Harriet, not when we live in a society."

* * *

Last year, George and Harriet went to Scotland on vacation. Harriet picked it because she knew that both she and George, coincidentally, had an unusually large fraction of Scottish ancestry. This sort of thing was discouraged. There weren't rules against it, but it plainly contradicted the spirit of neodiversity to be interested in one's "ancestors."

"I absolutely love it here George! Isn't it great?" asked Harriet.

"Yes, it's very pretty," George answered. And it was pretty, the misty fields padding drops and gaps between expanses of heather-stained hills.

"But doesn't it feel special?" Harried asked. "For me," she said, "it feels going like home." Harriet stared towards the horizon, fingers combing the knee-high grasses. George followed her gaze out over the moors.

"It's beautiful, but for my money, I'd take Bermuda this time of year," he quipped.

Harriet looked up at him strangely, then smiled and said, "Well, I'm glad that I'm here with you." She kissed him on the cheek. "Let's go to that pub, the one that has the traditional Scottish food we heard about. The contraband place."

"You don't have to ask me twice," said George, and hand in hand they went off together.

* * *

"Harriet, what's all this?" George asked as he entered the apartment to find a studious Harriet, nested with books and papers.

"I'm reading," she said, head down in concentration.

“I see,” said George. He scanned the titles. *Bylaws on Diversity and Inclusion, Proceedings of the United Nations Symposium on Neodiversity, Recorded Non Schedule Births: 2055-2065*. “Harriet,” he asked, “are you even allowed to have these?”

“Of course, I am,” she said, then added, “they’re here, aren’t they?”

“What is it that you’re looking for?” George asked.

“Listen to this,” Harriet said excitedly, opening a book to a rabbit-eared page. “It is estimated that anywhere from 250-1000 unlicensed births occur each year, most of them off the grid.”

“Off the grid?” said George.

“And this,” she leafed through a stack of papers, “in this very city, three years ago, a birth occurred to an unlicensed couple. The child is still alive, name not given.”

“How?” George asked. “Were they allowed to keep it?”

“No,” she said. “The mother died. Normally an unlicensed pregnancy would be terminated, but in the event of the death of the mother, a viable fetus must be extracted and incubated.” She went back to her study.

“Harriet...” George entreated.

“Bureaucracy, you know,” she mumbled.

“Harriet!” George yelled.

“What?!” she snapped. “I have to at least look, George.” Then, quietly, “I have to try.”

“Look, I’m not going to tell you what to do, but don’t you think that if it was as easy as finding a loophole in a book, that people would get around rules constantly?” He paused; she wasn’t listening. He watched her read for a while. “I was thinking,” George said to his shoes, “why don’t we meet with two of the breeding partners that we got from the clinic?”

“Why don’t we WHAT?!” Harriet finally looked up at him to glare.

“Just to meet them, to see what they’re like,” George said hastily. “No pressure.”

“George,” Harriet said slowly, “why would I want to meet them if I have no intention of going through with that?”

“I know you don’t,” said George, “I know, but maybe you’ll change your mind. I’m not saying it’s likely,” George quickly added, interrupting her pre-protest, “all I’m asking is that you meet them. Please, for me?”

Harriet looked at George, then back at her books.

“Ok, I’ll meet them,” she said, “but I DON’T have to LIKE THEM.”

* * *

There was a knock at the door. George turned to face Harriet. “Ready?” he asked. She nodded and forced a smile. Taking her hand, George opened the door.

“Hi, come in, come in!” George welcomed, leading their prospective partners quickly past the bookshelf and into the kitchen. One of Harriet’s books had been left on the counter. The woman glanced coyly at it but sat down without saying anything. They made their introductions: George and Harriet, Frank and Denise.

“Where did you get those?” Frank said, eyeing the salad tomatoes suspiciously. “They look different from the ones I saw today at the store.”

George pretended that he hadn’t heard. “Make yourselves comfortable!”

“So, Harriet,” Frank turned his attention from tomatoes to grower. “Have you thought about a breeding clinic? A friend of mine had a good experience with GenBlend, over in the east district.”

Harriet, with effort, replied. “Oh, I haven’t looked into it. George usually takes care of those sorts of things.” Her gaze shifted distractedly to the window. George put his hand on her knee.

Denise turned to Frank. “Yes, I’ve heard great things! Their connections are excellent. One of my sister’s children had to be transferred to a school in another zone after the new Educational Directives, and GenBlend took care of everything. They’re getting cultural enrichment requirements out of the way early, too.”

Conversation continued for some time in this vein, George chiming in edgewise between the newcomers, Harriet mostly silent.

Abruptly, Harriet pushed back from the table. “Excuse me,” she said and disappeared into the bedroom.

Dinner limped on for another half an hour, everyone wondering if Harriet would return. On his way out, Frank asked for Harriet’s medical records.

Birth control was actually quite simple. All women were issued a contraceptive IUD, deactivated upon breeding license approval. Racial disparities in death rates presented the real design headaches. Absent this,

neodiversity scheduling would have been much simpler. As it was, discounting future contributions from early deaths and differences in race mean ages had at first been the most demanding aspects of implementation. Some races would need to have fewer children to make up for the death rates in others. After a few generations, this issue worked itself out. Thankfully, the total population, in addition to those comprising it, was under control. A core principle of the Commission was that with enough operational latitude, any obstacle could be dealt with.

Harriet had, unsurprisingly, been out of sorts since the meeting. George wanted to cheer her up but was less than practiced in that particular aspect of relationships. Heretofore, Harriet had possessed a relentless good cheer. A vacation? Back to Scotland? Perhaps they needed a big change, like moving. As he entered the apartment, a fist full of thistle and heather obtained with some difficulty, he nearly walked headlong into a waiting Harriet.

"Oh hey," he said, "These are for you. I wanted to apolo–"

"Thanks, they're gorgeous!" she cut in, taking the flowers. She gave them a whiff, splashed some water into a pitcher, shoved the stems inside, and turned quickly back to George. "Come with me," she said, grabbing his hand. George stumbled behind her, past candlelight and rose petals, noticing her lingerie. When they reached the bedroom, she pushed him onto the bed.

"George," Harriet asked, "do you love me?"

"Of course, I do," George answered truthfully, "more than anything."

Harriet was normally a passionate person, a bon vivant, but she surpassed herself that night. Their lovemaking had an urgency George had never experienced. He lay back contentedly and thought to himself, "so, that's make up sex."

About a decade ago, there was a backwards population in the South Pacific that refused to participate in Commission Directives. Amazingly, they had their own system of gene enrichment, a collaboration between neighboring clusters of islands. A cute if primitive spiritual successor to the Directives themselves. Primitives can be loath to give up such traditions. All previous similar situations were resolved through gradual re-education, bolstered with infusions of money. This group, however, was staunchly intransigent. Now, obviously, there can't be two breeding systems running in parallel when you have a goal like global neodiversity. Luckily, the

population in question was quite small. The Commission was even able to recover some of their genetic material afterwards.

Harriet was curled up on the couch next to George, reading a book. This was as good a time as any, he thought, mentally preparing.

"Harriet."

"Yes dear," she answered.

"I think we ought to meet with Frank and Denise again," said George.

"Who?" she asked distractedly.

"You know, Frank and Denise, the, uh, the breeding partners we matched with. They got in touch with me last week wanting to know if we were still interested and I, um, thought there was no harm in us four getting together again. No pressure of course, like last time."

Harriet didn't immediately answer. She looked to be thinking.

"You do still want to have children, right?" George asked, bracing for the response.

"I do, yes," she said simply. After a moment, she answered, "Ok, if you'd like to have them over again, we can do that."

George, stunned, gave her a kiss. "You're full of surprises!" he said.

George had been anxious all week, mostly about the chance that Harriet would change her mind. To his delight she did nothing of the sort, instead approaching the meeting with serene detachment. She picked and prepared things from her garden, which had expanded to the entire back yard. Creeping foliage was menacing adjacent lots: fruits, vegetables, even rows of corn. Their complex didn't allow animals, George had been relieved to learn. The doorbell rang, and the pair were once again welcomed into the apartment. This time Harriet, on her best behavior, engaged in conversations that she normally had no interest in. Frank and Denise responded in kind, showing polite interest in the garden and the small library Harriet had by then curated. Small talk exhausted itself, and the dinner turned to business.

"I think," said Denise, "that summer is an ideal season to be born in." "We ought to aim for summer babies."

"I agree," said Frank, "so we should really get to it. If we can get an appointment to comingle gametes in the next month or so, that puts birth sometime in July."

Harriet perked up. "So soon?" she asked.

“If we want summer babies, it will have to be,” George pointed out.

“Right,” the others echoed.

“We should reserve a spot now,” said Frank, “most clinics are booked out by about two weeks.” Brochures had materialized, GenBlend and HyperGenX, on the table.

“Oh my,” said Harriet worriedly, “I think George and I need to talk this over first.”

“Are you ok?” George asked. “You look a bit green.” Frank and Denise shared a concerned look.

“Yes, I’m fine. Er, no, I’m feeling a bit under the weather,” Harriet muddled. “Actually, I think maybe we should call it a night.”

“But we didn’t have dessert yet dear, the strawberries and rhubarb from your garden.”

“If she’s not feeling well, maybe we’d better leave,” Frank offered helpfully.

“Yes,” blurted Harriet. “Here,” she got up, stuffed some pie into containers, and gave them to the guests as she guided them to the door, George rushing to follow.

“Thanks for coming over again, it was so nice to have you. We’ll be in touch,” George said, as Harriet closed the door on the pair.

Frank, quietly to Denise, “I’m still waiting on those medical records. She looked a bit ill in there and like she’s gaining weight, too.”

Before George could ask what was going on, Harriet rushed to the bathroom. She was in there for a while. George looked at the food on the counter.

“Maybe they’re right about home grown food, Harriet. Has it made you sick like this before?”

The bathroom door opened, and Harriet emerged, wash-faced and recovered. “It’s not the food, George. Listen, I have something to tell you.”

George knew that tone. He prepared himself.

“I’m pregnant,” Harriet said.

George was not prepared.

“What?!” he said. “I knew you weren’t too keen on Frank, Harriet, but you could have at least told me that you were going to a clinic.”

“I didn’t go to a clinic, George. I’m pregnant with your baby.”

George Bergeron had felt a lot of emotions over his 36 years. With a wife like Harriet, likely more than most. But he had never felt anything like what he felt at that moment. Shock. Terror. And, astoundingly, joy. The back of his legs met a chair, which he fell into. He must have been moving. There were tears in his eyes.

“How?” was all he could say.

“I removed my IUD,” said Harriet. “I know, I know,” she needlessly interjected, as George was in a state of silent shock.

“But listen. Just listen, ok? Ever since I fell in love with you, I dreamt of having children together, of us being a family. It was more important to me than anything. When we were denied a joint license, that was the worst day of my life. I didn’t know what to do. I couldn’t imagine having children with someone else. It makes me sick just to think about it. So, I started reading those books about reproductive regulations, case studies of unlicensed breeding, stories of couples fleeing and living off of the grid. And I thought, maybe we could do that.”

George, still stunned, repeated, “How?”

“I have a plan,” said Harriet. “That’s why I’ve been practicing so much with the garden. We can make a farm. I have books on raising animals. There’s some contraband dealers in the city; they have passports, supplies, guns.”

“Guns?!” George blurted out.

“Yes, we’ll need them for killing animals, and for protection,” Harriet said. “George,” she moved closer, “are you ok?”

“I...,” said George, “...how?”

“Together.” She sat in his lap. “We can do it together. George, do you still love me?” George’s eyes met hers, then moved to her stomach.

“Yes,” he said, “I love you.”

The following weeks were very hectic and, for George, surreal. Never in his life had he considered doing something so crazy. And yet, here he was, doing it. Twice he had to rebuff a confused Frank and Denise with only the most perfunctory of excuses. Even colleagues noticed a change, though they chalked it up to breeding clinic jitters. Harriet, on the other hand, was in her element. Procuring doctored passports, connections with contraband dealers, even the guns. She got some antique pistols and boxes of bullets, the diameter of which, George read, was 9mm. She was a great comfort to

George, who would have bailed a hundred times if not for her. “Harriet was born for this kind of thing,” he thought to himself.

And the whole time, her belly was growing. She had to leave her job and then stop seeing friends and family. They told half of them that she was sick and the other half that they were moving. “It doesn’t matter,” Harriet said, “it’s just for another couple of weeks and then we’ll be gone.”

Late one morning, there was a knock at the door. George went to answer it, signaling to Harriet to go to the back of the apartment. It was the police. Or, something like the police. Their badges said, “Commission on Neodiversity and Inclusion.”

“Hello,” one of them said, “we have reason to believe that an unlicensed pregnancy may be present at this address. We have a warrant for genetic testing.” The officer showed him a piece of paper.

George stood there, dumbfounded. “Um,” he stammered. “We…I…don’t know what you mean,” he said lamely.

The officers pushed past him into the apartment, George rushing to follow. All of them stopped when they encountered a pregnant Harriet, pistol in hand, aiming squarely at the front most officer. These men didn’t have guns, but armed police weren’t far. George’s mind was racing. Could they blast their way out of the apartment? The city? What was happening?! Was Harriet really going to shoot them? Who ratted them out? They would be arrested. Harriet’s pregnancy would be tested and aborted when it was shown to be insufficiently diverse. They would go to prison. It was all over.

An officer stepped forward.

“Ma’am,” he said, “put down the weapon.”

Harriet’s thumb pulled back the hammer, and the menacing click made him freeze. Her gun arm steady on the target, the other moved in a protective gesture to her stomach. George had stopped breathing. Time slowed. Harriet, gun still trained on the men in front of her, turned to look at George. She mouthed “I love you,” then brought the gun to her temple. With eyes shut, clutching her stomach, Harriet pulled the trigger.

“Harriet!” George yelled.

Time sped up again. Harriet fell to the floor. The officers rushed forward, one of them with a medical kit. They began working on her, but what could they do? George stared at the body of his wife, waiting for her to look up so

that he could tell her that he loved her, too. He waited like that for a long time.

Then all of a sudden, they were taking her away. Other men had come into the apartment with a stretcher and more equipment. George managed to ask one of them, "Can you save her?"

"No," the man said, "I'm sorry sir, she's already passed."

"Then what are you doing?" asked George.

"Trying to save the baby," he said, "we're taking them into surgery to remove the fetus and get it into incubation."

"The baby," George thought.

* * *

George Bergeron stepped out into a bright April afternoon that seemed hopeful about summer. Today was the day that he could take his baby boy home from the hospital, after two months of incubation. He had gone every day to see him. Looking through the glass, he watched his son fidget and grow and searched for Harriet in those tiny, precious features. Last night, he had finally summed up the courage to go through Harriet's things, what was left by the police. Her library was mostly intact and some of her papers and plans for their new life. Stuffed in one of her books on parenting, like a bookmark, he found a folded piece of paper. It had his name on it. He took it out, unfolded it. It was a letter from Harriet. He read it slowly:

George, my dearest George,

If you're reading this letter, something has gone horribly wrong. Maybe I'm in jail and our baby has been aborted. Maybe, I'm not even alive. If it comes to a choice between the two, I will choose the latter. Do you remember that case I read to you about the pregnant woman who died? The one whose baby they had to save, even though it wasn't licensed. George, I love you more than I've ever loved anyone, but love, our love, does not exist only for itself. It exists

to make love anew, to make life anew. I pray that you understand and that you forgive me for leaving you. Please tell our child that I love them more than anything and that I'm so sorry I'm not there. Tell them that they'll always be in my heart and I'll be with them in theirs. We never did get around to names, did we? I was thinking maybe Georgette for a girl, and for a boy, Harrison, but I'll leave it to you. I will always love you both, more than you can know.

Harriet

George continued to walk. Around him sprawled the city. The architecture. The food. The music. The people. He could be in any city on earth. Seeing the beautiful diversity before him, George wiped away a tear.

We Tried to Be Free

By Anonymous

We approached from the west. Ten men in clean, gray and blue jackets, we strode up the sun-filled street in a tight pack. Everyone was alert and overly nervous. Being rather anxious myself, I decided to play the outrider and trotted out ahead. As I jogged, I forced my way deeper and deeper into a lingering roar. My path was deserted except for a policeman in beige, who stood at the final intersection before Lee Park. “Is that the way in?” I asked dumbly. He responded, but I should have known that he would not deign to be helpful.

I could make out hundreds clustering at the foot of the park. Running from east to west along a knee-high wall, a thin line of people had queued to pass through a narrow gate and enter. To their left another group had gathered, this one less orderly. This mass seemed to take a keen interest in the members of the first group, strutting and preening. They were shouting —I think it’s safe to say—abuse. It was like in Roman movies, where the legions advance silently as the barbarians howl.

As my nine comrades were fast approaching, I rushed ahead to clear a path. Going straight to the gate, I pushed through some of the mob to find the first man in line. I grabbed him by both shoulders and explained my intent. It was strange, despite the confusion, the tension, the outright danger, he beamed with purpose and pride, with a desire to help however he could. I slapped his shoulder and shouted my thanks, as the other nine crashed through the mass and drove toward the park’s entrance. The mob stirred to a higher grade of agitation. One of this raging throng must have recognized us and let loose a mist of pepper spray over all of us and some of the bystanders. There was nothing to do but push through.

Once inside, our feeling snapped from foreboding to elation. We made our way up to the north side of the enclosure, toward the enormous green-bronze statue of Equestrian Lee, this town’s ancient and neglected god. On the way, I passed by a strong, tall man wearing the old Stahlhelm. I reached

up to tap the side of the helmet and shouted heartily, “That’s awesome!” Although I was dressed soberly, his blunt expression of racial and historical pride made me feel like I, too, was truly free. So long as he could openly flout the ruling mores, anything was possible.

Reaching the barricade at the foot of the colossus, the pepper spray started to seep in. Some of the others were really suffering. But for the most part, the mood was ebullient. We were among our brothers from around the country, united in a common dream. I established instant and intense connections with men whom I had never met and have never seen since. When we meet again, we will continue where we left off.

The sun beat down on my forehead, its heat magnified by the glaze of pepper spray I had acquired at the gate. Beginning to sweat, I cocked my head to the side and tried to drain off the poisoned fluid. My only thought was to prevent the stinging droplets from reaching my eyes. Damn it! I would not be put out of action by something so pitiful. No fate would be worse than making it to “the big game” only to miss the winning play because of human frailty. As I continued to wipe and force the ever-replenishing sweat across my brow, a fear began to simmer. I recalled how, as a schoolboy during games of capture the flag, I would writhe at being “captured” and made to sit in “jail.” You are at the mercy of your teammates to rescue you, at the mercy of circumstance. Every second you are out might be the decisive moment. Slowly, the panic begins to boil.

Minutes before it all fell apart, I looked east, across the park flooded by the human sea, and saw a red-blue-white-black banner, mounted horizontally on a pole and topped with a golden plaque bearing the sign “1488.” The banner danced above the tumult, its golden chords swimming in waves of languid heat. The apparition should have been absurd. How many times had I and my comrades joked about “1488” and “White Power.” Those symbols always struck us as comic, even ridiculous, the relics of a short-lived and forgotten subculture. But something was different today. In that glimpse, a preposterous irony became a sacred truth.

We were becoming impatient. We had come here to speak, after all. The organizer of the rally tried to get the police’s attention. Let’s start the speeches already. Why haven’t you opened the way to the podium? They didn’t seem interested. Our principals conferred hurriedly and uselessly:

Richard Spencer, Jason Kessler and Dr. David Duke; Agamemnon, Menelaus, and Old Nestor.

There is a sensation all young men know. When you ask a girl out, you want a clear answer. The longer she tarries, the more you start to feel that the answer is "no." That is how we felt as the police dawdled. We knew what was coming; we did not anticipate its ferocity. A couple platoons deployed, these ones wearing helmets, armor, and shields. More stood in reserve. As these bulky automatons marched out, an officer read off a proclamation remanding every liberty that he was charged with defending.

We were all shocked, though I don't remember why. Walking across the front of the police line, I examined their faces, most of them laden with guilt. An honorable man would have torn off his badge and walked off. But these cops stood fast. "My honor is my paycheck."

But then came the real outrage. The police line marched forward, pushing the twenty or so of us who were still there out of the park, making liberal use of the baton and chemical agents. It's funny, no one in the media has ever made a fuss about that. These very journalists will eagerly ply you with stories and pictures of gassed Hondurans or Nicaraguans, expecting you to feel sympathy and to move you to accept these innocent weaklings as fellow Americans. Perhaps this propaganda still works on soft-hearted people. But for us, Charlottesville hardened us against this sort of manipulation. If you can't handle a little tear gas, you don't deserve to be a citizen.

At any rate, after five or ten minutes of being gassed and beaten, we had enough. We slipped through the barrier and found yet another platoon of police, these in everyday uniforms. They spoke in sympathetic voices, but refused to let us retire through their lines to safety. Nearby a boy lay in a patch of grass, screaming and holding his eyes. His white shirt was splattered with blue liquid. Someone attended to him while the cops went on with their work.

Despite the unfavorable circumstances, I was fortunate. Through it all, I had preserved my energy and my faculties and most importantly, my sight. Caught on the precipice of tyranny and anarchy, dally could mean doom. One can well imagine what the anarchist mob would attempt. I looked back at the cleanly uniformed police and let them hear, "These people are useless."

In the end it was all rather anticlimactic. We rushed through the mob and caught up with a big group of our mates and walked to the car. Rattled, covered in sweat and mace, we got out unscathed.

My experience at Charlottesville was unremarkable. Many suffered far worse physical abuses. Some were beaten. One friend of mine nearly lost his ear and could well have been killed when a masked communist swung a hammer down on his head. Others were almost blinded by bleach and acid. Not one has received legal satisfaction—the courts stacked against anyone who disagrees with the opinions of the powerful.

What matters is this: The state and city governments allowed an armed mob to impede access to a legally permitted event. When the mob failed to block us, they attacked us. There are countless documented incidents where police stood by as crimes were committed before their eyes. Why should citizens pay for a police who cannot ensure order? Why should we maintain officers who are too cowardly to resist the depredations of the mob or the studied indecision of their own commanders?

White Americans would be better off providing for their own protection.

It is said that freedom and security are at odds. Sometimes you have to compromise one to have the other. But now, white man, your choice is not "either, or." It is "all, or nothing." Choose to fight, and you risk everything. Choose not to fight, and you—and your children—are guaranteed slavery.

Those who were at Charlottesville tried to be free and were violently suppressed by the state. Now the same forces that crushed us at Charlottesville are coming for you.

So what will it be?

When your moment comes,

Will you be ready?

SELECTED ESSAYS

The Lie and Why

By Alexander

You have been sold a lie.

If you are a white person who went through public primary education, the university system, or tuned into any media produced since 2000, you were sold a lie. The insidious nature of this lie has led us to the present situation: weak-willed whites kneeling at the feet of the very people burning down their cities. Mindless consumers seeking only the dopamine rush of getting the next new product. You have been told that your people are genocidal, that your people are colonizers, rapists, racists, murderers, and purveyors of every kind of social evil. You have been sold the lie that your children don't deserve to exist, that your grandchildren will be brown. When you push back, you're summarily dismissed as a conspiracy theorist and white extremist terrorist who desires the destruction of all non-whites, you lose your job, suddenly your neighbors hate you, and your family doesn't want you around anymore. You are downtrodden and kept down by people who bear you no good will and actively celebrate your people's destruction. Maybe you bought into these ideas, or recently broke out of them. If you've read the last paragraph and were filled with depression, rage, hopelessness, or some horrid combination of all three, allow me, dear reader, to shine a different light on who you are.

The story of our people is long and proud. We come from lines of explorers, inventors, philosophers, and warriors. We come from a glorious past, born of glorious men and women. From frozen Scandinavia came the warriors and explorers who sailed beyond the horizon to the fresh new lands of Iceland and North America and the coasts of the Aegean Sea, the lands that gave us democracy and philosophy. We come from the feet of the Ural Mountains where Slavic inventors gave the world advances in engineering and chemistry, from the sunny coasts of Iberia which birthed

the age of exploration, and from the industrial heart of Europe where men and women perfected the craft of beer and gave us inventions from the printing press to rocketry.

Look back on your predecessors: Alexander the Great, Leonidas, William the Conqueror, Constantine I, Peter I, Joan of Arc, Frederick II, Charles XII, Jean Rousseau, Cicero, and Plato.

We are strong, because in your veins, White man, flows the same blood that has stained whole continents in the contest to tame the land, build society, and rise to the shining and shimmering heights once thought only attainable by gods. White man, your ancestors reclaimed Iberia from the Moors in 801 and held off the Turkish invasions in 1683. Your ancestors tamed North America and Australia. Your people discovered the world, landed on the moon, and now lead the charge to the stars.

But you may be wondering, reader, "What now? Why fight?" The answer is more than just "blood and soil." Those things are important, and that cannot be understated, but there's more to it. This is not just a fight for our blood, nor for our soil. It is a fight for our people, our children, grandchildren, and the untold generations that will come after them. This is about culture too, something that often times gets lost in the discussion. Your culture, White man, dates back millennia with the epics of *Beowulf*, the *Iliad*, and *Odyssey*, plays like Aristophanes' *Acharnians* and Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex*, and the works of Shakespeare. Your culture is Beethoven, Bach, Vivaldi, and Tchaikovsky. It's Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel Ceiling, *Wanderer Above the Sea of Fog*, Claude Monet, Van Gogh, and Renoir. Maypoles, beer gardens, stained glass, paella, charcuterie, dirndls, and ornate jewelry are your culture. One may read this and think to themselves, "Where is America, Australia, or New Zealand in all of this?" to which I would reply, "Who built those lands? Who tamed their wild?" It is the same fair skinned people who built the Palace of Westminster, Malahide Castle, Notre Dame, the Brandenburg Gate, the Országház, and St. Basil's Cathedral.

Do you think the rest of the world will preserve these things? That is why we fight. Because no one cares to keep the cultures and traditions of our people alive, much less so when it comes to the white children, more than we do. This is our heritage; this is why we fight. We fight for the art, for the music, for the food and dress. We fight for the natural beauty of our

lands. But most importantly, we fight for the millions of white children who will one day look up at all the glory that their people have built and be filled with awe and wonder.

You, dear reader, are likely born of a different European people than I, and yes, there are different cultures within Europe, but when it comes down to it, you and I are born of the same mother: Europe. We share the same spirit of exploration and invention. We have a shared history, one that long has inspired the imagination, and will continue to do so, long after you and I are gone. Our people have come far and will soon go farther still. That is why we fight.

Why We Fight

By Arminius

I have a friend who will be getting married soon. When I heard the news, I was flooded with a feeling I hadn't felt before. I'm still quite young—only twenty years old—so I'm sure I'll hear of plenty of marriages as my life goes on, but this is the first of any friend of mine. I sat down to reflect on just why it felt so good, and it didn't take long for me to get fired up.

I'm excited for their union because it's as if my own family is expanding. I know that when I'm married and have children, they will have a friend whose father will have raised them properly. As my child grows up alongside my friend's they will go through much the same that he and I did. They will question every little thing about this world. They'll want to explore. They'll go through hardships together. They'll get stronger together. One day, they'll both start families of their own. They'll inherit the world we leave them and improve upon it to the best of their ability. That excites me. The next generation of our race is being born at a time when history shakes with anticipation.

We fight for that generation, not simply because it is what we *have* to do, but because it is what we *want* to do. So many of us are stuck in despair, regretting this time into which we've been born. There's nothing more foolish. Providence has granted us the opportunity to be the shapers of history. The very fabric of the nations lays in the wombs of our wives. Who cares if we don't live to see the beauty that they bring into this world? Who cares what suffering remains on the road to our salvation? We may weep and bemoan the cruel timing of our births, but are these tears real? Is it not easy to return to mindlessness? The lot of us could put this all aside. We could abandon our struggle and indulge in this hedonistic world. Yet we don't.

We don't because that's just not what we want. We want a world that brims with life, a world without the stink of corruption, a world built upon the fundamentals of what it means to be *us.* We are not men of the past, no matter how many of us try to be. Nothing will raise our ancestors from the dead. They cannot hear our woes. They wouldn't want to. The only question that matters is this: Will we succeed where they failed? Call me bold, but I say yes. Without a doubt, ours is the people of the future. That is who we have always been. That is why we explore, build, and conquer. That is why we pour our souls into families, into our blood, into our soil. The future is what we make it, but only *if* we make it.

So many of us are dead and buried without any more than a dream. We become held back by limitations which are simply perceived. We become so engrossed in simply existing that we forget what it means to live, to truly live, to take our will and proclaim to this accursed world: No! We will not obey your rules. No! We will not be "tolerant" of your *filth*. No! We will not sit back and let you take what is ours. No! We are white! Not an inch of ground will be ceded. Not an ounce of blood spilled without purpose. Not a moment of time wasted. Not a single white man, woman, or child will be left chained by international Jewry any longer.

Even if they kill us. Even if we die in disgrace. Even if we are left forgotten in the annals of history, our children will pick up our banners and march on. If not them, then *their* children. And if not them, then *theirs*! There is no future in which we lose. Victory is who we are.

Why We Fight

By Anne Cole

My grandmother used to greet my family with laughter that filled my soul with sunlight. She told stories and taught us how to knit. She filled our bellies with homemade chicken and dumplings and apple pie, the vibrant ever-present gleam in her eye knowing that she was doing her part in our family. She cooked for my grandfather every day, and it fulfilled her soul knowing that she was a good wife, mother, and grandmother. She grew a garden with flowers as delicate and vibrant as her soul, and she delighted in letting us play in the garden as children, and then sent us home with mint of our own to plant, and tears in her eyes.

My grandmother was from another time, a time where family meant everything and society was much healthier, a snapshot of blooming flowers and the sounds of children exploring. Today, the flowers have wilted and the weeds are as tall as my knees. Within this tangle of weeds, I feel that I cannot even make a pie for an acquaintance who has been kind to me, because all my work would be reduced to nothing by those who have sabotaged safety, trust, and community. My safety, when I am out walking even during the day, if I come across a more desolate area, is no guarantee in this world of decay. In this decay, the small blooms that try to arise are few and far between. We as a society do not know our neighbors, and making friends who have not fallen victim to the weeds, tangled and pulled down until they are unrecognizable, is as difficult as finding and carting home fertilizer on a bicycle. Isolation is toxic to a garden that needs proper soil, water, and sunlight in order to prosper. Being told explicitly and implicitly by everything surrounding you that who you are, your race, is nothing but destructive and toxic, and that you should be happy about your replacement, is active rampaging of the garden, and if these weeds are

allowed to continue growing, they will block out the sun. This is why I fight.

I fight while wearing a bracelet that glints in the sun, reminding me of my reason for doing everything that I do, my future children, who already mean the world to me, just like my grandmother. I fight my internal weeds to ensure that I will be the best mother I can be to them. I fight for their future, so that they will not have to live in a world that tells them they are terrible because of their race or their gender. I fight so that my husband and I, or any other parents, will not receive a call saying that their child was shot while buying groceries. I fight for order, truth, honesty, and beauty. I fight for family. With each child that I have, I will fight. I will fight to teach them right and wrong. I will fight to teach them to crochet and to make apple pies for them. I will fight for their laughter and happiness in this dull garden of decay. Today, I fight for their security and a future they are worthy of, a future worthy of all white children.

I pull a few weeds, one at a time, and plant seeds in their wake. Together, we can once again create a flourishing garden that echoes with the sounds of children's laughter.

Echoes of Eternity

By Jack Fell

Keep going.

It's easy to give in. To give up. To check out.

Our enemies know this. Their most potent weapon is demoralization. If they can't guilt or bully you into disavowing your families, your people, your heritage, and your nations, they will cast the pall of hopelessness on you. But if winning were truly hopeless, our enemies wouldn't clamp down so hard. They fear us. And that makes us powerful.

Every single one of us fighting this battle has power. And this is our time in history. One hundred years from now, historians will be singing our praises or spitting on us. Despite the hardships, we have an opportunity. Opportunities can be rare. Many never get even one. So, we must seize it. Because it just may be our one.

Embrace the struggle. Dig down deep to the strength of our ancestors that propelled them through harsh winter, untamed wilderness, countless battles, and eternal war. It lives inside of us. In our blood. In our bones. It's there.

You are not an atomized unit that came from nothing. You are the product of countless souls. They all live in you. Every succeeding generation carries the strengths, weaknesses, hopes, fears, achievements, and failures of our forebears. Locked in our genes, we are a link in a chain. We are life.

So, keep going.

Never stop fighting.

And if you must, do it ten minutes after you stop breathing and not a moment before. Our ancestors and our progeny deserve nothing less.

A Small Essay on Fighting Despondence

By Gomes

It surely isn't news to those in and around our circles that the conditions we face today are dreadful in some ways and that the picture seems to darken the further into the future you project. As more unknown variables and their consequences come into play, one's attitude really makes a difference. You may find your peers to be too optimistic or too pessimistic about it, but nonetheless each and every one of them are likely just to call themselves "realistic."

One of the most common dispositions these days is that of despondence. Colleagues and friends that had perhaps in other times been vocal and idealistic, and that had seemed rather settled in the idea of partaking in the change for the better, now speak and act full of gloom and doom, defeated, as if paralyzed by negativity. Individuals generally arrive at this state for a short period after reaching the peak of newfound resolve, as time passes and the evidence of ongoing civilizational decay continues to pile on, and as positive steps in the opposite direction seem all too rare by contrast. The cause for this psychological phenomenon is two-fold, as it can be partially blamed in the demoralization efforts of our enemies, but also, and more importantly, in a common inability in our circles to crystalize these primary highs of resolve and positive mentality into stable social systems of men who must continue to encourage each other to stay sane.

There is no doubt in my mind of the dangers of negative dispositions among the ranks. A spiral of giving quarter to bad habits and of espousing more demoralizing rhetoric is something that can only be stopped if everyone involved is made aware of how to fight it internally, within themselves, and encouraged to pass it onto fellow brothers as soon as they see them slipping.

To be able to pass the temptation to sit back and do nothing, one ought to then understand why he continues to fight, the reason to continue to dedicate time and energy to a struggle that sometimes looks far too great for any man or group to take on. One must take joy in the desperation of his position, for these days are the ultimate test, the "make it or break it" of our way of being. It is an age of quantity, where its inverse value of quality matters more than ever—quality of body, quality of mind, quality of spirit. The perfect moment for us to distinguish ourselves from all those who came before and all those who will come after is certainly this time in which retaining the ability to keep a head held high regardless of the apparent difficulty of the obstacles, or seeming unlikelihood of victory, matters the most. And it not only matters the most to the single individual making all the discoveries by himself, but also to the communities that form around our way of seeing the world.

The will to fight is inherent to a dignified existence, and it is a rather good metric for the vitality of a people. There isn't some single magical "why" such as we see ourselves inclined to revolt against a state of affairs that debases everything good and holy about the human condition; we don't just dust ourselves off after the momentary dismay at the world ahead just because we've learned about the lies told about our people's history. It certainly isn't singularity about how hard it is for the common man to own land unbothered and carve a little hole in the earth to peacefully die in. It can't just be that we can't stand the image of our offspring outnumbered and abused by those of another kind in their very own country. It's not just about the severance of Man and his Creator, through the inversion of Goodness, at the hands of enemies who seek to humiliate and weaken us at every turn. It wouldn't just be because the capital-driven destruction of the natural heritage denied to us and future generations that take away with it all the little secrets and teachings locked in the shapes and motions of all living things. It will never be because one thing, one cause or banner under which to make a fuss about, that each and every one of us can find the true sanity to remain standing, daily, year after year, in possession of the most white-hot iron will to fight, to even desire to go down fighting, if that is our fate allotted.

It is because that is what we are, and we are what we make of ourselves.

It is to be dignity incarnate to fight, no matter the hand dealt to us, and we fight in three different dimensions every day: Body, Mind, and Spirit. The very maintenance of the aspects of the tri-part man represents a struggle, so perhaps it is wise to take a little pride in the small victories, in the idea itself that to remain fighting is its own sort of victory, in order to help us find the energy and reason to continue to be how we ought to be. Every fight taken out into the physical realm is faithfully dependent on the eternal war each and every one of us carries out within; therefore, the phenomena of despondency is the most relevant inner struggle to overcome by those who share our worldviews.

Energize your fellow man; help your brothers awaken from their paralysis; help them find the strength not to ever fall asleep again. Find joy and purpose in the heroism of asymmetry, and remind your peers of the importance that their individual role has in the moralization of all those others around them. In an epoch with no real old nobility, there comes the opportunity to truly be noble through the way one thinks and acts against the adversities of modernity. Fight not for a single reason, as reasoning can be undermined, but fight because that is what we are and what we do, and our essence cannot be destroyed.

Why Do We Fight?

By Hanz Hugren

The name of every child in your life you know is the answer. The name of every good man and every good woman. The remembrance of our greats, both gods and heroes alike, who should inspire us. We fight for the Earth itself that counts on our people to keep it out of the hands of those who would turn it into a desert, be it a desert of sand or one of concrete and plastic. We fight for ourselves yes, because through ourselves we can continue to accomplish greatness, bring beauty to the world, and be a wall between innocence and the murderous envy that seeks to defile it.

We fight because many before us did the same for us, and we fight because all those after us shall be given a chance to live dignified lives when we do, so they too may carry on the torch that was handed to us. And should one find oneself hard-pressed to find any innocence and greatness, then fight to preserve the potential for all of that which will bloom once more when our people frees itself. We fight, ugly as it may seem to many, because at the end of the day it is just and it is who we are. We fight so the tears on White cheeks may finally be out of joy again and our dearest can heal from the wounds inflicted upon them for the crime of trying to help.

Why We Fight

By Hunter P. Johnson

We fight because the alternative is a world without struggle. To live in a world without struggle, is to live in a world that is a stagnant, lifeless malaise. In many ways, to not struggle against the status quo is the easier option—to sit back and be lulled into a forever-sleep of sloth, tolerance, and acceptance. But in more ways to struggle is the easier option. To resist the emotions conjured up inside of ourselves as our way of life and the essence of who we are is gruesomely torn apart, limb by limb, is nigh impossible. If we refuse to struggle now, there will be nothing to struggle for in the future. There will be no "we." There will not even be a "were," as we are not simply cast aside to the history books—for as soon as we are disposed of we will be nothing more than an ominous and vaguely remembered myth in the ill-formed minds of whatever remains of humanity. We will be collectively unpersoned from history. Every great achievement that we have ever accomplished as a people will be lost in this world. The lowest of our lows, but also the highest of our highs, pulverized into a dust and carried away by the wind, so that it may never reemerge again. We fight because if we do not, this is our fate.

We fight for the past, so that our prior struggles and victories may not be lost to oblivion. We fight for ourselves in the present so that we may achieve the fulfillment that comes with fighting for the essence of our values and our being. We fight for the future so that those who come after us may be able to meaningfully struggle throughout their lives and find the same fulfillment that we found in our current struggle.

As much as we wish to not struggle, it is the chief impetus of our lives. We can lament how we wish we were born in different times where life was easier, where there was less struggle. But, we all know from that feeling deep within our gut that this is not the case. We live for our current fight,

our current struggle. As difficult and trying as our dilemma is, we want to be the ones to engage it directly and trample it, reaping the glories of victory and cementing ourselves securely in our own future histories. When we read amazing historical feats, we find ourselves wishing for similar opportunities within our own lifetimes. We know that as heroic as the history sounds from our retrospective gaze, it was even more heroic in that present moment.

But heroism is not without sacrifice and struggle. Heroism is only glorious when saturated in the blood of the struggle. Some talk about their quest to find their place in history, their wish for history to occur in their lifetime; however, the second that the least bit of resistance is put up against them, they relent and fall back into mediocrity. But, this is not us. We see conflict and resistance as the ultimate opportunity. For only in the nadir of a grave situation can the true soul of greatness shine through. Struggle and the fight are the perennial whetstones from which we hone our character.

We fight because there is no alternative. To not fight is to not exist; we rage against the void.

Why We Fight

By I. M. Knosp

Why do we fight? Too often the answer to this question is "*What* we fight," naming the attacks, slander, pain, and sorrow our people experience, the degradation and suffering we go through as the reason for "why," but it is not the "why" it is the "what." "Why" is something most of us don't truly get to; we are too fresh, our skin too soft, we were cocooned in static and spoon-fed apathy and masochism. When we finally birthed ourselves out of the realm of echoes and neon, we saw before us a world dark and covered in smoke. Our own skin seems weighted now, our own eyes untrustworthy. The world made of shadows, harlequins, dancing monkeys, and marionettes. The houses paper, the soil made of broken glass, the water comes in a slurry down the stream, its scent heavy with decay, and when we look back at the crumbling edifice of chrome filled as it always was with an endless stream of tantalizing lies and Sisyphean tasks, all smiling while they line up to be sheared. They don't see that the grass is drowned in food coloring and the roads all lead to nowhere. It is a closed loop, a hamster wheel of cons and jests, never favored by Fortune's fair hand. Here in the wasteland it is easy to forget the "why." The "why" is back there in the chalice where we were conceived.

We left it there when we broke out.

The Road is no longer there; we trod on, forging new paths. Every once in a blue moon we try to save someone else, to bring them out of the edifice, but they fight and claw and spit and call to the shepherds that a wolf has arrived. So we let go, or we return; our fleece grows back, but our soul remembers, crumbling; our eyes become dolls' eyes; the divine spark goes out. Yet I would not be writing this if I had stayed, if I had let my claws harden to hooves and my pain to be drowned out in bleats and paper pastures. I am still here, I left the flock, I left the one who birthed me, I left

the one who raised me, I left the ones who were reared beside me. I tried… we all tried. But the megaphone was loud, the chair was comfy, and the trough was tasty. So why? Why fight, when all those you care about not only allow but cheer the destruction, when the culture seems to drown in a sea of slogans and propaganda….

It is said of warriors and artists that they draw from the well of their pain.

Our Rembrandts and Rackhams reduced to parlor tricks and street begging, while the town dunce dressed in peacock feathers and finery croaks deems it crooning. He shits and deems it the work of Renaissance masters. Quality, divinity, nobility, lost in a sea of bright colors and refuse. While it can remain true that the world is starved of beauty, it is this very fact that allows gold to shine. To only focus on the decay is to ignore the saplings at our feet.

Each day I may see the poppets deign to command and the sheep declare their independence while adding on chains, yet I also see the joy in the smile of a child; I see the beauty of a woman, the strength of our men. It is the tarnish that accents the shine, the darkness that amplifies the light; it is in the shadows of the north that our Aurora was born.

So... why do we fight? Or more specifically in a world where each man is a vanishing island, why do I fight?

Because someone has to.

Because in a dark world, it is in the little things I find light. In fairy tales, and laughter, in songs with friends, and in the breath of the wind. Each day brings challenges, and each day part of me peels away. The old me, the masked me, the starving me, the untouched me, the sorrowful me, the weakness leaves in throes of agony, shedding with great pain what I can no longer abide. It hangs at my ankles; it wraps around my calves, but it is off. Weakness wins nothing; pity means nothing. Strength and courage, wisdom and heart, these are what my people need, from all of us, but I can only command myself, so I sacrifice self to self and am reborn.

The hordes amass like giggling specters, eyes glowering from steel flowers, laughter echoing in a cacophony of mockery and denial. Yet still we must stand firm; as with Thermopylae and the Alamo, whether I and those I stand beside win or lose is not the core of the matter. We can live no other way, and if our names were to fall to ashes, perhaps our standing

before the blooded tempest inspires those that come after. Whether Leonidas or Boone or nameless soldiers drained of hallowed blood. We must fight, for every song unsung, for every child ungrown, for every woman and man who cannot see the chains of thought bound so tightly around them that they cannot see past them, only through them to the phantasm of a world. I fight not to save everyone, for few will leave the pen; I fight to save a soul, our soul. That of all of us of the Frozen Forest. The spirit that binds us all in a shared history, a shared myth, a shared pain. This spirit within, the strength of the mountains, lives in me; the will of heroes pierces me, the song of endless symphonies sings in me and in all of us. Deafening the cries of those who would see us pass into memory, forgotten, myth more than man.

We fight because we are who we are. I am who I am. I am we, we are I, all of us together.

They never stood a chance.

We shall laugh in a hail of bullets and go to the gods with a smile on our face, knowing that they will live on. In that meadow ages away, she smiles, the children laugh, the sun is bright as the mountain sings once more. We are but myth to them; to us they are everything.

Why do we fight?

Why wouldn’t we….

My Blue

By Leitis

Blue. Indescribable blue. Neither flowers, nor sea, nor sky has that kind of blue that My Son does. I cannot explain why I have him. I look like a slightly advanced ape crawling out of a Caucasus mountain cave. And yet, I got him like that without asking, a true gift from God. And even if I don't have it, those eyes I can only describe as My Blue.

It's been said, that if you want to build a boat, don't teach men to lay keel, bend shell, raise sails—teach them to long for the sea, admire the vastness it brings, and drown in the azure allure. This is the truth of Man; we are not mere mechanisms that require a manual. We require music and beauty to move our souls. And so it is with us, that if we want to save Our People, we don't need a plan; we must learn to love them, admire them, and find them worthy.

Before I found My Blue, I was in depths, sunk and unaware of my lineage. I'm not entirely out of that hole, but I try to get out. I'd like to think that there was something else that called me to leave that false dream that so many of Our People are beached on. After all, I wanted to have a child before I had a care for Our People. But, still, children manage to bring enormous amount of focus to one's life and strip away the waste.

I want my Son to be good. I want him to have friends, neighbours, skills, purpose, work, home, country. I want him to have a wife and children, so that he can forward that uncanny Blue to the future. And for that I need to teach him to love himself and Our People. In the beginning, that love has to be put in me, because he cannot be taught if I don't have it. I have to become the link between him and his future, to Our People and our past.

It can be a trifle, and it really is. But it has to be paid attention, the small things we inherit, because big ones are long gone—only ruins and legends remain. I mean, it's just my particular ethnic dance we do. It's not special or

that good looking. It's hardly a ballet, and it's performed outside and in smelly bars, not great concert halls. But it's what my great grandpa danced and maybe impressed my great grandma with.

The clothes we wore, they're not that special. Put all White people together two centuries ago, and my particular ethnic garb wouldn't stand out. And yet, this is what was worn. I should at least know what it looked like if not own those garments.

And then there's the food. How good is it? It's not French, Italian, or even Spanish finger-licking good cuisine. But even if it was, it would still be peasant food. And like all peasant food, it's cheap, greasy, ugly, and makes me fat, because this food was for laborers to work in the field and not in the office.

Time moves. I shouldn't eat peasant food, if I'm not one, and I should dress better and dance appropriately. But I would be a leaf in the wind that goes where it blows, if that's all I did. I need to be part of a tree that connects to the sky. I don't care that you think all is lost. Trees sprout back, even when cut.

So much there is to learn. My Ethnics are just a miniscule branch of the big White tree. My branch must be cherished, but the tree should be studied. From the adventures of da Gama, to the writings of Shakespeare, from the horror of the Thirty Years' War, to the heights of the space race, from Moscow to San Francisco to Adelaide—so much to learn. And some of those people even had my boy's Blue. To bring that treasure to him is paramount.

But for the present and the future I must work. We are in a terrible shape; how can we expect to remain aboard? Not that I'm better. I see the flotsam in our world, and it truly breaks my heart. That man in dirty jeans, babbling all disheveled, is part of Our People. You may say that he's not smart enough to do anything but sweep the streets. But so what if it's true? Can't he just have that tiny amount of dignity and work to be the best street sweeper in the world? Though I suspect he was much more. I failed him. I don't even know how. Which is so much worse. And I don't know what to do. But I should. What if he had My boy's Blue eyes? What if my child's future was his?

This is why I fight. It is imperative to struggle against this. I will not lie; I will tire, and slacken, and lose courage, and lose faith. Then, I will look at

My Blue and restart. It will fill my heart with red, blood, passion, and energy. To continue the work, to continue the fight, push on and win. Hail Victory!

Why We Fight

By Liberty Magee

I've never aspired to be a dissident or revolutionary. I've only ever wanted a good, normal, decent life. Deep down I think that's what all good people want, in our hearts: life and family and home.

But when that life is taken from us, when we are betrayed by the officials we elected to govern us, when we are sold out and made criminals by the same peddlers of morality we had the misfortune of trusting, made criminals for nothing more than desiring a *right to exist* for ourselves and our prosperity, then it becomes necessary again to enter the fray, to set to work again amidst the ashes of the former world, to rebuild it better, stronger, and nobler than ever before.

These, at least, were the thoughts of my grandfather, a man who worked on the state highways, having only a fifth grade formal education. My father worked offshore, and my mom worked at a concrete plant. They both went back to college and completed their degrees late in life. I grew up in a formerly white, post-industrial town and only by the grace of God managed to avoid the gamut of racial violence, drug use, and STDs that have ruined so many other young white men in my circumstance. I went to school, got a doctorate, and am now what society calls a "professional."

I turn thirty this year, and with a wife and son in tow, I moved into a nice house in a decent part of a small, country town. After a decade of fighting for renown and honor, I thought to myself: at last, I have made the memories of my ancestors proud; at last, we have made it. But in 2021, knowing what we all know, I realize I have only managed to claw my way further into the cross-hairs of a greater beast.

I look out at the reigning Jewish-dominated system, and I see that there is no hope that my family will be allowed to thrive. No chance to continue to work our way out of the depredation from whence we came. My son will

be sent to state schools, wherein the tax-payer funded curriculum will pummel him with all the racial inferiority nonsense they can summon. If he escapes that unharmed, he will enter into an ever greater den of iniquity: a university system run by racial opportunists who openly discriminate against him, hate his values, and regularly play host to classes and workshops aimed at destroying his "whiteness." He will try to drive home to see us on the weekends only to be stopped at the now state-sanctioned street rallies held for the express purpose of racial intimidation and the legitimization of extra-judicial violence.

And so I stand here, amidst a brief calm in the storm of history, and see the line of my ancestors stretching back from the Georgia colony, from Ireland and Scotland before that. I stand here for just a moment, pleased that we have at last reached a place of rest, but knowing in my heart that at any moment it could be taken from us. Give it time and my community will be given over to Section 8 housing, our achievements will be handed over to people taught to hate us, and we will be stripped of all legal rights to defend ourselves and those we love from the most base of criminals and the gangster political clique that endorses them. This moment of quiet was merely the eye of the storm.

But from this vantage point, I see something else, distant, but blazing bright. It is a lesson learned from the cycle of civilizations: the sober knowledge that there is no way back—only ever forward. And that is why, despite all these troubles, I am not despondent, because in my heart I still believe that the future of our people is brighter than it has ever been.

History is an open book, and there is no end to sudden changes that have come unlooked-for. An empire will be at the height of its power and then the Umman Manda will appear to render its destruction. A ghastly clique will have solidified itself as the owner of the whole world; then a new Black Death rears its head, and all the former things pass away. So it has been, and so will it be in the years to come. Indeed, the greatest lessons of history are all about the narrow misses, the bottlenecks, the strange happenings that are looked back upon as inevitable, but never once predicted.

It is with this hope that I can look at my child and know that no matter what the world throws at him, he will survive and conquer it. Why? Because he is heir to the greatest legacy this planet has ever given. Because

he is born to a folk who are the vanguard of all mankind. Because we are still the greatest lens through which the universe may know itself. And because despite all the odds that are stacked against us, I still believe with all of my heart that we will win. That the brief years to come are but a fleeting darkness through which our folk must pass, but by whose passage we are sanctified for all that comes next.

Because I still believe that a future exists for mankind wherein all that we were promised comes true: where the wonders of our world are explored; where the true history of our folk is revealed; and the majesty of the heavens are made home to us.

So have faith, you who find this. Have faith that tomorrow can yet fulfill our every dream of yesterday. Because when I think upon the future history of this race called “Man”—spiraling out to even the most distant cosmos, and beyond—when I look at where our forefathers have gone, and at all the places our children will yet go…I am no longer afraid. The best of all things is yet to come, and this is why we fight.

The Dead

By Dennis Malloy

In our circles, the question is constant: why do we fight? After all, one look around at the wreckage of the West and it is easy to come to the conclusion that the whore is not worth saving. Who loves an addict? Why bother trying to save something that seems so desperate to immolate itself. In anno 2021, we seemed to have reached that civilizational exhaustion point that Spengler articulated so well many moons ago. So why not give up the ghost, retreat along the forest passage, and surround yourself with the artifacts of a better epoch?

The answer is as simple as it is obvious: we owe it to the dead. No collection of people are more forgotten and more oppressed than the dead. They cry out for us to remember them, but far too often, in our warped culture, the dead (especially the European dead) exist only to be scorned. To be ruined and defaced. To be removed from city squares and stomped on by beings that cannot and should not be called human, let alone civilized. We, the sons and daughters of the beloved dead, owe it to them to try and fight, even if we are destined to lose. As much as the earth and our nations are our inheritance, and as much as our children are our legacy, the dead are our lodestar and strength. It is through them that we live. Let us sing to them, talk about them, and pray for them daily.

My dead, or at least the dead that I hold dear, deserve to be remembered. Their exploits, both pedestrian and heroic, deserve to be seen and appreciated by strangers united by bloodlines and a shared philosophy. It is my honor to write this brief essay on their behalf.

The first man of my father's clan was a Norman knight named Henri. Normandy was his home, just as it had been his father's home. Henri's family traced their roots back to the great age of the Vikings, when Norsemen set sail for booty, captives, and, most importantly of all, glory.

Henri likely grew up hearing tales of the exploits of his forebearers—rough and violent men who knew the bitter cold of the North Sea and the unforgiving winds of the fjords. These men were dragon slayers and adventurers of rare breed. Their gods were strong, masculine, and lusty for battle. Henri's God was different, but still a warrior. His Son, Christ, conquered death and sin. Henri was man who loved God and Christ like he loved the brandy of Normandy and the fair-haired women who picked apples in the bright sunshine of the Northern spring and summer.

It was not recorded whether Henri had brothers or not. It is unknown if he had sisters. In many ways Henri burst onto the scene of history without much of a past. He arrived in England along with William the Bastard's army in 1066. Henri showed his mettle against the Anglo-Saxon warriors who defended their king and country until the last drop of blood fell from their veins. For his part in the victory, Henri was given lands in Berkshire. He became a country gentleman and recognized nobility thanks to the Domesday Book. He kept his sword, shield, and coat-of-arms. Other things changed. Eventually Henri became Henry and his surname morphed from something Francophone to Anglophone. Or at least that is the way the story was presented to me one rainy afternoon. There, in that well-kept and quiet library deep in the heart of Appalachia, I found a green volume made up of several hundred pages of onionskin paper. The first half of the book was dedicated to Henri/Henry and his progeny: the grandson who made his home in Ireland, the kinsman who built a castle along the restive border with Wales, and the no-good offspring who squandered the family inheritance on several failed attempts to join the Norman war bands in Sicily and North Africa.

Then, at about page fifty, the story shifted dramatically. Rather than medieval castles and rainswept hills in Merrie Olde England, the setting changed to the Virginia of the Old South. In a town called Lexington, a man was born. This man, who was given the Christian name of William, came of age when the automobile replaced the horse and infernal devices called telephones appeared in every middle-class household. Like me, William was captivated by the stories of his family line, especially the story of the Norman knight Henri. William did not know about David Hackett Fischer or *Albion's Seed*, so therefore had no grand conception of the symmetry between Norman England and the South. All William knew was that he

liked knights, he liked stories, and he loved Virginia. It was this latter love that drove William, a precocious youth who never let school interfere with his education, to enroll at the Virginia Military Institute. Here, among the hallowed halls where the name Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson was spoken with sacred reverence, William became a Keydet. His book, which he wrote almost a lifetime later after living a full life, devoted many pages to the pedestrian and bizarre rituals of VMI—the early morning Reveille, the pointless inspections carried out by sadistic upper classmen, the hazing, and the daily battle to get more chow than the fellow next to you. Sometimes William succeeded; most of the time he failed. However, no matter his highs and lows, William was surrounded on all sides by Southern grandeur. Women who dressed in white in the summer and invited the young men over for lemonade. Distinguished professors in seersucker and bowties who discussed Plato or argued over the mistakes of Gettysburg. Everyone, from the humblest bootblack to the wealthiest planter, loved Virginia and took pride in her history.

After graduation, William followed in the footsteps of Victorian ancestors by going to Texas. Moving was in the blood. Henri left Normandy for England. Once roots were put down, the family spread out until they arrived in Jamestown. When that proved too confining, they moved westward to Lexington. From there some went further north into Maryland and what would become West Virginia. The West Virginia branch married the Morgan family, who left Glamorgan as disreputable privateers in order to remake themselves on the frontier. They eventually established settlements including Morgantown, which still bears their name. As for the Marylanders, they split off as well into Pennsylvania and Kentucky divisions. They helped to found the city of Lexington, Kentucky, which was named after their lost home in the Old Dominion. Still not satisfied, they journeyed further west into Spanish-controlled Missouri. From there they journeyed all the way to Texas. Here again there was a bifurcation: half stayed and became the first family of Abilene, while others moved to California. William joined the Texans and worked on a ranch in desolate Borden County.

William's idyll became undone when Japanese planes bombed Pearl Harbor. Like millions of other young men, William signed up to fight the Japanese. He wanted revenge. He wanted to avenge his country's honor.

But, perhaps most of all, he wanted to live up to the high expectations of his lineage. After all, William's forebears were men like the Confederate colonel who kept fighting after the war as an officer in Emperor Maximilian's army and as an advisor to Isma'il Pasha in Egypt. Another was a famous Indian fighter who fought several running battles with the bloodthirsty but brave Comanche. William felt honor-bound to become such a man, and by God he did. His war was in Europe, though.

As a junior officer in Patton's Third Army, William saw combat in the bocage of his ancestral Normandy. He hugged the steel sides of Shermans in order to survive German counterattacks. He fought the cold at Bastogne, where he avoided artillery shells and the occasional misfortune of stepping in another soldier's latrine. His chief achievement of the war was shooting a German officer. He saw the man in the gray greatcoat wading through the snow one morning. William leveled his standard issue carbine and shot the officer as if he were back in Texas shooting bucks. William picked the officer's corpse clean. The best pieces of loot were the Luger and the camera. Back in the states, William removed the grips from the Luger and replaced them with pearl ones bearing William's name and the name of his ranch. This move rendered the gun worthless, much to the chagrin of his nephew decades later. The camera, on the other hand, offered up a single treasure: a lone photograph of a handsome man with sig rune symbols on his collar. The photograph, which I saw so many years later in a well-lit home in Georgia, struck me like lightening. The officer looked like a cousin.

After fighting his war, William returned to Texas and his ranch. He raised cattle and pigs and sheep, and he kept the local boys employed during the summer. He taught them how to kill rattlesnakes and to keep coyotes away. He taught the boys what it means to work, day in and day out. My grandfather learned this lesson and chose to play football instead. Fortunately for him, he was a natural fullback. William did not seem to mind much. He kept to himself. His one last offering and lesson was the book with the green cover and onionskin pages. There, William put down everything he could find about the family and his own life. That is how I came to read about not only Henri the Norman, but also William the Texan who marched across Europe with a carbine and a fate to fulfill.

It was on the last page of William's book that I stumbled across melancholy. Up until that point it had been a heroic epic worthy of Robert E. Howard, a fellow Texan. All the men seemed impervious to deprivations. Even William, who never cast himself as Superman, managed to walk away from the Battle of the Bulge without a scratch. His son, also named William, was not so lucky. He fought his own war after graduating from high school in San Antonio and becoming an Army officer just like his father. William Jr. went to Vietnam in 1968. He died there in 1969. It was an ambush in Quang Nam Province that not only took his life, but also sapped his father's will to carry on. That was my grandfather's single comment about the green book: "Billy's death really killed your great-uncle."

The green book changed my life that one afternoon. After learning about my paternal family's exploits, and after thinking back to what I knew about my maternal family (another Bulge veteran and Purple Heart recipient, plus Scots-Irish ancestors who were called overmountain men during the Revolution), I became depressed. They had accomplished so much. I had yet to accomplish anything (I was fifteen at the time). In my sadness there was also a light—the bright flame of duty. I realized that I had a duty to live up to my own dead. The men who bore my name and my blood beckoned me to follow them into the annals of history. I accepted the challenge. My journey is far from complete, and so far I am but a fleck of dirt and a neutrino compared to titans like Henri and William. It is a journey that I will continue to follow until God calls me home to join him and the rest of his favorite warriors from Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Texas.

This is not a unique story. You, dear reader, can tell the same story. It may have a different cadence, and it will certainly have a different cast of characters. But the story will be the same. And that is why we fight—we all feel the hopeful urge to honor our dead. They were and are better than us, and that is what keeps us in the fight. Let us sing of them and honor them and fight for them. There is no higher calling than that, and there never will be.

Why We Fight

By Alex McNabb

If you have the luxury of wondering why you fight, *you're probably on the wrong team.*

That's my simple answer to the question of "Why we fight." Throughout history, men have taken up resistance against an aggressor trying to destroy them, and this situation is no different, except the adversaries are several shades more wicked than anything else seen in human history. I cannot recall a time when the enemies in a civilizational struggle were committed to surgically mutilating innocent children and turning them into gender-abominations. *The very nature of the opponent demands confrontation.* Even if we wanted to ignore the total degradation of everything good in this world by blasphemous evil it has ultimately feasted its unholy eyes on us and laid siege to our homes.

We fight because we are being attacked.

This is not merely a game where one lackadaisically chooses red team or blue team; this is deadly serious, and our lives are at stake. I didn't get to pick sides; my team is my skin color, and that skin color is currently under assault. There is no way to hide from it, or even keep your head down and quietly soldier on. Whites are now members of what our very own ivory-towered intellectuals would call a "suspect class," eternally villainized and endlessly harangued by the full force of the mass media complex. The dead criminals of other races are heralded as saints while statues to our venerated historical figures are defaced and torn down. We are told that the lives of every race matter except our own. American intellectual capital is marshalled not to figure out space travel, but to vomit up tissue-thin rationalizations for why its white citizens should get less and everyone else should get more.

I have kids now, and nothing in my life could've prepared me for the task of explaining to my children why you can't say "It's Okay to be White" or even make an OK sign itself. No generation of whites in America has ever had to warn their kids about the extra set of rules that apply to their skin color or that new invisible tripwires are being set for them every day. My parents never had to shoulder the burden of teaching us that our own government was out to get us because we were white or that the media was teaching everyone to hate us. The generation that raised me and my peers openly hopes to die before things get any worse.

Many whites are gaslit into not believing they've become second class citizens. They continue to proudly labor under the delusion that the respectable position entails pretending that whites should never pursue their own class interest despite every other race on earth following a full-throated tribal strategy. They meekly protest that cancel culture has gone too far, like a stabbing victim complaining that the knife is just a little too sharp while they bleed to death. May I remind you that according to common sense and game theory, playing as an individual while everyone else has formed teams is a surefire recipe to lose every time.

There are precious few allies in this struggle. We are offered an off-ramp into dead-end conservatism which is ultimately an anti-political coffin to nail whites into and toss them in an unmarked grave. No one in politics is willing to openly fight for us or even acknowledge we are an ethnic group that deserves continued existence, let alone dignity and respect. When has a governor, senator, or sitting US president even mentioned "white people" as a salient community with valid self-interests? We are alone in a sea of cowardly charlatans, with no one to depend on but ourselves.

In America both parties are ultimately just trying to run out the clock on white people, seemingly oblivious as to what comes after our demise. Alternatives to white annihilation are immediately denounced as "Nazism" and subjected to the full weight of federal investigation, lawfare, and public excoriation. If you're white, objecting to having your race destroyed is condemned as racism itself.

I say if fighting like Hell for my own right to exist makes me a Nazi, *then Sieg Heil.*

Make no mistake, it is a fight for survival at this point. Efforts have begun in major US hospitals to explicitly triage non-white patients to higher

levels of care than whites. Members of our race are murdered in the street because of their skin color and a propaganda campaign designed to authorize "retributive" assaults against them. Lurid TV shows depict us all as one-dimensional, redneck bigots deserving a swift, gory death at the hands of a black protagonist. South Africa has gone international; the entire West is full of racialized violence against whites.

The question at this point isn't why we fight, *it's how can we fight harder?* How can we recruit more warriors? How do we put together a strong enough team to at least break even and survive, or maybe even win? What does it take to put that molten fire into the hearts of whites so their spines stiffen, their fists clench, and their faces contort with rage? Where is the white fury? Our anger is justified; we're obligated to defend ourselves same as any other cornered animal with nowhere to go.

It's not a matter of why; *it's a matter of how*. What does it take to reach that apex moment of any struggle where you begin to overpower your enemy, that crucial instant where they flinch and lose control of the fight? How do we get to that sublime triumph, not a mere win for an individual, but a victory for an entire people?

The time for questioning why we fight has long since passed; *it's time to cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war.*

"To the last, I grapple with thee; from Hell's heart, I stab at thee; for hate's sake, I spit my last breath at thee."

- Herman Melville

Of Dreams and Nightmares

By Moth

We live in an age of decadence, the death knell of romanticism wherein the common person holds more allegiance to their vices and addictions than to the higher ideals which once made great men out of ordinary strugglers. This broad-sweeping decadence has given rise to the modern ego of our jaded culture, a culture in which nihilism is seen as *cool*, a culture in which apathy towards ancestry and successful traditional values is seen as *progressive*. Any argument to the contrary, that is, any attempt to upset the established coping mechanisms of this self-service culture, is met with hostility by those who can't bear to have their overfed egos chipped away against.

Thus, wearing your heart on your sleeve is cast aside as cheesy or corny or out of touch. And yet, we know it is the common person, with their hedonic lifestyles rife with buzz-chasing behavior and escapism, who are really out of touch with reality. One can feel at a loss, time and time again, when attempting to save our compromised people from their own detrimental interests inculcated by a socially engineered culture.

Those in power wish to keep us acclimated to feeling like losers, demoralized by the tired old song and dance of futility and defeat. The powers that be are afraid that we—those who can see the path ahead—will finally come together and begin our journey onward to uncompromising victory.

Just imagine, for but a moment, how much better things could be if we were to win.

Pearly superstructures, soaring to the skies, piercing the blue. A sun kettled by clouds, peering past with its warm gaze to the pristine towers, cake-white skyscrapers of cutting-edge architectonics. Rooftop gardens, expanses of verdant green and their observatory skyways, grilles of

commute allowing the passerby to capture a breathtaking view of it all; this is a colorful dream, a contrast to the reality which we endure. One must take a step back from cold reality in order to picture a warm, futuristic eco-fascist city which has not been tainted by inept and corrupted leadership.

Just as we can envision a future of beauty, so can we envision how much worse things can get. The slippery slope has been proven: when we give them an inch, they take a mile. There may even come a day when the enemy shows up to your neighbor's home, invades, and shoots him and his family. It has happened before; do not forget Waco. If you can imagine for a moment the most important person in your life lying in front of you on the floor, a crater of shell fragments where their face once was, gurgling, cascading streams of blood and viscera, and if you could know that this was the doing of the powers that be, then you too would feel a fire raging within.

A glimpse into this dark future, when paired with a glimpse into the dreamy, great beauty that could be, these diametric visions are the two coils which bind together a sturdy rope of passion, the rope with which we can climb out of this ditch of despair.

We know what is holding us back. We know why we are losing.

In America, obesity is the second leading cause of death, while ten percent of all Americans have diabetes. We are dying to preventable diseases, doctors are making a fortune prescribing opioids to get us addicted and miserable, banks and credit card companies are sucking the fiscal life out of the masses, poverty and unemployment are at an unprecedented point in history, our divorce rates are breaking our families into single mothers, crime is ravaging our countries, and the iron fists of democratic dichotomy and censorship are keeping us pinned to the ground.

We must not forget our losses. Remember death, and remember the living who are fated to suffer and die; remember the hundreds of millions of people who suffer and toil, who find themselves trapped in pig pens or caught in bread lines, and remember who is responsible for the grooming of our otherwise fine young men and women into an adulthood of pathology and coping mechanisms, whose chances at living normal, healthy lives are stolen from them.

This a coil of nightmares.

Do not forget the feats of engineering, of rocketry, of science, of incredible architecture, the remnants of a beautiful world which our kind, once upon a time, bestowed upon us as a gift, not to the powers that be, but rather for the good of the common man. We must recognize that tradition is not the worship of ashes, but the preservation of fire. Our pioneers and explorers of the seven seas, the fabric of their souls is genetically interwoven with ours; they are the men on the moon, and they constitute the paragon within us, the drive to develop the miracle of space travel and to pay visit to the stars of the night sky.

This is a coil of dreams.

Without a grasp of these entwined coils, there is no chance of seeing those stars while this plutocratic democracy sucks our souls dry through the shackling siren songs of materialism and usury, and certainly not if they manage to carry out their Great Replacement of our people with foreign entities who share not the gleam of stars in our eyes. We must bring two ideals together: excellence and passion, an intertwining double-helix with which to pierce the atmosphere above and bring us into the far reaches of the final frontier.

Only in the stars will we find the answers to the questions of existence, questions to be answered by the great pioneers and explorers of our kind. We must accept nothing less than a transcendent destination and its total disclosure of the macrocosmic truth.

And it all starts with the losing man whose heart aches for redemption.

When we look at a gluttonous, self-serving man of utmost depravity, we should not see a pig. We should instead see all of the good qualities he will take on after we change his heart. We should not blame a man for what he has become; rather, we are to blame the circumstances which both enkindled his deviancy from righteousness and induced his entrapment into a world of vices and addictions peddled by the product profiteers. We would not have the passion to save a man from his despair if we allowed ourselves to stop at shallow, surface-level inspection. Our spirit is one of great passion and great empathy. We are all part of that tremendous spirit.

They say the lion cares not for the opinion of sheep.

But I am not a lion; I am a shepherd.

And I will bring the lion out of every sheep.

They say the pen is mightier than the sword.

And furthermore, that the soul of the swordsman falters without the passion of the pen.

I may have just a pen. I may just have a path to victory.

We remember our losses.
Memento Mori.

An Address to the Ἔθνος on the Bicentennial Anniversary of Greek Independence

By Nikephoros Phokas

On the 25th of March, 1821, the Feast of the Annunciation, the Hellenic people took up arms, proclaiming the dawn of their Αγώνας: an armed revolution against the Ottoman Empire. The brave volunteers of this campaign were not bound by a shared class or ideology, but by their blood and their faith. Consciously aware of their sacred ethnic duty, these men solemnly declared, "Ελευθερία ή Θάνατος!"—Liberty or Death! For 8.5 years, the Greek revolutionaries fought to rid their fatherland of the Turks. With the blessings of God, the sacrifices of these men brought honor to their ancestors and secured an independent nation for their posterity.

Today, we, the Greek people, the inheritors of the revolution, commemorate the 200th Anniversary of our heroic forefathers' deeds. The honor of their blood flows within us, filling our hearts with pride and dignity. For this honor, we owe a debt of responsibility, not only to ancestors, but to our nation, our progeny, and to God, Himself. Indeed, without exception, every generation is born with the same duty to all other generations, and our Creator: the preservation of the ἔθνος, no matter the cost to one's worldly self.

With this eternal duty in mind, let us take this historic anniversary as a moment for national self-reflection and frank evaluation. If we consider the records of Greece's contemporary leaders, how do they measure up in this regard? Any honest Greek must conclude that those in charge of the state have utterly betrayed their ethnic duty. From the financial crisis to the migrant invasion, the government has sold-out the will of the people to both international institutions of usury and parasitical swarms of foreign invaders. Those of us who most strongly opposed the traitors in government, the brave leaders of Golden Dawn, took it upon themselves to

actively intervene on behalf of the nation, while the state maliciously abetted the evils plaguing the Greek people. For their selfless bravery, they were thrown into prison and remain there as of today. Meanwhile, the Turkish menace escalates its extractive occupation of Cyprus, threatening new incursions into sovereign Hellenic soil. The traitorous Greek government responds by redoubling its diplomatic subservience to the illegitimate Zionist state. In all matters, domestic and international, the contemporary Greek state treads upon the nation solely so that she may more tightly embrace her back-stabbers.

The abject corruption of the Greek state ought to make us question the supposed "liberty" of the Greek nation. While the Ottoman Empire no longer exists, a new host of existential threats has taken its place: international usury, foreign capital, genocidal Turks, wanton migrants, and satanic Zionists. As is true of most Western nations, hegemonic Neoliberalism has robbed the Greek people of their autonomy but has done so under the guise of de-jure independent statehood. Our ancestors look upon us from heaven, and, seeing our current state of affairs, pray that God deliver us from the snares of our enemies, just as He had delivered our ancestors centuries ago. If they were alive and with us today, there is no doubt that they would be the loudest voices calling for a new Αγώνας. Despite their earthly deaths, their calls beckon to us through the echoes of history. By the honor of our blood and our God-ordained duty, we are all but compelled to heed them. As our European brethren search for an example to follow, let us Greeks be the first to declare: Our forefathers broke the iron chains of the Turk, we now tear down the optical fiber noose of the Neoliberal.

Ελευθερία ή Θάνατος!

Χαίρε Νίκη!

The Revolutionary European Worldview

By Evan J. Robinson

We are Europeans and we are revolutionary. Our revolution is a battle for the future of Europe and its people. It is our duty to undertake this revolution. European revolutionaries must battle against the dogmas and systems which characterize the current era, so that we will secure a proud future for our descendants. We must fight so that the Europeans of the future will be free from the decadence of the present. The European revolution goes beyond politics. This revolution is motivated by a worldview which is comprehensive and interdisciplinary. Our worldview encompasses philosophy, sociology, economics, education, and many other fields of knowledge. It is the purpose of this text to present the revolutionary European worldview in a clear, effective, and concise manner. Many European revolutionaries are focused entirely on superficial political quarrels, and their worldview is underdeveloped as a result. Discussions about the underlying causes of our suffering are necessary to develop a full worldview. A large number of the political phenomena which we oppose can be traced to materialism, capitalism, and the educational system which supports those things. Materialism, in its various forms, is the root of aimlessness and other social problems. Capitalist parasitism is the cause of disharmony in society and subservience to plutocrats. The globalist, neo-feudal, emasculated society in which Europeans now live is perpetuated by an educational system which is cosmopolitan, usurious, and effeminate. It is the same educational system which promotes a disastrous form of hedonistic individualism. Our fight is against these underlying causes. Understanding the cause-s of modern decadence is essential in the quest to explain why we fight.

Scientism, atheism, and economism are three manifestations of materialism which have led to modern decadence. To fight against modern

decadence, we must fight against these manifestations of materialism. For that reason, it is necessary to define and explain these manifestations. Scientism is the belief that observation is the only valid source of knowledge. It is the belief that philosophy and religion are inferior to science as ways of understanding the world. Scientism began its ascendancy in the seventeenth century, and it now penetrates every aspect of European life. By rejecting supernatural wisdom in favour of observation, scientism fails to meet the needs of the European psyche. Europeans are a people of ideas and stories, and our psyche needs these things just as the body needs food. Without philosophy and religion, the European is an aimless wanderer. The decline of philosophy and religion and the rise of scientism left a void in the European psyche. That void has been filled by atheism. Some would say that atheism is merely the negation of religion, but this is untrue. Atheism is actually a replacement to religion. It is an entire worldview which replaces worship of the supernatural with worship of the observable. It is the extension of scientism into the realm of theology. Despite claiming to be rational skeptics, atheists actually have an abundance of faith. Instead of having faith in the supernatural God, they have faith in “the universe” and “the experts.” Atheism is the belief that nothing exists beyond the observable and nothing is true unless it is endorsed by people wearing lab coats. Although the number of self-proclaimed atheists is relatively small in some European countries, this is illusory. A brief philosophical or theological conversation with the average member of a Christian church will reveal that they do not actually believe in Christianity at all. Even among those who claim to be Christian, the atheistic mindset tends to be dominant. The death of philosophy and religion has also led to the reign of economism. Economism is the belief that society should serve the economy and not vice versa. Once supernatural wisdom was replaced with scientism and atheism, it was easy for bankers and plutocrats to impose their will on the people. Neoliberalism is perhaps the most extreme form of economism. Like scientism and atheism, economism has been internalized by the majority of Europeans. Economism has been used to justify the demographic replacement of Europeans and the offshoring of our jobs. We have been told that we should support these things, because they will increase the Gross Domestic Product of our countries. Scientism, atheism, and economism are demons which

have possessed the European spirit. We must exorcise these demons. We fight so that the Europeans of the future will be immune from the materialist worldviews of scientism, atheism, and economism.

Capitalism is another source of modern decadence which must be opposed by European revolutionaries. At this point we will discuss Marxism, so it is prudent to provide some clarification. The bourgeois homosexuals who now call themselves Marxists are not actually Marxists. In fact, Marxism is practically dead as an ideological force. When we speak of Marxism, we are referring to the Marxists of history. Marxists were wrong on many issues, but they were correct when they said that a state of class warfare exists within capitalism. Capitalism is war being waged by the plutocrats against the workers. It is a system wherein a small number of parasites are able to obtain extreme wealth by leeching off the work of the people. Marxists claimed that they wanted to overthrow capitalism, but this was false. Marxism was an attempt to expropriate, rather than overcome, the capitalist system. The disagreement between capitalists and Marxists was primarily about who should form the parasitic elite. Both the capitalists and the Marxists agreed that there should be a parasitic elite. After Marxist revolutions, the capitalist system remains intact. The only notable difference is that the old ruling class is replaced with a new ruling class. Capitalism and Marxism are both systems in which a parasitic elite leeches off the workers. We must end parasitism and create a hierarchy of merit rather than wealth or ownership. European revolutionaries must fight against capitalism so that our descendants will live in a society where power is given to those who are worthy, rather than those who are rich.

Our fight for a glorious future must have its own positive vision. In addition to fighting *against* something, we must also be fighting *for* something. The previous paragraph explained that European revolutionaries must fight against capitalism. It is the purpose of this paragraph to describe the economic system which we would like to implement in place of capitalism. Capitalism is a system wherein great wealth is derived from the ownership of large capital goods and the charging of interest. In the capitalist system, wealth is acquired by owners and usurers, rather than workers. The concentration of extraordinary wealth among a few individuals is a feature of capitalism, since capitalism is a system of monopoly. A monopoly is when a single entity controls the entire supply of

a good or service. We are told that capitalism is a system of competition, but this is a lie. In actuality, all capitalism is monopoly. It is true that multiple companies may supply the same good or service in a capitalist system, but this is still a monopoly. Every corporation within capitalism is committed to the same social and political agenda, so they must be regarded as a single entity. It must also be understood that a small number of parasitic individuals control all the corporations. While capitalism is a system of private monopoly, Marxism is a system of public monopoly. Capitalism puts economic control in the hands of a few private individuals, whereas Marxism puts economic control in the hands of a few party officials. Capitalism and Marxism are two sides of the same monopolistic coin. We must fight against capitalism and reject Marxism. Another feature of capitalism is the development of a society of renters, where none own their home, or anything else for that matter. This troubling development is still in progress, and we must stop it in its tracks. Our duty is to secure a distributist economy without monopoly or interest, where all are owners and all can derive a life of dignity from their work. It is imperative that we fight to prevent the concentration of economic power, fight against usury, and fight for widespread home-ownership and dignified jobs. We must fight for an economy that puts the people before the parasites.

European revolutionaries must never underestimate the importance of the educational system. Education is a domain which has boundless potential, both for good and for evil. Of course, the current educational system in our countries is profoundly twisted. Fighting against the current educational system and replacing it with a new one will be a crucial part of our European revolution. In the present system, students are given a cosmopolitan education so that they will be obedient “global citizens.” Students are rarely told about their European heritage, and when they are, they are told about it in a negative light. After our European revolution, students will be taught about our collective European history, and they will be taught about it in an honest, unbiased way. The European student will be taught about the value of racial self-determination and the evils of globalism. Free university tuition must also be included in our new European society. Usurers have used student loans to transform the young professional into a modern serf. European revolutionaries have always been committed to affordable education, and we must continue to be committed

to this ideal. Additionally, the new European society must rectify the errors which have caused our young men to be less academically successful than their female classmates. Education, especially at the elementary level, has become deeply feminized. From the moment when they first enter the classroom, boys are trained to be inoffensive, toothless, cowardly, and quiet. In most cases, this causes boys to become uninterested in academia. We must fight so that boys will receive a masculine education. To that end, it may be beneficial to institute sex segregation in schools, with male teachers for male students and female teachers for female students. We fight so that tomorrow's Europeans will receive an education which is affordable and which reflects their race and sex.

The European revolution will bring about the defeat of hedonistic individualism and the revival of the racial community and the family. Europeans today live for nothing but the satisfaction of their own vague desires. This can be seen by having a conversation with a young European who is on the verge of adulthood. When asked about their academic and career ambitions, most of our fellow Europeans will describe how they have chosen a field of study in which they have mild personal interest and how they would like to have a career which provides them with some personal comfort. Their goals are totally individualistic, and they are based completely on the desire for pleasure rather than a sense of duty. We must revolutionize European life so that it is lived for the racial community and the family, not the individual. The Europeans of the future will plan their education and their career on the basis of duty to their fellow Europeans, their parents, and their progeny. Obviously, this will entail a reduction of female involvement in the workforce. A basic income should be introduced for married mothers, and they should be removed from employment. Women are the sex which is inclined to empathy and childcare, so they serve their racial community and their family by raising virtuous children. By contrast, men serve their racial community by working in a well-chosen career, and they serve their family by providing resources for their children. We fight to revitalize European life by giving it a new purpose and collective identity.

Pan-Europeanism is the final major topic of our discussion. Our fight for a bright future must have pan-Europeanism as one of its central themes. We should now clarify what is meant by the word European. This word has

been used throughout this text, so any ambiguity about its meaning must be mitigated. In the simplest sense of the term, a European is a native inhabitant of the European continent. In the broader sense of the term, a European is any person of European blood, including those who reside in the Americas, Oceania, and elsewhere. For our purposes, the broad definition is used. Needless to say, everyone who is European under the simple definition is also European under the broad definition. The European communities outside of Europe, such as those in the United States and Canada, developed a temporary pan-European identity in the twentieth century. In those countries, there was a brief period when the European residents saw themselves as belonging to a single White community. This period arose after the assimilation of the Irish and Italian immigrants, and it dissipated due to the exacerbation of individualism during the neoliberal age. It is this pan-European identity which we must recreate both inside and outside of Europe. Europeans are attacked as a single entity, so we must fight as a single entity. We must not allow ourselves to be plunged into internal conflict based on the quarrels of old Europe, and we must remember that all Europeans are our brothers and sisters. We must also remember that the geopolitical world is a world of superpowers, so we must form a superpower of our own. Our superpower will be a united force of Norwegians, Greeks, Russians, Spaniards, and all other Europeans in the world. This united force will not necessarily require a single imperial state. A system of close, unbreakable alliances will be sufficient. European revolutionaries should not allow the European Union to spoil their opinion of pan-Europeanism. The European Union is an organ of global financial parasitism, and it is unrelated to the things which we endorse. We fight so that Europeans will stand as a single force, more mighty and righteous than that which was seen in the time of the Crusades.

It would be foolish to restate that which has already been said, so the conclusion to this text is not an excessive one. This text endeavoured to explain why European revolutionaries fight. It has accomplished this via discussions which transcend the disciplines of philosophy, sociology, economics, and education. The revolutionary European fights against the tendencies of the present to forge a great future. We are the enemies of materialism, capitalism, the twisted educational system of the modern day, and the individualistic mindset which infects the contemporary European.

Our new European society will consist of a rejuvenated European spirit, a distributist economy, a renewed educational system, and a united European identity. We fight for the sake of the Europeans who will live after our deaths. We fight so that they will have lives which are more glorious and virtuous than the lives which most Europeans now live. We are Europeans, we are revolutionary, and we must never forget who we are.

Corruption of the Faustian Soul

By Francis Rockwell

Writing in the middle of the First World War, Oswald Spengler described Western society as having a Faustian soul, "whose prime symbol is pure and limitless space."[1] The general tale of Faust is that he was a man who made a deal with the devil for greater knowledge and worldly pleasures in exchange for his soul. From this, Spengler described the Faustian soul as a striving for the infinite, and I would add that this striving for the infinite comes at a high price. Europe and its spiritual outposts (The United States, Canada, Australia) are approaching the unseemly end of Faust's bargain unless something is done to change their trajectory.

Spengler views Western civilization as starting around 1000 A.D. In its initial stages, the infinite striving of the Faustian soul was represented through the architecture of towering cathedrals piercing the sky. As the Renaissance began a few centuries later, artwork began to increase in depth with the spread of perspective techniques, sfumato, and the use of green and blue hues, contrasting with earlier artwork which ended on a fixed plane. Western art, in Spengler's opinion, reached its highest point with orchestras and chamber-music; "it is in string quartets and violin sonatas that it [the Faustian soul] has experienced its most transcendent and most holy moments of full illumination"[2] because it extends the "tone-corpus into the infinity."[3]

This striving for infinite space was not limited to just the arts but affected the scientific spheres as well. Copernicus and Galileo challenged the Ptolemaic view of the centrality of the earth and the Judeo-Christian (what Spengler would call the Magian) view of the heavens being a dome; Copernicus and Galileo spread the doctrine of an infinite firmament of which the earth was only a small part. Descartes challenged the mathematics of the ancients by proposing a line as an infinite number of

points joined together rather than as a set of distinct points. Newton broke down Nature into the "Faustian…idea of force and mass."[4] The shift in scientific thinking did not remain purely in the scholarly realm but led to drastic changes in technology.

The Faustian soul inspired inventors to "direct the world according to [their] will."[5] European men invented newer, more efficient, ways of sowing, nurturing, and harvesting agriculture; they developed the steam engine, combustion engine, and nuclear reactors; they shifted production from individual cottages to massive factories, turning out more goods in an hour than a village could produce in a generation. These developments "enabled us to work with Nature as with a machine."[6] Western man shifted from being part of nature to controlling nature.

Outside of the artistic and scientific shift towards an infinite viewpoint, European man began to desire to spread outside of his cultural sphere.[7] Explorers set out on perilous voyages to survey the world, to find the unknown, and to gather gold and glory in so doing. Men like Vasco de Gama, Christopher Columbus, and Ferdinand Magellan exemplified this Faustian drive to know the ends of the cosmos. They exemplified what Albert Beveridge described as "the ruling provision of our race—the tendency to explore, expand, and grow, to sail new seas and seek new lands, subdue the wilderness, revitalize decaying peoples, and plant civilized and civilizing governments all over the globe."[8]

Whether as an inevitability of its trajectory or through the corruption of culture-distorters,[9] this Faustian drive has reached a point where it becomes self-destructive. Much like the dwarves in J.R.R. Tolkien's novels who delved too deep and awakened ancient evils, or the people of Babel who tried to reach into the heavens and invoked the wrath of God, or Dr. Frankenstein who, by attempting to develop immortality, created a monster, Western man has taken the Faustian soul too far. The spirit that strove for the stars has turned inward and begun to consume itself.

Where Europeans once looked out across oceans to build empires and to the cosmos to step on the moon, that impulse was taken and turned toward the cultural and intellectual realm. The frontiers were closed, and the Faustian impulse looked for a new way to expand. Deconstruction philosophy began to take hold, claiming an infinite number of

interpretations for every piece of literature; European ethnic interests expanded outward to include every human on earth (and some are working to expand them to every animal as well) regardless of their compatibility with the European soul or even their hostility to it; they began creating an infinite variety of genders and orientations; they viewed the world as holding infinite resources and exploited nature as if it would not suffer from such a treatment; they became obsessed with producing infinite growth for corporations, an infinite climb for stocks and revenue. Spengler referred to this as the triumph of "money and intellect."[10]

Not all those of European descent have adopted this corruption of their Faustian soul. They look on in horror at what has become of their nations and people. They wonder what can be done to reverse this onslaught or if anything can be done at all. They wonder if Western society has become too diseased for recover, if they will never see "The Imperial Age…[which] signifies the end of the politics of mind and money."[11]

There exist many different versions of the story of Doctor Faustus. In them, he uses his powers to seduce a woman, Gretchen. Beginning to feel guilt, Faust attempts to right the wrongs he committed, and he tries to renounce his deal with Mephistopheles. In some versions, despite his sincere repentance and hard work, the Devil holds Faust to his contract and drags his soul to hell. In other versions, most famously the telling of *Faust* by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, God interferes and saves Faustus due to his constant striving to redeem himself. In a more recent version of the tale, *The Devil You Know* by K.J. Parker, the Faust figure of the story makes the demon back out of the deal.

Ultimately, the fate of Europe's Faustian spirit is not set in stone. We do not know whether we will be dragged into hell despite our best efforts. We don't know if a miracle will happen to save us. The best hope is for us to fight like we are on our own, without any divine reprieve. We must fight the devil of our souls; we must fight the devils in our culture; we must fight the devils in our nations. Perhaps we will lose, but if we do not fight, we cannot win. This is the battle for the soul of the West, and it is a cold and timid man who will not take up arms when the devil comes for the soul of his people.

Why We Fight

By Richard Storey LL.M

Why does anyone fight about anything? Altercations, difference of opinion—these emerge from mere urges. This is so even when we are forced to fight. As a son of Europe, I look back on the last several centuries of her history and wonder at the warring of countless cousins fighting each other, even falling in the wars of other tribes. Blood shed for those who are no blood at all, for moneyed interests beyond those the poor souls could care to comprehend. It is out of despair that a European might ask, "What is left of us for which to fight?"

After all, "white people have no culture," as they say. No greater lie was ever uttered. Look at Rome; go and gaze into the heart of European civilisation, whence her lifeblood once flowed most vigorously. Even poisoned, weakened, and dormant, she is more beautiful than any other civilisation. To fall in love with her is to know you could never love another. Ultimately, we fight for her as a lad who rushes to the defence of his mother. From her, we inherited our shared Romanity; wherever you would find us, our manners would speak of our mother. We can no more deny her than deny we were ever born. We fight for her, for that "home" and all that Scruton quarried from that word.

The base and spiteful among us cannot abide such a sacred space; they deny our ancient heritage lest it should find a home in us and we in it. Truly, the ancestral hall of witnesses against them stretches beyond escape, and they rage in vain. From Greek philosophy to Roman jurisprudence, from the greatest philosopher saints to the scientific revolution, from the invention of the novel to that of polyphonic music and opera, from the cartographic revolution to the industrial engines which drove us to the four corners, from the conquering soul of the explorer to the genius of the rocket, from the

plumbing of the soul's depths to outward infinity and beyond—Europa, by the grace of God, presents the world with the very highest of cultures.

We struggle for home because we do not feel at home without struggle. Indeed, the journey itself is our destination; our place in this world is to drive ever onwards—we leap upstream, toward the sun, in a river that runs out to perfectibility. This striving and bounding upwards in body, mind, and spirit comes from our perception of something beyond. Our very souls are not contented to stop at the categorisation of "things," quantifiable things which can be plotted on a scale. We embody the eternal qualities of beauty, goodness, and truth. We defy the entropic descent into Hell by stretching out, by seizing upon Heaven's Hands with profane sincerity. European civilisation seems an uncanny, supernatural dance; our continual impression of eternity on this ever-fading world is no less than the mind of God expressed on canvas. Why do we fight and struggle and leap and dance? The question misapprehends us. We do not need a reason to fight; rather, we fight for reason itself. We fight the good fight before and even in the act of pondering why. Certainly, we fight outwardly against barbarism to make way for godly order—a point at which to leave our mark and renew it again and again. But, this fight begins within.

After Achilles defeated Hector in battle, his chariot dragged his corpse by the heels. Such was the hubristic spirit of our Indo-European ancestors, warrior nomads who conquered and ruled peoples from Europe to Asia, millennia before anyone had heard of Alexander. The very same spirit which restlessly pursued immortality in fame and glory found it in humility. The drive to circumnavigate the globe and conquer its poles was the same as the drive to map the human genome; the "tendency towards the infinite," as Spengler put it, pushing up and towering into the skies, even to conquer the moon, was the same inspiration of the philosopher and poet to master himself. Achilles was visited that night by Priam, King of Troy and father of Hector, tearfully requesting to bury his son, reminding him of his own father. Achilles called a truce for the funeral—the honour of the magnanimous knight, *sophrosyne,* Plato and Socrates' rational self-mastery, was discovered. So freed, ours is the Earth and everything that's in it.

Both inwardly and outwardly, with faith and reason, brains and brawn, the fight continues. Making a false dichotomy of the spiritual and the material cannot stop the manifestation of the truth. What is often called the

Faustian spirit of the West will breach all boundaries to it, conceptual or physical, just as the Gates of Hell cannot prevail against the Kingdom of Heaven, nor the darkness overcome the light. Faust, the so-called Prometheus of the Renaissance, found illumination and immortality as one who “strives and lives to strive.” Day dawns, Christ rises, we fight.

Which Way Forwards, Which Way Backwards?

By Henri Teloz

To a great extent, a culture is defined not just by its momentary present, but by its historical past and by the future potential that it holds out in front of itself like a light in the darkness. In articulating the current historical situation that we find ourselves in, we become aware of what has been lost with regards our ability to articulate any cohesive, collective narrative, both of our collective past and of any potential future trajectory, and how this bind necessarily impacts upon our despairing perception of the present.

Currently, in popular consciousness, the world-historical character of the West is defined, quite explicitly, in solely negative terms, as nothing better nor brighter than a vague, sinister and murky hodge-podge of racism, sexism, homophobia and transphobia. We might trust that several other "isms" and "phobias" shall soon be added to this civilisational rap sheet as expedience demands it. For us, no analysis of a past, present, or future is permitted to transcend these narrow parameters. The subtle and not-so-subtle psychological effects that this coarse reductionism brings about should not be understated.

Accordingly, this engenders a kind of helpless, hapless pessimism in the contemporary European mind. As things stand, we can barely even conceive of, yet alone articulate, a foundational cultural mythos or generation-spanning action plan, perhaps except for that pre-packaged one of an even further triumph of liberalism and the final defeat of the Western monster that has purportedly plagued the universe.

As the political winds of the present moment shift, whether genuine or enforced, so too must a community's model of its past and future. The past serves as a justification for the present and the future as a goal to mobilize towards.

Unfortunately, this fact was well-known by our most recent institutional opinion-setters, who themselves still decide which factors define our past as to justify this present and our continued march into a dystopian future.

Whenever a new cultural power comes to dominance it, necessarily rearticulates its own unique version of history. In the USSR, for example, history became that of an eternal class antagonism. In recent Islamic revolutions, the narrative presented is that of overcoming the material temptation of Evil, perhaps in the form of a demon or of Western influence. In ours, the triumph over the dead civilisational norms of the West is enshrined and history is made to conform to its justification. But, as we are told, there is always "so much more to be done."

This, we are told, is our only model of the future. Consequently, the struggles and successes and trials and tribulations of our people, their daily lives and loves, customs and festivals, contributions to science and the arts, typically the ever-present background and bedrock to a culture, has been rendered wholly incompatible with the currently dominant tale of us as an ultimately evil and devious people, who, if they have achieved anything positive, must have by default done so through theft, trickery or exploitation.

We must therefore strive not only to determine the shape of our present in its own right, but also to give shape to an honest and balanced account of our past and for the right to articulate a positive vision of the future. The fact that this harmonious unity of the past, present, and future (taken for granted elsewhere in the world) still seems almost like a distant pipe dream, standing in stark contrast to the hyperpolarized tone of our current stagnation, testifies to the immeasurable pervasiveness of the current narrative and the lack of a perceived positive alternative. But a culture that has no shared history nor any clear trajectory is doomed to failure.

A culture which cannot anchor itself steadily in its past nor project itself onto the future shall inevitably remain stagnant in its cultural output and find itself surpassed by culturally more securely-fastened powers.

Indeed, the much-publicized rise of China in juxtaposition to the alarming yet seemingly inevitable decay of the West likely stems partially from China's acute ability to explicitly understand its own historical stamp on the world, in addition to its intent of carving out a place for itself in the globalized future that, in turn, harmonizes with this positively-framed, self-

determined identity. Clearly, no such analog to this psychological-societal stability is possible in the West today, at least, not as of yet.

Our pervasive nihilism stems from an imposed inability to visualise a worthwhile future or even to dream of a past worth preserving; certainly no one would be motivated to preserve that which is endlessly and tirelessly depicted of us in Hollywood and media representations. Indeed, one pessimistic story of the future is that even what little is left intact today must too become "a nostalgic past that never really existed," as its positive aspects too are removed and forgotten, or twisted to justify an even worse future, which will one day become the present. But another possible present lies ahead in our future also. In this future, current struggles are rendered worthwhile, while the past is found to be rich, exciting and informative, providing a roadmap for future developments that are now just raw potential. This is a future, and therefore a past and present, worth fighting for.

For several decades, the spirit of the West has been weighed down to such an extent that it can barely raise its head forwards, let alone upwards. What defines us, therefore, still remains unknown or forgotten, but therein lies the promise.

We are undoubtedly sitting upon a treasure trove below, behind, above, and in front of us. There are innumerable glittering, hidden avenues, pathways and tunnels; all that remains is to shine a light on them. Thus we start to dig. And as we forge new pathways in both our past and future, we always secure a firmer, happier footing in our present.

Every political gain made is therefore also accompanied by this brighter light that is shone upon the complexities and triumphs of our collective past, as well as by new ways of developing and improving upon this collective foundation that will pull us into a prosperous future. How these foundations and developments will manifest concretely are up to us to decide. What will we do with all this overflowing potential?

The brightness of the future and the richness of the past lies eagerly in wait to be discovered.

And isn't that worth fighting for?

Why Did I Join the Resistance?

By Rémi Tremblay

In an era when political cowardice and ideological conformism have become virtues, why would one risk his livelihood, his reputation, and even more to join the resistance?

It could be because of ethnic crime. After all, my generation, thanks to our fathers' disastrous immigration policies, faces ethnic violence on a daily basis.

It could be because of the gloomy future we have. For the first time in history, we cannot hope to be as wealthy as our parents, thanks once more to our parents' lack of foresight.

It could be because our traditions are being ridiculed if not totally "cancelled." Nothing is more shameful today than following our ancestors' path.

It could be because, like Dominique Venner, I believe in the beauty and the esthetic of the European culture, a culture that was passed down to us without any interruption from the onset of our people.

It could be because this bourgeois society lives for the sake of its own existence. In this cold, frigid world, everything is calculated in terms of profits and benefits, the only value being the dollar.

It could be because beauty has been perverted to the point that now art has become a meaningless word. Noise has replaced music, shapeless objects, sculpture and logorrhea, literature.

It could be because I want a world where European values carry meaning once more, where honor, truth, and courage cannot be bought and sold.

It could be for of all those reasons. After all, they are all true and important enough to fight. But in the end, those are simply intellectual justifications, not my inner motivations. I do not fight for what I deem right

or against what I perceive to be wrong. I fight because it is nature's eternal law, and in the end nature always prevails.

I fight to defend my flock, as a wolf defends its territory and its pack. No justifications needed, no pointless intellectualization. Faced with a threat, it does not ask itself why it fights. It just does. I just do.

Our folk is faced with a threat. Call it the Great Replacement, call it mass immigration. If today justification and reasons are brought forward, it is for the sole reason that our people has forgotten that it is a people. The loss of that meaning is probably the greatest tragedy of our times, a tragedy no one could have envisioned.

Our parents' generation tried to get rid of the word "people," thinking it was only a concept. But when a word is "cancelled," the reality still holds. We could remove the word "sun" from our vocabulary; we could pervert its meaning. Even if we forbid voicing it, tomorrow, the sun will rise. Semantics does not dictate reality. Reality is the source of semantics.

Our parents tried to alter reality by altering language in order to create what they compared to a global village. But have they forgotten that "global village" is only what it is: a figure of speech with no concrete existence? They did fool themselves, those bourgeois people, and by an ironic twist, they thought the other peoples of the earth would follow the way of the White Man in this global village utopia. But the other peoples were not as dumb as our parents thought, nor are we. They only fooled themselves with this belief. It is sad because that generation had great possibilities ahead, possibilities we never had and will have to fight tooth and nail to get. But they failed us, they failed the world, and they even failed themselves.

They thought that ignoring nature would allow them to overcome it. Even worse, even more presumptuous: they thought they could dictate nature's laws and that these eternal laws would adapt to their wishes. After all who would dare stand against them?

They put two men together and claimed to found a family. They claimed that the oranges were really apples and that peaches too were apples. And then they closed their eyes and believed their nonsense. But blindness has never been hereditary, especially when it is voluntary blindness.

So we were born and we saw. They told us to close our eyes. They subverted higher learning which was used to invent new words that would veil reality, their worst enemy, the eternal enemy of their brave new world.

Some of us closed our eyes, with the help of drugs, mass media, and other blinders. These people were not weaker or less intelligent. They simply could not believe that they could be lied to in such a blunt way. May they be reassured; our parents did not lie consciously to us. They really believed their utopia, and in order to stick to this belief, they were ready to keep their eyes shut tight. Opening them would mean the end of their lifelong fight, the end of what they have spent their existence fighting for.

Some of us chose to play the game. They saw the lies, but decided to go along, get rich in the process, get some earthly pleasures and then…then what? They never thought about the uninterrupted chain they were a link of, that unbroken chain going back to thousands of years ago. And because our parents thought they could play God, they could do it as well, for their own twisted individualist goals. They learned from the best.

We, on the other side, fight. We don't fight because of right and wrong. We fight like a threatened animal in order to protect our pack, our people. Our traditions are being trampled. Our way of life is being ridiculed. Our people is becoming extinct. And if that was not enough, we are physically threatened in the streets our ancestors built, in our very cities.

All the big clever sounding words our intellectual elite can invent to distort reality and make us swallow it will never change that reality. We are threatened. They deceived themselves in their ivory towers. But we cannot deceive ourselves. We cannot hide in ivory towers. We cannot close our eyes. Doing so would be our demise.

Without thinking about our personal career and what is best for our wallet, we took up the fight—not by choice, but out of necessity.

"Fighting" is not a mere word. Like "people" and like "sun," it has a definite and concrete meaning. It means being active, being at the vanguard, not being behind a screen in a virtual world our would-be-masters invented for us. It entails risks, but it also offers heroism. It is surprising that our parents never understood that word even if they created a pop-culture centered around superheroes. Heroism is a human value that was used in literature; it is not an abstract literary term not applicable to actual people.

So we fight in every meaning of the word because our parents decided to dream instead of thinking and planning. When reality became too visible, they chose the comfort of the dreams and closed their eyes. But their dream has become our nightmare. And unlike their dream, our nightmare is real,

very concrete if you ask anyone of us who has a real experience of diversity.

The diversity we live is not confined to TV shows and textbooks. It is real diversity, the kind of diversity that makes you a second-class citizen at a job interview, the kind of diversity that makes you end up at the hospital if you walk at night in the wrong neighborhood, the kind of diversity which makes the world less and less diverse.

The diversity dreamt by our elders is making the world ever more homogenous. Except for landmarks, one can hardly see a difference between Montreal, New York, and Toronto, and if it were not for language, Berlin, Paris, and Rome could be added to the list.

Billions of homogeneous consumers buying a diversity of products: this is how the capitalists joined in the utopia. A diversity of atomized individuals standing by themselves: this is how the left joined in the utopia. No more roots, no more morality, no more nations, no more values; they were all obstacles to free business or to individual emancipation. It is how the capitalists and the cultural Marxists finally came to an agreement.

But it is a mental fallacy. Ethnic tensions are real. Race riots are real. Affirmative action is real. Lawless neighborhoods are real. Jihadists are real. BLM racialists are real. And obviously we are real as well.

From the beginning of times, from the very Garden of Eden if we are Christians, some humans tried to be above nature, above God. Many utopias were tried, but they always ended in bloodbaths and pain. After the Second World War we could have hoped that our parents knew better and would avoid such terrible mistakes. But no. And they even went farther than any other dreamer before; instead of keeping their sick ideas confined to a specific territory, they wanted to make it worldwide. After all, isn't that what God would have done?

They have tried to alter our human nature, to make the boys be girls, to make what makes us who we are go away. But in the end, nature always prevails and so will we.

Victory by Morality

By Hunter Walker

The cause of Nationalism is inherently a moral and just ideal to strive for. Each people in rule of their own governance and destiny is the natural state of being. Those who oppose such a concept of self-determination are attacking the essence of objective morality. The Nationalist does not need to stoop to low positions or play tricks about his intentions. His ideas are rooted in age-old convention which brought civilization to its peaks. The highest road belongs to him. Many contemporary and recent Nationalists play the evil caricature made for them by opposition—a recurring fatal mistake.

For decades, Nationalism has been plagued by an absence of morality. Vulgarity, hatred, and supremacy have taken root. When some are awoken to the evil their people face, they rashly resort to evil themselves. After bearing defamation of ideology and character for the nth time, collapsing and taking ownership of the scandalous identity thrust upon one is too common. This reaction is foreseeable and at first glance nearly logical. But, malevolent culture cannot be defeated by malevolent acts. Such a position can bring about unfathomably worse scenarios.

The historic, monstrous, genocidal head of state figure created by internationalist media never was and never will be. Violent psychopaths do not make great leaders or fathers that reach such heights. The Nationalist must act righteously, opposing amoral actions simply because they are amoral. His Nation will follow his path because he is fit to represent it—never because he is the most ruthless. Families (the lifeblood of the Nation) cannot be persuaded or cultivated through hatred. Negative acts by definition will not set forth positive outcomes.

Lack of morality originates often from genuine sources. With the idealistic nature of politics viewed as fringe by the current environment, an

attraction exists for those on the outskirts of society. A just political cause can reform and vitalize people who were once seemingly beyond rehabilitation. But, causes should never be defined by such individuals. Many people are brought into the foray of Nationalism for the wrong reasons. They wish to impress others, generally seeking to hold the most obscure beliefs in the room. In numbers, people like this are destructive. They create proverbial feedback loops encouraging one another towards novelty and turning sincere beliefs comedic until the movement they inhabit is nothing more than a cruel parody of its former self and intentions.

True organized politics must take the route of humble bravery. Headlines and attention are often sought out as an indicator of progress. Buying into this manipulation is a pitfall for the Nationalist. Vanity undertaken births apathy. The ideologue who chases press narratives will have nowhere to go when the institution no longer sees any usefulness and castes him aside. Moral deeds are seldom covered by an opposition media in any context, yet that does not make them inconsequential. One man pointed towards a life of servitude for a cause will impress upon others. The Nationalist should not care whether or not his actions are taken in silence—only if they lengthen his ideology in all aspects.

Revolutionary change necessitates a full circle turn of cultural climate. Impactful movements do not become so overnight. Those who make reality reflect their ideals to any extent are always organized and few. It should not be discouraged for any Nationalist to assume a common role. Seeking an aggrandized position as the next venerated ruler never brings such about. The leader role is filled naturally by example in common tasks. Nationalists who act for prestige will quickly become jaded. The man who declares himself able to rapidly enact his ideals on society will throw away his ideals soon and declare them a lost cause. The Nationalist must avoid navel gazing and act in the present, affecting what he can see in front of him.

If ethnicity is to be preserved, the default position of the Nationalist cannot remain in hatred or comedy. Submission to opposition-defined interaction must be avoided. Positive action will bring about evil's defeat, not vice versa. The Nationalist must fight for morality and all else will follow.

Why We Fight: An Antidote

By Zera

The gap between our values and those of the current day is irreconcilable. Everyone uses the word “values” quite loosely, as though it is self-evident that good values stem from liberal principles. In America, these have been inherited by us from those who came before us: our founders, our ancestors, and other culturally compatible men and women who braved the New World inspired by these incendiaries. Perhaps some had the foresight to predict the final outcome of building a society on a foundation of classical liberalism, but a great swath of them must have leaned heavily into the promise of its potential; hence why the adventurous, pioneering, and self-reliant American spirit manifested itself in unique and iconic cultural archetypes (think American revolutionaries, Appalachian mountain men, homesteading prairie folk, Wild West era cowboys, and rugged explorers questing for our manifest destiny). These words all evoke images that strike a chord in our hearts as Americans, and we must hold fast to what makes us a distinct culture; yet, our beloved history must be balanced with a critical eye against the corruption and alienation liberalism has brought to our people.

Without regulation through consideration of human nature and the fallen state of man, freedom has reached a pinnacle of perversion, and this only grows more extreme by the day. Our friends, our families, and even the gift of our own lives have been taken for granted as our fellow men tumble recklessly through time guided by a laissez-faire attitude, and more often than not the fibers that hold our humanity together disintegrate because of it. Family ceases to be family, friends cease to be friends, and we cease to be who we were created to be. I have seen it happen countless times.

The aftermath of liberalism has left us disconnected from fundamental truths that have governed us throughout generations. Overconsumption and

comfort are the primary issues that have taken root in our society and have spread like noxious weeds. Modern day dissidents, like myself, are no strangers to the hovering cloud of alienation that affects all who go against the grain in rejecting this way of life. While others are able to form connections on the basis of both overconsumption and comfort (Netflix shows, Starbucks drinks, video games, degenerate music, etc.), we are left with both an inability to bond over such commonalities, as well as a lingering paranoia that anyone we meet could at any point decide to use the tools of the state or, perhaps more effectively, the tools of the corporations, full throttle against us. What is worse is that people who we once cared for have turned their backs on so many of us, in favor of the liberal consensus and with disregard for the truth.

Am I a monster for believing in something greater than myself? Am I crazy for not simply submitting myself to the new gods of our era? I am positive several of us have questioned ourselves along our journeys, but I am also positive that these mind games are exactly what serves those who wish to subdue us. Shame and ostracism are key tactics used to sway people away from the pursuit of deeper truths, and this is something we must be vigilant about. Though we may feel the pangs of being alone in our fight, it is important to note that as our country continues to drift further from its source and from reality, our numbers continue to grow. We are in fact not as much islands as we make ourselves think. Struggle has always made the most of men and women, pushing them towards greatness and transcendence in both the physical and mental sense. In fact, this has been the case leaps and bounds more than what the system we live under currently provides. We are not out of our minds when we ask ourselves if we would rather orient ourselves towards virtue, or comfort. I choose the former, and I only have respect for all those who do the same.

The majority of us in America have been brought down to levels of which those who came before us would be ashamed and disappointed. But what made them particularly worthy of admiration? The antidote we are looking for has always been *creation*. Within us lies the ability to create beyond our physical form; we can construct, we can compose, we can lay the groundwork for all that has been destroyed. We can create life. A biological gift to us, our purpose goes hand in hand with creation. If we can create a living, breathing, and thriving organic culture pointed towards

virtue, this also fulfills our highest purpose. If we each implement creation over consumption in the ways we individually live our lives, the path to our final goal becomes clear for dissidents who think themselves islands all over our nation. Let us create new American archetypes to inspire those in the future, worthy of timeless laudation. Let us create a capable community, a true antidote for the liberal consensus plaguing us all, leaving so many alienated and separated from the truths of reality, so our children and the generations to come do not have to feel this unique type of pain that is characteristic of our time and instead feel only the satisfying struggle that comes with the everyday toil our ancestors felt in their daily lives, building their future. This is why I fight, and I implore you to carry on in the same manner, towards glory.

Notes

[←1]

Oswald Spengler, *Decline of the West*, trans. Charles Francis Atkinson (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1991), 97.

[←2]
Ibid., 121

[←3]
Ibid., 120

[←4]
Ibid., 191.

[←5]
Ibid., 410.

[←6]
Ibid, 188-189.

[←7]

“Our whole Culture has a discoverer’s soul.” Ibid, 410.

[←8]

U.S. Congress. Congressional Record. 56th Congress, 1st sess., 1900. Vol. 33, 704.

[←9]

One can view this as the difference between Christopher Marlowe's Doctor Faustus, where Faust seeks out the devil to make his bargain (viewing it as an inevitability of the Faustian soul) and Goethe's Faust where Mephistopheles seeks out Faust to offer him the bargain (viewing the Faustian spirit as being corrupted by an outside force).

[←10]
Spengler, 379.

[←11]

Ibid., 379.